

Punk Hoe

Too \$hort

Ayy, Uncle Short what it do nigga? (what up?)
Fab nigga, what it is nigga? (what's up cousin?)
It's Lil Yee in this motherfucker man

You a tramp, you a bitch, you a punk ho
You a tramp, you a bitch, you a punk ho
You a tramp, you a bitch, you a punk ho
You a tramp, you a bitch, you a punk ho

Lotta real players in here, and we don't let fake hoes interfere
'Cause you a tramp, bitch you a fuck ho
Tried to run with the bitch but he fumbled
Might see me somewhere with a rich ho
Give a fuck about your money, you a bitch ho
I hit a bitch from the back, I just wanna bone
You a player like me, you can sing along
Who the hell you think you foolin' with that fake gold?
Punk ass bitch, you a fake ho
Over here, over there, another fake ho
Anywhere, everywhere I see these fake hoes
Might be your little sister, she a punk ho
Might be your little brother, he a punk ho
I'ma tell you how it is if you a punk ho
Don't come around here, we don't fuck with those

You a tramp, you a bitch, you a punk ho
You a tramp, you a bitch, you a punk ho
You a tramp, you a bitch, you a punk ho
You a tramp, you a bitch, you a punk ho

Ayy, I can't stand no broke ass busted bitch
Twenty-five on my neck, six on the fit
Sixteen in my clip, watch them loose lips
I can't save her, I'ma slave her, she a loose bitch
I'm a motherfuckin' player
And I'm ridin' 'round my city with some fifties and some flavors
Couple white bitches, only smoke papers
But eat dick and love to do favors
Little tramp, give me stacks or be gone
Mister Maison Margiela what my feet on
Ain't no free shit, bitch I need a fee ho
Talkin' down on my G, I'm a P ho
F-I-L-L, M-O-E though
I don't think you know what that mean though
I'ma break her and shake her and get ghost
Run it in and put a young nigga in the Ghost

You a tramp, you a bitch, you a punk ho
You a tramp, you a bitch, you a punk ho
You a tramp, you a bitch, you a punk ho
You a tramp, you a bitch, you a punk ho

You a fag, you a bitch, you a punk ho
I been bangin' in them projects on Harder Road
You can catch me in them places niggas never go
Claimin' that y'all pimpin' with them bitches that ain't never ho
I'm gettin' paper, I been 'bout it, I been active

Gun on me, been breakin' bitches, I been mackin'
You been broke, you playin' roles, you been actin'
You niggas fake and ain't got no game, you need practice
Broke bitches can't do nothing for me
Gotta grind all week 'cause ain't nothin' for free
This shit crazy, you fuck niggas lazy
The money got moves but it'll never shake me
Claimin' that you sinnin' but you kissin' that bitch
She was gone thirty minutes, now you missin' that bitch
I can't stand a bitch nigga that got ho ways
Bitch ain't bringin' nothin' to the table, she gets no play, it's Prezi

Do as you told, I do what I please
She in the streets sellin' pussy, chargin' niggas a fee
Recruit her ass to the team, we gon' run it up
Solo dolo, I don't trust her, you the type to cuff
You talk shit, get slapped up, we're ready for action
Don't really want no problems, whole squad will act up
Shit get tragic, we up in this bitch
Bitches really only love you for the money you get
Yeah we up in this bitch, livin' life, lovin' this shit
Had to glow up, take a look at my wrist
Get your mind on track and tell that man fall back
Messin' with your head, tellin' lies, no facts, uh
Livin' better now, no more hand-me-downs
Back shots whenever I put it down
Ready for action, baby what's happenin'
We on the wave, rock the boat for the captain

You a tramp, you a bitch, you a punk ho
You a tramp, you a bitch, you a punk ho
You a tramp, you a bitch, you a punk ho
You a tramp, you a bitch, you a punk ho