

Mindless Self Indulgence, 2 Hookers And An 8 Ball

Two hookers and an eight ball
Can you believe that I write this shit
Two hookers and an eight ball
Stupid people thinkin' I am cool

I definitely give myself props
And that way I always get what I want
I always try to keep my edge
With two hookers and an eight ball

Nigga for all the stolen goods
As I rock that niggas and get freaky-deaky
With a front row ticket for all of my bitches
'Cause my mamma said to pick the very best one

Two hookers and an eight ball
Can you believe that I write this shit
Two hookers and an eight ball
It ain't that fuckin' hard

I'm standing up to all my abuse
Inexperience is where I lose
I'm struggling to keep my edge

With two hookers and an eight ball
Baby, for all the fine ladies
Falling out of my Mercedes and into the eighties
With a bad case of rabies and a high-top fade

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I'm not that fucking wonderful
No no no
I thought I told you to go

I'm not that fucking wonderful
No no no
I thought I told you to go

I'm not that fucking wonderful
No no no
I thought I told you to go

Puppy dog
Puppy dog

Eight ball nigga's for all the stolen goods
I rock them bitches and get freekydeaky
With the front row tickets for all of my bitches
'Cause my momma said to pick the very best one

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