

# Luniz, Scope

I know the whole deal on you tramps [x4]

[Verse 1: Numskull&Yukmouth]

I got the 411 on you stunts  
Ho's rig me up or rig me up, only once  
My dick's at attention, amazed by the tingle  
Thinkin about the ho, so I gave one a jingle...THEN  
Threw a fuckin brew down my neck  
St., crooked letter, D-E to the S  
Dug the shitty gold-diggin bitches  
But then I got cheaper like Lucky's, the low price leader  
It's the thang to do, up and give the ugly ho's the boot  
Cause know I think the fine ho's are skipping to my loot  
I know the scoop, I know the whole deal on you tramps  
(Treated me like a wet food stamp)  
You think you all that cause the shit that you wearin  
The gear that you got, the whole crew be sharin  
I'm in that ass gigglin, you out for my loot in again  
Ya brain must be jigglin

[Yukmouth]

Look at my beanie  
Ooo wee got a loonie on my weanie, kablowee  
Got tricks up my sleve's like a whodini, you see me  
Puttin it, but couldn't it be cool  
Won't buy yo ass sea food, fuck, buy me ??????  
School, my niggas if you got the fat Pontiac Lafonne's  
You'll pull hella bitches like the Fonz  
I cons, ho's that mainly won't True's&Vouge's on the &quot;O&quot;  
School a young-ass bitch wit a old fool  
They only out to get dividends when living in the sauna  
A &quot;Material Girl&quot; like Madonna  
Your honor, shit is getting hectic and more crazy  
Hell yeah they on welfare, but don't spend it on they babies  
Act shady, when you call they scandalous-ass a slut  
But bro, a ho is someone that get's paid to fuck  
If the shoe fits on you bitch, wear it like them fake pony tails  
Oops...let my muthafuckin homie tell the scoop

[Chorus: x2]

I know the scoop...I know the whole deal on you tramps  
(Treated me like a wet food stamp)

[Verse 2: Numskull&Yukmouth]

[Numskull]

I had a brand new jeep and we was rollin  
Told her it was mine, but that shit was really stolen  
She asked me to shoot her to the crib, so I did  
Walked to the house and the bitch had about 12 kids(small world!)  
Hangin on my brand new Girbaud's  
What's wrong wit my nose, I got a shit stain on my clothes  
Look down and say a little BeBe  
And felt like bootin that little nigga  
'Cross the room like I was Pay-Lay  
That's how they get you to the crib  
You did couldn't pass off the chance, cause that ass was hella big!  
And she was walkin and that fat ass was swingin  
I'm thinkin about bangin her, somebody kept ringin her  
The phone was ringin every twenty seconds  
And I'm still gettin bothered by these dirty adolescent's  
Spillin hella kool-aid on my K-Swiss  
Hey bitch are you finished?  
Grab this bottle, and poured hella drank in it

He was drunk, so the other kids jumped on  
Mama grabbed the high hell, and straight clumped em  
I still fucked, but it took a little drank though  
And I bet I still fuck a stank ho

[Yukmouth]

Why, bother?

I'm bombed out like Pearl Harbor

For??? sex I cut em loose like a Barbara Beef Cake

The cheapskate, never got swundeld for a bundle

Bitches got weaves on, hair long like Rapunzle

I crumble, a phone number, but I stills bury bozack

Rollin in dough like Pillsbury

I don't carry a pull out, just my pager

But I'll pull out major, Black got more sacks then Lawrence Taylor

Captain Save A...Ho's stashes loot on the low tip

To get the boots, he buys this bitch a Girbaud fit

Shooby, doo-wop, Ohh I got's to have it

Yuk got cabbage, I clothesline a bitch line Randy Savage

Not your average sexual, man to be

Ya handin me the buddah, a bitch couldn't drown me with the Bermudha,

Triangle, I dangle bank roll, suck the dank roll

And I bet I still fuck a stank ho, it's like that

[Chorus Till Fade]