

# Pink, Hooker

[Chorus 2x]

And you ain't nothin' but a hooker  
Sellin' your fuckin' soul

Back up! They want you, I swear  
You got no worries, you got no cares  
All you got is motherfuckers who will jock you  
Yeah, you got money in your pocket  
And you shoot up the ground like a rocket  
You move so fast, lord you can't stop it  
There you are in the club swingin'  
And I'm just standin' there, standin' there laughin'  
All the things people have you believin'  
I feel sorry for your ass is out of season  
Maybe you should think of cuttin' down drinkin'  
Cause you look like a fat rat sinkin'  
I coulda helped you, but you had to act out  
You don't have a fuckin' clue what I'm about

[Chorus 2x]

And you ain't nothin' but a hooker  
Sellin' your fuckin' soul

I saw it comin' through the line like a full back  
You're a crack slack, a fuckin' rap back (yeah)  
Don't react, you're not fact  
Don't give a fuck, yes, like that  
What you gonna do now that you ain't got nothin'  
Look around honey, you been frontin'  
Everybody knows that you're a fraud! (And I'm making records!)  
My salutations, no hesitations  
No reservation, just cancellation  
And if I blow it then I blow it  
Cause I'm a poet and I know it

[Chorus 2x]

And you ain't nothin' but a hooker  
Sellin' your fuckin' soul

[Repeat until fade]

You wanna try me  
Don't you know--