

Cash Sniffin' Noses

KNOC-TURN'AL

Mac flossy where you at?

(Aah)

I wish they all could be California

I wish they all could be California

I wish they all could be California hoes

California bitches

(Tim dog)

Some bad hoes

Bitch you digging in the wrong dirt bitch

Ain't no gold in here

Fucking with the wrong niggas

Knoc-Turn'al, Slip Capone, Short Dog

I knew a tight white bitch named Marianna

She lived right around the corner from Temecula

See I was bored, I fucked both of them whores before

So I called my other bitch Elsinore

She wasn't cracking

So I called up Hesperia and Monrovia and Valencia

I got some pussy from Pomona and her sister Corona

It ain't nothing like them hoes in southern California

I knew a bitch named Irvine

She had a cousin with the name Santa Ana

It was short for Anaheim

I got high in Riverside with Receda and Rosarito

And Santa Clarita and [unverified]

I'm pleased to meet you

I've been all around the world

And with over a thousand girls

And homeboy I don't know what you have been told

But Eskimo pussy is mighty cold

(Brrr)

These hoes, these hoes, these hoes

Got cash sniffin' noses

All around the globe back to California

Everywhere I go they all up on us

These hoes, these hoes, these hoes

Got cash sniffin' noses

You might be gold

But lately I been doing the platinum pose

Knoc-Turn'al's on 128 girl

What? I'll be right over

Magazines choreograph me in photos

I put out with three dime pieces slamming four doors

And if I can use cities in relation to hoes

I probably fucked San Fernando's daughter, Santa Barbera

And her best friend Alameda and Sierra

And Ramona's little sister Covina

And I don't know what you thought

Whether you turned the cat in the night bitch

Still the only manipulation weapon you got
Knoc-Turn'al ain't the one to fall victim to your plots
Before I save a hoe from the block
Her great grandchildren's corpses will rot
Fuck a hoe

I'd rather have money and a multiple round spitting glock
Four mansions with multiple cars investing my chips in stock
Even if I can't spell dow jones I still pull out fat knocks
It don't stop

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They say this is a man's world
Can't understand it girl
All you ever wanted was a man like Chante Moore
You know us ballers never have one woman

And when you need us we never come running
That's why now you think about your ex again
You want to page him just to have sex with him
But instead you better call your next of kin

And complain these ballers won't let you in
She don't love you she loves money and sex
Bitches shoot you in the head for a Rolex
I know the bitch is a dick fiend

I fucked her one night when she was sixteen
I know it seems like a long time ago
But I fucked her again when she was twenty four
Bitch, I'm an old school vet, they call me Too \$hort

Look your woman in the eyes
What she do it for? Biyatch
You know these hoes man
They'd do anything if they think it's for the money, that's why

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