

Menace

38 Spesh

Know what I was hopin'?
I was hopin' that maybe you would come with me
Came with you?
Yeah, I mean
You ain't doin' jack shit here
And the way that I see it, you'll be dead or you'll be in jail
I mean, I dunno
I don't see it as such a bad idea
Why you so worried about me?
Why shouldn't I be?

In the bedroom, she handle her business (Business)
She give me everything, no limits (No limits)
We gon' fuck all night, we ain't finished (We ain't done)
How it feel to be in love with a menace? (Let's go)
How it feel to be in love with a menace? (With a menace)
How it feel to be in love with a menace? (With a menace)
We gon' fuck all night, we ain't finished (We ain't done)
How it feel to be in love with a menace?

She fell in love with me because she know I'm the realest
I'ma die hard in that pussy, Bruce Willis
Call her on the phone, "How you feelin', what the deal is?"
Fuck you in the car, even though it ain't tinted
I been on them back blocks chillin' with them killers
Every nigga that's around me a hitter or dealer
Left her with a million dollars cash, she ain't steal it
When I got my gun, she the one that conceal it
Take them panties off, right now, 'fore I peel it
Peel 'em to the side, put that pussy on a skillet
Baby, I just wanna feel it, eat it up and kill it
I'ma fuck you raw, mama, we gon' make a village
I'ma real nasty nigga, baby, I ain't got no limits
Tell me how it feel to be in love with a menace

I mean, being on the streets was cool
But I cared about Ronnie
And, well, Anthony
He reminded me of me when I was little
I didn't want him to grow up and go through what I've been through
It was all so crazy
And I ain't got no limits
Tell me how it feel to be in love with a menace

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How it feel to be in love with a menace? (Let's go)
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How it feel to be in love with a menace?

Uh, fell in love with a menace
I ain't never fold or run
If they come, I'll hold his gun
And for the judge, I'll hold my tongue

Some days I might not see him
'Til it's time to go to sleep
At times I often think he might not make it home to eat
'Cause he be on the grind with his niggas loadin' bricks
But this pussy on his mind, so that nigga homesick
Text some nasty pictures just to get him home quicker
But he know I fuck him better if he comin' home richer
Been around so long I took his slang
Yeah, he got some crooked ways
Had his cake and eat it too
But them hoes ain't cook it the same
His ex stay in her feelings, huh, now she look ashamed
'Cause them bitches hate to see you change a man they couldn't change

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Think about leaving, Caine