

Tela, Sho' Nuff

(Tela)

It was this bitch that I knew back from '86
Graduated and made it from the college of dicks
Now who the fuck you be, bitch you know me
Tryin to act solo, down low, hush-hush, and lo-key
Nah hoe I ain't po', where did my motherfuckas go
I remember this hoe, she used to do nails for Rochelle's, well
How the hell you been since I had no job
Hum, why don't you give me some
Cause you know I flow and run for Suave
Nah, all of that was on the couch
No doubt y'all records spin, y'all shippin in gold
It's cold On The Outside Lookin In (Brrrr!)
You'd besta make yourself worthy
Cause I got a click of niggaz ready to get their johnson very dirty
You heard me push these thirty dicks, inside your pearly clit
Ain't this a bitch
I remember when you would not give me shit
Now you down for them habits
Put your numbers on them naturals
Make it snappy cause I got to go to the bathroom

Chorus:

Hoes with no clothes sho nuff
Shakin that ass in the club nigga what?
Hoes with no clothes sho nuff
Shakin that ass in the club nigga what?
Hoes with no clothe sho nuff
Shakin that ass in the club nigga what?
Hoes with no clothes sho nuff
Shakin that ass in the club nigga what?, Suave love

(Eightball)

No different from the rest
She's just an ordinary hoe
Hair extensions, long nails, ass thicker than gumbo
Make it fast, takin cash, shakin ass in the mix
Tens turn to twenties and twenties come from plenty tricks
Niggaz in love
Can't stay out the club
All in the hoe's face
But at the end of the paper chase, whatever you had will be erased
I see him in the back
Countin up that cheddar
Talkin' loud, smokin hay, makin clouds, gettin ready for the crowd
I think I know one
I remember you, oh yes I do
Tryin to hide side from me and my crew, but ain't no love lost boo
What time the club close, at 3
What's up, you comin with me
We can smoke up mad trees after you get up off your knees
You want some cheese
Hoes don't stay at the suave house
Hoes around my nuts like knats
Real dogs don't pay for cats, dats
For real baby
Recognize and sho me love, dig that shit, sho nuff

Chorus

(MJG)

Well I be God damned, this shy ass hoe
Wants to get close to me

A few years back in the past, you wouldn't of even noticed me
Quoting the, lyrics of the songs that you know I flow
Lookin for, confidants, and tickets to my next show
Check yo' bitch
In these short ass pants and blow up dresses
I can tell they freaky with out three guesses
Oh yes it's very true
Your bitches be needin me, leavin you
Hell, now what the fuck is a nigga like me supposed to do
Let her loose or let her remain
Cause all she be lookin for is some fame
A bigger name
Look, this thang with bigger game
And she claim she ain't heard my music
Tryin to trick me
So I told that hoe my name Bill Bigsley
She still hit me
Now she, killin my dick softly with her mouth and I
Really just don't plan on takin it out cause I
MJ fuckin G you needs to knows 'bout these hoes shakin
They ass with no clothes like some pros, sho nuff

Chorus