Geto Boys, Bitches Ho's

[verse 1: willie d]
No sooner than I walk in the club I'm gettin love from the masses
Women admirin my baldhead and glasses
They makin passes, I see they asses, I'm gettin flirty
I got that liquor in my system plus I'm wild and dirty
In my pockets is tickets for the rockets
Million dollar nigga from the projects
I see no logic in niggas' hate when I ride past
My .45 sing lullabyes to they tired ass
See me, I be a candidate for bustin
Don't f**k around unless you ready for the repercussions
Baby blushing, she drives a benz, but I handle em all
Sophisticated as f**k, and she ain't wearin no drawers

[verse 2: scarface]
I met the broad in the parking lot, riding a 'stang
Pulled her way up to her parking spot, the escalade
She hesitated for a minute, then she finally stopped
When she seen a nigga hollerin at her ridin a drop
Out her car to my passenger side the bitch came
Say she in a hurry this time, but no thang
Here's the pager number, I can call at night

Rarely ever beeped a bitch, but this broad was tight
Better yet got the cellular number, she seemed changed
Diamonds 'bout the size of a dime, and these thangs
Tend to to em open, no question and one reason
That diamonds be a girl's best friends, so I treat them
Like bitches

[verse 3: tela]
These bitches I be doin in, hoes I be screwin, and
If she talk about her friends, then I probably flew em in
What's a man troublin, like f**kin in a bubble benz
With her hair in the wind, sittin up from the rim
Gettin ? ? ? ? , plenty room, it was in the month of june
I was on promotional, she was into trickin dudes
I'm no dude, or no guy, but I can f**kin get you high
I won't tell you any lie, I don't play with any mind
She know about the l-o-t and how we roll
She know about the l-o-t and say we all cold
We can keep this on the we-know, we meet back in rio
My bitch and my ho, my half-black philipino
You know
Come on