

# Girlfriend

B2K

Yo you got some nerve hoe  
While Irv blow  
Form as Leo  
Watching the Roy Jones fight in the third row  
Chick like Cease you the hottest I heard yo  
I'm like yeah right trick  
Wish like words yo  
I spin around see my ex  
I ain't hurt though  
She had to see my face  
Ice made my shirt blow  
Work hoe  
No thong on with her skirt low  
Skate with the eight but don't take that bird yo  
Cats gettin deals and I ain't aggie  
I got Regis round the world and they ain't Kathie  
I got money and I ain't happy  
Chick bout to have a baby  
And I ain't the daddy  
I used to get my dough dirty  
Now I dough and slaughter with it  
If you know a penny paid  
Then get it the harder way  
I don't know why rappers don't give me gifts  
On Father's Day  
My son get out of line  
He get it like Marvin Gaye

(So how can I)  
How can I love somebody else when  
When I can't (baby) love myself enough, you know  
When it's time (When it's time)  
Time to let go  
Time to let go, time to let go

Yo, yo  
Girlfriend, why you lookin mad stressed  
When the last time you and your man had sex  
Gimme that number and that address  
It come with something with easy access, I said  
Are you shyless or are you guyleless  
Or are you straight up posing topless  
She said

Try this, my name's Iris  
I'm from Cypress, half black and half Irish, uh  
I got a man, but he beats me  
Don't know how to treat me  
If you wanna get freaky, beep me  
You like that?

Yeah, I like that  
When I beeped her, she called me right back  
I layed my game down quite flat  
She said she wearing white pants at the station  
Threw on my white hat with no hesitation  
White Benz, white nad

White on white racing  
Thinking to myself  
She might be on the flight with Mason

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Easily, security to Cease A Lee  
Don't pat him down player, he's with me  
I know, every girl in this club  
Wanna leave with me  
But right now  
Only three with me, uh  
I went from eating on paper plates  
To jeeps with paper plates  
So a chick can, come before my paperchase  
Wanna hit the cell  
Roc make em wait  
If I ain't make a mill  
I can't take a break  
I like to vacate down in Bermuda  
Sip my coleurs while I'm headed down to Hooters  
Everytime we scoop her  
The chickens wanna tutor  
Girls wanna fight and  
Throwing ice from the cooler  
This chick is a loser  
Smoke on niggas buddah  
Dick ride on every niggas scooter  
Same shit she said about me  
She said about Gutta  
But if it wasn't for this rap shit  
I never would have knew her

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