

# Ho's a Housewife (feat. Dr. Dre & Hittman)

## Kurupt

\* other than an opening skit (irrelevant) this is the EXACT  
same song as appears on Dr. Dre's +Chronic 2001+ as "Housewife" Chorus: Kurupt Now this

this is one of them occasions  
where the homies not doin it right  
I mean he found him a hoe that he like  
But you can't make a hoe a housewife  
And when it all boils down you gonna find in the end  
a bitch is a bitch, but a Dogg is a man's best friend  
So what you found you a hoe that you like  
But you can't make a hoe a housewife (wife)

(Dr. Dre)

I mostly sold dick while I packed a gold clip  
Worked my money-maker, she got paper, she bout to trip  
(Where the fuck is my money?) I cannot G guilty  
You pimpin strong, but comin home, to sheets that be filthy  
She on the dillzy, I take advantage  
All up in them panties, I got this bitch speakin Spanish  
I'm mannish - get yo' nails out my back  
Slut I'm bout to nut and get up, go scrub yo' cat  
Learn the player rules, this is how I play a dude  
Might not be a freak, but she got on the choosin shoes  
Dollar signs are folded, I can't control it  
Tryin to leave her, beeper just exploded  
She sweatin me, won't let me, broad turned fraud  
Now she on this dick huh, got her turnin tricks huh  
Man it's a trip I don't trip I'm in yo' Lexus flexin  
I left her up in Dallas, Texas - assed-out

Chorus(Hittman)

Naw hoe is short for honey, almost had her Wailin like Bunny  
Tellin tales of bein pregnant, catchin Norstrom sales with abortion money  
I spotted her, seen her with my nigga when I shot at her  
Now we got beef, he caught up in the hoe's erotica  
Exotic - she's psychotic, rockin his Nautica  
Soon he'll need antibiotics (sucka bitch)  
Name a sexual disease, she got it like Sam Goody  
You be like, "Damn how could she hit me off with chlamydia?"  
Fool I pity ya  
We live in the city off, ballers  
with more bouncin than a Zapp, she will doo-wah-diddy-ya  
Prettier to grittier, the wittier can get her  
to the Hotel, Niko, on some Sauve shit like, Rico  
That's when I caught a Vision like Coleco

A high-post hoe, a perfect way for me to keep dough  
Huh, have her sellin ass on Bronson Ave. and Pico(Kurupt)  
At the ho-tel, mo-tel, or the Holiday Inn (say what nigga?)  
I said if that bitch keep fuckin up (beotch) then we'll fuck her friends  
I said I dip, dive, what can I say?  
Niggaz need to stop fuckin with O.J.  
Some niggaz bang blood, some niggaz bang crip  
And bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks  
I had to dream of hoes, I had to scream at hoes  
I seen my hoes in all kinds of clothes  
Lil' Almond Joy, I truly enjoy  
if you blew my balls, right through my drawers  
Come back to the mansion, chill at the spot  
From the way she was blowin, I know she does it a lot  
I have a eight-and-a-half, nine-and-three-quarters  
The hoe started callin when I started boss ballin  
Gimme some head, gimme some ass (uh-huh)  
Gimme some cash, pass it to Daz  
Pass it to Snoop, or pass it to Nate  
See hoes eat dick like eggs and steak  
It ain't shit new, I thought you knew (what?)  
I knew you would, you wish you could  
break a G down, break me down  
But I'ma see you on the rebound (what what?) D.P. styleChorus

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>