

This Goes Out

3LW

My mom and dem don't like ya, my friends all think you triflin,
but I don't feel quite like them, in fact I'm out to spite them
,
the love we share is special, its on a whole
nother level, he's firm with me, he's gentle,
he's intimate, yet mental

But he's quick to flip,
he don't understand, street but sweet,
my kinda man, goes to church,
might be a thug, he breaks me off,
shows alot of love, disrespect,
he's off the heezy,
you don't want that, please believe me,
thats the only way he knows how to show me how much he cares.

This goes out to my bandana rockin, out on the blockers,
chasin that dough, bad baby daddies, 1st of the month,
child support, all non-voting, newport smoking,
I still got love for ya'll and this goes out to my 3rd strike p
aroller,
dry philly rollers, sitting on dubs, cristal poppin, loud talki
n, frontin,
drunk in the club, live wit you mamma, always in drama,
I still got love for yall.

Somebody's always hatin, there always sittin around waitin,
til you make a new mistake and get sent back
upstate and so they can just say that "I told ya"
"Shoulda listened when I told ya",
So I'll cry on their shoulder,
They'll be so glad its over.

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