Soulja Slim, Wright Me

[Chorus:]
Write me bitch, I'll write you back, (uh huh)
I'm locked off in my cell, don't act like that
Hoe, accept my call, I'll be home in a minute to fuck ya, oh
Write me bitch, I'll write you back (uh huh)
I'm locked off in my cell, don't act like that
Hoe, accept my call, I'll be home in a minute to fuck ya, oh

What's up old girl, with your big ol' thick ass
As for me, I'm just chillin'
I'm waiting on my time to pass
Right now, I'm writing ya from the hole, I got thirty days
Can't use the phone, can't get no visits, that shit drive me crazy
Who ya been fuckin' with since I've been locked down?
You say nobody, but thats a lie
Nigga prolly drown, in that pussy
Cause anotha nigga hittin' it hoe
But yo, it's cool, cause when you catch it yo, the hoes gets ghost
But when you touch down, them hoes insist that they be around
When I was back I tell ya they won't be down
Or be down now
Bangin' her once, sometimes I called
I'm thinkin' bout fuckin' ya like a dog and leave ya hangin'
You left me hangin', why I can't do the same thangin'
Playa brawl
Fuck ya best friend and make ya'll go to war
Over this slim in the waist, cute in the face ass hoe
You used to lay the hoe dick down, but I'd give it to 'em sober
Them hoes don't know how to act
They be goin' crazy
Won't shake a nigga up, talkin' about they pregnant with my baby
At least, that's what you told me
Now you gave some other nigga the charge
Actin' bad don't want jokes man

[Chorus]

Uh-huh
My boy told me that he fucked ya and ducked ya
And bought ya pair a jeans outta structure, ya musta
Thought you was playin' catch back
Might as well give all my people the pussy
If you gon' do it like that
Cause I can give a lully mothafuck
If you gon' give pussy, to discos, fever with dubs
Just keep it in the family
Like that dark bitch Dana did
Ya understand me?
We ran throught that hoe, like we used to run in the Millia
Ya best a have ya vest on, that pussy there will kill ya
But yo, she was a down bitch
Not the ordinary clown bitch, that like to hang around bitch
And smoke all ya weed up
She get a buckle just for being her
So we get dee'd up
And she gon' break it off soon as I hit that world
I want the money, don't gimme no pearl, don't gimme no girl
And if I get in touch right now I bet she jokes a nigga
Like what?
Like she's 'posed to nigga
So won't ya

[Chorus]

My fo-sho bitch
She got me sick
She way outta town gettin' full of that dick
She's not jossin' me
But I know, one mothafuckin' thing I throw that hoe
She's comin' back, like a boomerang
But, I'm gon' duck and dodge her
Lookin' for some overshore pussy
If I ever get caught in this situation, nig, she gon' joss with me
Until I let it go
She be a head over heel hoe
Behind who?
Behind Soulja Slim
I wrote this rap for the niggaz doin' time
But they supposed to be your lady on they mothafuckin' mind, now
You know a hoe gon' be a hoe
And a nigga gon' be a nigga
For sho so how ya figure?
That your old lady keepin' it tight
She told ya that she loved ya on the phone, and just got fucked last night
Now how I know that self explanatory shits
Elementary hoes been gettin' full of that dick soon as that nigga touch the pennitentary
At random, cause I done slammed to say my man in jail
Bitch I can't tell, cause you ain't give me the pussy yet
And I'ma vet
I got some violent conversation
And I'ma hit because them tits a mothafucker

Well, why don't you, hook a nigga up, yeah?
Write me bitch, I'll write you back
I'm locked off in my cell, don't act like that
Yeah, think about a nigga, yeah, yeah, yeah
Write me bitch, I'll write you back
I'm locked off in my cell, don't act like that
[fade till end]