

Jermaine Dupri, Jazzy Hoes

(feat. Eightball, Mr. Black, Too \$hort)

[Too Short talking]

[Chorus]

All I like is them jazzy hoes, the type that make a nigga spend all his dough
Sho nuff a sight, anything ya like
You know the ones you wanna make your wife, ya heard me?

[Too Short]

Little fast bitch, actin' sarcastic
Need to get her ass kicked, tryin' to get the cash quick
She be my last pick, I got a real hoe
Take yo' ass back to class and buy a dildo
Don't let the freak in you keep you up all night
Gettin' fucked and sucked, you wastin' your life
Before a real nigga ever kick a hoe down
She gotta understand what I know now
Ain't no broke down, lazy, gold digging, cute bitch
Come around me gettin' credit cards and don't do shit, bitch
I travel throughout the year
I keep a woman with a house and her own career
So when I buy her a diamond ring, it's just a gift (what's your name?)
Too Short baby, don't need to trick
I give her what she want cause I'm a real player
Platinum after platinum, ask me how I feel later

[Chorus 2x]

[Young Bloodz]

See I ilke them crazy hoe
Them straight, get down and pay me hoe
I wouldn't mind no jazzy hoe
Make my creep fall right out my clothes
On the blow, can't let no hoe see my flow
Tight jean and bra strap, girl that got to go (gotta go)
Strip you on down like a shake-a-booty hoe (uh huh)
Put you in the street, make me mo' money mo'

[Young Bloodz]

Now see, just the other night, I met me a ol' jazzy hoe
Straight boozyabitch, ol' sassy hoe
Who think she fly to death, so I ain't gon' hold my breath
To let you skeezers know, just let you ask yo'self
For as I cut one but two down the line
But could it be yo' hoe that I'm cuttin' everytime?
And I come to find she servin' every nigga in yo' clique
To get in where she fit in, now she known to be a trick

[Mr. Black]

Quote for quote, who tote like this
Hit the Club Jig, on some Wes Snipe shit
Snatchin' all the hoes in your harem, indeed
I mock turtlenecks while I'm bees and tweed
Til I proceed, damn right, the spot's tight
Nothing but dimes in sight, so just might
Bag these bitches like groceries
Player to player, you can't get close to me
Now who you 'posed to be?
Pullin' toast on the S-O double N-Y, girlfriend lookin' fly
And I can tell she schemin' (why's that?)
Cause she like the ice is gleamin' (okay)
But that's cool though, cause I know how to stain golds
I pimp tight without the kangol, niggas know

I slang flow, east to west
Available at anytime to put the pussy to the test

[Chorus 2x]

[Eightball]

Lay it down, lay it down
You hoes lay it down
When the real motherfuckin' player come around
Shy, not I, some times I choose not to speak
Surrounded by my real niggas drinkin' Hennessee
Or Remy or Red Passion with champagne
Chiefin' up some hay, gettin' at them hoes, man
Trick, not I, trick be you, can you dig that?
I got star hoes pickin' me up in Tahoes
Fuck them at-the-bar hoes, tryin'-to-score hoes
Mickey dropin' hoes, quick to drop they clothes
I give those only funky weave wearin' bitches
All made up, gettin' at a niggas riches
I like women with they head on straight
Pull your own weight and you can fuck wit' Eight
Nigga think he a player with them old Girbauds
Gettin' pimped by them space age jazzy hoes

[Chorus]

[Too Short talking in background]