

# Let the Ho's Go

## Naughty By Nature

1: TreachBass me, face me, task the tip of a tasty  
Bitches are sweet as a pastry  
You don't know me homey, from a peach or a pony  
I'm the Only, now your lyrics look lonely  
Lyrically fortified, born, I'm immortalised  
Lightin shit up from Wranglers to raw hides  
Packed with black positivity and wizardry  
I'm my own body and it built for partyin  
I rip hearts apart as if it's my last rap  
the lords abroad and I represent that ass dat  
shows seniority, lays the foundation  
Bolos and donuts, oh I built the nation  
Keep the faith tastin, keep the touch clutched  
Keep your face way away from the rough stuff  
If it ain't rough it ain't rugged

Either you are born with none or you're stacked or star-studded  
>From the to end I will flow  
and aslo, yo come let the ho's go  
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho (Let the ho's go)  
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho  
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho2: TreachMeet my friend Mac 10, sittin backpacked and mackin  
Thirsty for action, workin and smackin  
The last of the allies, smoke em up shall I  
or should I? I'm sure to give it a good try  
No need for a survival kit, there's none left to fix  
They've all been blown into dust bits  
Floatin in space, spinnin in infinity  
Part of the start is the end of any identity  
Lost in the source, no cause, so the boss gettin off  
East, the West, the South, break North  
You'll bite as my chew, as a guard duckin a graveyard  
Actin is for actors so you rap but don't you play hard  
I got the Mac to wax and I ain't tryin to fall back  
I rap like I'm the tops, stay real cos I'm all that  
It's my way on a highway, forget your friends  
cos I stick that ass like cowboys stickin a contact lens  
Let the ho's go

3: TreachYou say you're hittin hard, huh, I say you're hardly hittin  
I grip ya quick like a pussy in a kitten mitten  
I'm gettin grand and greater, sucker catch ya later  
He gettin paid with the fade of a Space Invader

You lookin Moonstruck, fear, start to talkin tough  
then sayin "sorry" like I really give a motherfuck  
You're little late, don't you think that was the wrong approach-a?  
A sqwuab by the name of Treach is sure to up and smoke ya  
At anytime, anywhere, for any wanted cause  
I got a double-barrelled pump that's sayin "Give me yours"  
Then I'ma dash in a flash, duck and go for cover  
Cos I have one for this robbery and many others  
Another gangster, no I'm like an angry ecker  
Droppin you and gettin mad if you don't say "Thankyer"  
The clip clockin killers, and plus my county crew  
I gotta clutch, I'll clean your life, naw not after you  
So don't try ta hide or apologise  
Apologies and go meet a French eyes is wise  
So if you know what I mean and have a hop block  
and never ever seen a day when the money stops  
You gotta put up your fists, just to let me know  
Ain't I gotta pump it hard to let the ho's go  
Let the ho's go4: TreachCompetition on canvas, never have I heard the tongue  
Throw a watch at me without it being fuckin hung  
Give it a new style, neck him up and keep him learning  
Should've had projects in the days of Mississippi Burning  
I let her see the white sheet hit the concrete  
and see that head go off and down from a thousand feet  
Cos the brother's around me don't even play all that  
They see a sheet and a cross, they say "Oh, gimme that"  
Halloween in Illtown and don't you be a ghost  
Cos you get your broke or even worst smoked  
Now this rhyme is regard' lyrically low cold  
But it had to have the flow to let the ho's go  
Let the ho's goextended

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>