

We Don't Love Them Hoes

Mobb Deep

You know Sometimes people can be awfully cruel
If you happen to care for somebody more than yourself
They consider you a fool
They mistake love for weakness and play on your mind
And at your expense they amuse themselves just to pass the time

Yea, uh-huh, we don't love them, we don't love 'em
Eh-huh, eh-huh, we don't love 'em, yea, yo

Uh-huh, yea
Me and shorty in the back seat chiefin' on ganja leaf
She ain't inspired cheek 'cause her man is weak
He make it real easy for me to get her for free
She real use to the bullshit that he be speakin'
She's not use to - havin' that pussy hoe beatin'
The bitch don't want to feel love, she want to feel sleazy
Bitch wanna have fun, yo ass is dough
That's why she ride with us to all the weekend shows
When I have first met the hoe, she was real timid
She ain't know if it was aight for her to live it
DAMN! look at her now, with many Pastel, Polo skirts
You see it all when she sit down
She keep it real easy for me to be in and out
All I gotta do is open 'em legs and bang it out
Without the struggle, or gettin' them panties off
Fuck her like I'm tryin' to kill her
Then I tell her "get lost"

Love them hoes, we don't love them (Nope)
Love them hoes, we don't love them (Nope)
Love them hoes, we don't love them (No)
Love them hoes, we don't love them (Uh-huh)
Love them hoes, we don't love them (No)
Love them hoes, we don't love them (No)
Love them hoes, we don't love them (No)

Damn! baby, how you call yourself a Pimp?
Let, let me understand somethin'
How you gon' be a Pimp, and get Pimped
That shit don't make sense to me man
You lettin' them bitches all up on your pocket man
You should be ashamed of yourself

Some think it's cool in the game and handcuff a bro', homey you wrong
Fuck you think she walk around with the matchin' pair of thongs
Tooth brush and the purse, the hoe works
Shorty gained at your cribs, she at work
Master of the toe curl, shorty got it down to a science
Placin' body enough to start, damn right
Nigga like me just bang her out, and bangin' her friend
Soon enough it'll be a family event
Know the hipno', havin' them bent, sneakin' up
You ain't the only one beatin' her up
Real reason why she fucks with you 'cause you be lightin' her up
To her it's like paper trainin' to puff
Do she suck you?, fuck you?, make you feel like a man?
You gettin' that good lovin' and bitin' your own hand

Yo you just another fool, hopeless, tryin' to lock her
She got your ass comin' out the pockets uh?

Ay Ma, how you doin'?

Still, what you doin'?

True, chillin', you know me up in the studio doin' my thing

Yea, yea, you need what?, what the fuck you talkin' about

You need some, you better ask your baby father for that shit

You crazy, damn baby

Love them hoes, we don't love them

Love them hoes, we don't love them

Love them hoes, we don't love them

Love them hoes, we don't love them (Uh-huh)

Love them hoes, we don't love them

Love them hoes, we don't love them

Love them hoes, we don't love them