Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Hey You

"Hey!, Hey bitch! What the f**k?! You can't hear or something?! Hey look ho, you looking for

(Chorus 2x)
Hey you (Who me?)
That's right (What's up?)
Let's go someplace, so I can lace you up
I need a thug bitch, about as raw as they come
Hold me down, hold my dick, cover my shit, it's on

(Blaze)
Hey love, do them titties got a name
This is dead body game let me see you shakin' something
I ain't impressed by hoes with attitudes
I'm impressed by the way them hoes is mad at you
I ain't spending honey real G's don't shed funds
I ain't sensitive like Brian McKnight, I'm tryin' to f**k
Remy and Coke, dick all in and out of your throat
Until that bitch started to choke, no joke

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Hey bitch, do your momma know you outside,
Hanging in the passenger window, of my hoo-ride
And I can barely see the ass, stacked off in the pants, and she talking real fast
The bitch kinda smelt like fish and chips
But boy did she have a set of dick sucking lips
Told her what she wanted to hear, so I could get all in her cat
Dead homie all up in her cat, now picture that

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Hey bitch hoe, I need a thug bitch hoe
What's you say you let me keep a hold of all your bankroll
I won't spend it all in one place
And I can shoot a load to cover your whole waist
All up in your face like a true thug
All in your shit, in my eyes you only worth what you come with
I want shit like your pockets
But what about the 'dro?
Come on you know I got um

(Chorus 2x)
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