

Silkk The Shocker, Tell Me

SILKK THE SHOCKER LYRICS

“Tell Me”
(feat. Master P, C-Murder)

(Master P)

Yo, uh Silkk, we gonna dedicate this one to all the hoes out there
I aint calling every woman a hoe, but, uh, if the shoe fits wear it
Cause uh

(Chorus: repeat 3X)

Tell me what you think after you talk to one of these stupid hoes
Tell me how you feel after you fuck one of these stupid hoes

(Master P)

Uhhhhhhhh!

Do you feel the same, some hoes want your change
Hoes been chasing niggas, rolling on thier thangs
They look for dope dealers, ballers and hustlers
See real bitches hate busters
Some bitches'll let you fuck em till they bleed
Uh, but rats like cheese
You see, pussy stretch em out
You go raw, and hoes make childs
And then the game, it aint no thing
But it's a shame cause a hoe in it for one thing
They after big timers with big papers, Biz Markie make vapors
But see these hoes will hate you if they know that they can't break you
Some of these hoes need to shut thier fucking mouth
Wishing for a new car and don't have a house

(Chorus)

(C-Murder)

Don't play no games trick, keep my name about your mouth
You say you hate me, but at the show you damn near passed out
Wanting me to pay your rent but not your relatives
You mad at me, your baby daddy don't claim your kids
You wanna baller to fall for you
But after a nigga fuck you, he don't even call you
Dollar signs in your eyes hoe
Claiming you a virgin, but on tape you fuckin big Mo
You rippin round town, you say you fucked a TRU nigga
I ask P and Silkk, they say they couldn't remember
You or your name, you stupid hoe
So get your kids, get your drawers, and hit the door
Hoe, I aint got time for these bitches
Stupid biatch

Uhhhhhh

(Chorus)

(Silkk The Shocker)

Now would I see if I fucked these hoes man cause P calls them a trip
Lookin at me like a big old dollar sign figure them hoes can get rich
Now everybody worrying and shit, looking all stupid and shit
Niggas be acting soft
When I met her she was cool as fuck
all of a sudden everybody got a fucking problem
Now, why you worrying about what kind of car that I got
Conversating with those tricks, you talking shit,
been looking at my rings and my watch

Now after you hit it, look this trick, who you giving the cold shoulder
And after you get your nut, then you be like mad as fuck
Look at her be like man, it's more over
So you be sad when she there, and you be glad when she left
And you be mad when she around so you pack your bags and stuff
These hoes like a diamond
and be wearing things for free, but I'm a put them in they place
Man them hoes be cool at first,
then turn fucking crazy like a guest on Ricky Lake
I'll play the game for what it's worth nigga, lil G done keeping composure
I'm a soldier, when I go on a date I'm a bring guns, fuck bring roses
These hoes a trip

(Chorus)

(Master P)

Ha ha, yeah

What these hoes don't realize

They don't realize that uh,

if we was to give a bitch something, even if it was a few G's

It really ain't nothing

It aint nothing but pocket change to us nigga

Can't break the bank baby

And uh, treat these hoes like fiends

Give them just enough, so they'll come back

Bitch, I don't need you, you need me

Stupid hoe