

Natural Spring Water

2AM Club

You, you, you, you got it
Yeah, yeah you got it
Every mind in the lower eastside, yeah, you on it
Yeah, yeah you on it
You on it
Yeah, yeah you on it
Yeah, you on it
You got it
Yeah, yeah you got it
Every mind in the lower eastside, yeah, you on it
You on it
Yeah, yeah you on it
You on it
Yeah, yeah you on it

Baby, I got your number
I know that you got mine
Let's lay this thing together
Car service on the line

Seven, seven, seven
Seven, seven, seven, seven
Black limousine
Six, six, six
Six, six, six, six
Ooh, she only 19

You, you, you, you got it
Yeah, yeah you got it
Every mind in the lower eastside, yeah, you on it
Every time that you broke up inside because you wanted
A real love, but you never want it in the morning
And you too cool and fly to capsize
But way too fine to stay with one night
So I'mma keep chasing you into the light
Moth into a flame, I'm caught up in the life
Show my ID and lose another night
But each one's sweeter than one you already liked
The upper to the lower, I love her till it's over
At least until I'm sober and my girlfriend's comin' over
You got it

We went from the night life where doors are open
To the hotel room where hearts are broken
And I think I'm the king but you won't love me long as Elvis
So them niggas in those pictures is only gettin' me jealous, crazy
How the rap game makes me the first letter in my rap name
To so many of these bad dames
I know I go, from Tin Man to Scarecrow
Cause I traded in my heart just to have brain
Haha, you studied abroad while I was studying broads
And you remained faithful to prove it wasn't that hard
You turned to Carmen San Diego when you hopped in that car
Can you blame me, wondering where you are?
Who you fuckin'?
Are you married?
Do you love him?

Like it changes everything but it doesn't
I thought that she was everything but she wasn't
Cause now I know...

Baby, I got your number
I know that you got mine
I wake up in the morning in a cold cold sweat
With scratch marks on my spine
Feelin' like I'm
Just another remedy
You ain't Mother Mary, wish that I could let it be
You hold on to a false identity
You walk the streets as your own worst enemy
But don't worry, you got it, yeah yeah you got it
But I still wish the world would let you see
Let you see
Let, let you see