

Ying Yang Twins, Hoes

(feat. Jacki-O)

I hate hoes
I hate hoes
I hate hoes
Ooooooh

(Chorus:)

All these hoes is da muthafuckin same,
Play ya to da left like a muthafuckin lame,
Call yall out yall muthafuckin name,
Fuck yall lames
I got game!
I hate hoes, hoes hate me
I hate hoes, hoes hate me
I hate hoes, hoes hate me
I hate hoes, hoes hate me

(D Roc:)

Forreal bitch, dont take the shit wrong
Thinkin im nice ill break ya jawbone
Get the fuck on
Leave me alone
Bitch you betta go on
See, yall hoes aint optimistic
Cockblockin bitches
U improper bitches
What's tha problem bitches
U say ya nigga hurt ya feelins
Well, hoes done hurt mine
Not once, not twice,
But bitch all the time
So im a dog to a broad
Have em all cryin,
I done cried before,
That dont make me a hoe
That just show me where my feelins aint supposed to go
See, I got da magic stick ya dumb bitch
Other nigga u fuck wit, be on some punk shit
And imma show yall i dont need no help,
Just as soon as i loosen my belt
BITCH!

(Chorus:)

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(Kane:)

I need a moment,
I cant stand bitches and hoes
Cause a bitch is a bitch and a hoe gon' hoe,
But a woman hold her own
She got her own home
She drive her own car
Buyin drinks at tha bar
Take a nigga out to eat
Take a nigga to da mall

Treat a nigga good
And wash a nigga draws
But bitches aint shit,
Always talkin shit
They wanna be tha shit
But is they shit? No
And hoes, they fuck off the god damn chain
Everything and everythang but dont take names
So das a nasty hoe and i cant do shit wit it
Please get out my face I dont need a case
Yeah, I love yall respectful women
Independent women
I takes em out all the time
But yall hit the baggage need to keep on trackin
I aint speakin I aint talkin to nothin
Cause

(Chorus:)

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(Jacki-O:)

Just keep my name out ya mouth
Before ya find out how a down south hoe wil' out
You a hata, she a hata, three a hata, fo'
Everywhere i go i see some hatin ass hoes
Seven bell, jazze bell, never monotonous
?? be hot because my deeper asophagus
Still they wanna bone me, smile, and phone me,
Laugh cuz soon as i turn my back they stab it
Learn to play fair
Stop tryin to care
Ten hoes to one nigga,
Bitch, learn to share
Baby, you dead ass broke
For hatin on the rich chicks
See how i flow?
Bitch, put it on ya wish list
Two seater wit tha chill on
My baby daddy put tha grill on
Fixin to put tha heels on
Chrome spokes wit da low pros
And tha trunk funk blows up the cedar on the dashboard

(Chorus:)

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This is the mens national anthem for this year
All yall real women,
Yall can sing this shit too

If u a hoe and u hate another hoe,
U can sing this shit too
If u a bitch and u hate and bitch,
U can sing this shit too
So everybody gon' sing this shit
I hate hoes, they hate me too
Yup
Yup
Yup
Yup
Yup
BITCH!