

Hooker

Pink

R: You ain't nothing but a hooker
Selling your fucking soul, yeah
You ain't nothing but a hooker
Selling your fucking soul

1. Back up they want you I swear
You got no worries, you got no cares
All you got is motherfuckers who will drop you
Yeah you got money in your pocket and
You shoot off the ground like a rocket
You move so fast
Lord you can't stop it
There you are in the club swinging
And I'm just standing there
Standing there laughing
All the things people have you believing
I feel sorry for you
Ass is out of season
Maybe you should think
About cutting down drinking
'Cos you look like a fat brat sinkin'
I coulda helped you but you had to act out
You ain't got a fucking clue what I'm about, yeah

R: You ain't nothing but a hooker...

2. I saw it coming through the line like a fullback
You're a crack slag
I'll fucking rat pack you
Don't react
Don't give a fuck
Yeah it's like that
What you gonna do now you ain't got nothing
Look around honey you've been fronting
Everybody knows that you're a fraud
And I'm making records
A salutation, no hesistation
No reservation, just cancellation
And if I flow it then I blow it
'Cos I'm a poet and I know it

R: You ain't nothing but a hooker...

You wanna try me
Girl you know
If you wanna try me
Girl you know
If you wanna try me
Girl you know
If you wanna try me