

# 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