

Luniz, Handcuff Your Hoes

[Chorus: The Luniz]

Handcuff your hoers, the girl is yours
Handcuff your hoers, if the girl is yours
Handcuff your hoers, if the girl is yours
Handcu-u-u-ff your hoers

[Numskull]

This rap here goes to all you player haters
Hand cuff your hoers, that goes to all you Captain Save-Hers
Me, my major industries gold teeth and diamonds
Been grindin' for nine and half years now I'm rhymin'
Reclinin' meal tickets couldn't be lookin' me in the eye
I'm sigh now, clown that ass like Saturday Night Live (WHHHYYYY!)
Because I'm all between they wife's thighs
But all jokes aside I yoke the ride and roll the weed up at the same time
While I drive I cross my heart and hope to die
Hella high, it's the mobb blowin' greenery till we die
So haters do me a favor, handcuff your briide
I creep through when your husband's at the job
Many hunners got players, baby mammas feedin' me all kinds
of hibachi shrimp and I don't even rock Versacci pimpin dudes
But when I'm through, you never knew I touched her
Got her screamin loud as hell like Chris Tucker (aaaaah!)
Handcuff your hoers

[The Luniz]

When I step in the house (niggas snatch they hoers up quickly)
Niggas start breakin' out (cause they all wanna get with me)
Cause they know they hoers ain't faithful (and my eyes is on them all)
And I'll snatch them if I'm able (hey, put this lighter on the balls)
Ollly-olly-oxenfree, don't hesitate to give your hoers to me

[Numskull]

Uh, I'm used to stabbin' top notch and border coochies
Just big booty, firm casabas, preferably groupies (WITH BIG THIIIGHS!)
Makin' em ride they self up the wall easy
Off the expecting them, feel breezy
Do me a favor, take your hoers (HOME)
Before you find your breezy (GONE)
It'll be for life, only players when I'm beerin' at
I want the better things in life
Nice, he ain't hearin' that
I ain't the nigga to be buyin' bitches clothes
they know that and still keep
So handcuff your hoers (handcuff your hoers)

[Chorus: The Luniz]

Handcuff your hoers, if the girl is yours
Handcuff your hoers, the girl is yours
Handcuff your hoers, if the girl is yours
Handcu-u-u-ff your hoers (your hoers)

[Yukmouth]

Hey Mrs. Big Butt (why you always cry?)
She fight all the time (Oh my, my, my)
He's been cheatin' on you, but don't worry, please dry your eyes
Just take a ride with smoke-a-lot, the master of high
(HOW HIIIGGH!), high enough to kiss the sky, on the real
I wonder why beautiful girls date fat guys
He must got his cape on tight, oh look up in the sky
(WHHHYYYY!), now that's a Captain Save-Her fo' sure
Me being like that no, no, no, no, no
I know some hoers don't want to be a dumb-dummy
but don't play around and disrespect my money

Like a gun I'll take you away
And if you niggas act a fool, I'll spray you with the AK
Just let me take the hoe (and go peacefully)
Let me skip into the sunset (like tweed-de-lee-de-lee)
I like to come and so do you
If you can take one nut then you can take two
And it's true, we likes to party (TO PARTY!)
We likes to party

[Chorus: The Luniz]
Handcuff your hoes, if the girl is yours
Handcuff your hoes, if the girl is yours
Handcuff your hoes, if the girl is yours
Handcu-u-u-ff your hoes (your hoes)
Handcuff your hoes, the girl is yours
Handcuff your hoes, if the girl is yours
Handcuff your hoes, if the girl is yours
Handcu-u-u-ff your hoes (your hoes), I'm breezy