

# Flo Rida, Still Missin'

My lawnmower home, but my hoe's still missin', my hoe's still missin', my hoe's still missin'.  
My rake's in the shed, but my hoe's still missin', my hoe's still missin', my hoe's still missin'.  
Plow in the world, but my hoe's still missin', my hoe's still missin', my hoe's still missin'.  
I'm 'bout to lose my head 'cause my hoe's still missin, like it's greener on the other side.  
I take care of the yard, everyday, I don't know why my hoe got missin.  
My rake in good condition, my lawnmower in position.  
I ain't done a damn thing wrong for my hoe to get up and get missin.  
Now I'd be wrong if I was to dig up the dirt and I saw for myself then witness.  
Well I'd tell you about my hoe, never had restrictions.  
I guess more green was her attention, I shoulda kept that hoe in the kitchen.  
Got me on a mission, left my shed without permission.  
I'm sheddin' tears messin up my vision, this hoe gon' make me go to prison.  
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That hoe cost me my job, I'm afraid I shoulda learned mo' about the business.  
A hoe is good for diggin', I shoulda know this from the beginnin'.  
I don' got caught slippin' now I'm trippin out the door somebody else found interest.  
Throw my hoe until I found out until I find out different. Better to know then have intuitions.  
Who been in my yard, why would anybody split us apart.  
I never thought that hoe would get to my heart, I found out right off this bitch came from a bar?  
Why this hoe ain't in somebody garage. I was a gentlemen right from the start.  
Ever since I put the hoe in my touch, now this bitch won't even spare me the rod.  
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7 years now it's all over, now hold on goin' gotta feel me brah.  
Left my home, no sign of luck. I try to drink petron so all the memories gone.  
All the pain I'm trying to pour it in my cup. Bought the hoe my last couple of bucks.  
Lost a hoe I never felt this crush, like cushion a dutch, never this much.  
If I woulda known my hoe was just temporary.  
And I ain't talking about the hoe you find in the dictionary.  
I feel like going to war like the military.  
Somebody gon' have to visit the cemetery.  
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