

Scared Of Commitment

Consequence

Girl you lookin like nicole murphy, only you hearshy
Put a hurting on em girl, and soon the mercy
I guess the thing that really urk me, is when they serve me
With supinas, and try to take me to the creamers
Bought a spy on my dirty laundry
I like her longy, so ever since you said you call me
I guess it haunts me
What puts me in a dark place like kalena, brio
Or even 7 no tools neeva,
I guess the black of the berry the more I got the back
Of the blackberry
Cause the thought of loosin you is that crazy

I had no idea that we got married
She likes the try to put a ring on it, that shit is scary
Girl you lookin like adina howard, leave me an hour of your time
Meet me in the shower, see me devour you
I met her at my partner's house, runnin the sour diesel
Never seen a stunt like this evil con evil
Moving fast like the autobahn, brought me to her mom
Second week she tried to put me on, locked me like a con
A concept if she ain't busting down then be gone
I can't see me getting out the game I'm wrong
Cause even know she wanting me to pay her all my attention
It's 30 white bitches that want me to pay a visit
Nigga I might split it, damn it, I might hit it
She gay now, like I'm the reason she don't like niggas
Ask rabin, backstabbin in my liver frank ocean
I'm numb to these broads, can't feel them
So as the world turns and my name grows bigger
I'm a beast, I'm a dog to these dark skin women

I'm a little bit scared of commitment
So that's why I'm hardly home
Cause I'd rather be out at the party
Getting new numbers in my phone
I'm a little bit scared of commitment
And that's why I'm hardly home
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Hey girl you lookin like a young trina, and I mean it
Except you a little thicker and more conceded
You was what I always wanted, but never needed
My guy say he hit once, but never skeeted
You told me the truth later, you let him eat it
But he ain't do that daddy, he never beat it
But even if he did baby, we all grown
What's up with your darkskin friend, we all homes
Hey girl, you lookin like a ... breya mouse
And I'ma run your pretty black ass 100 miles
Call me the coach young lady, I work you out
I take you on the porch young lady and bust it out
And you ain't holding nothing back, you take it all
You lookin like hale berry in monster's bawl
And I'ma billy bob that ass until you crawl
In fact I gotta go now ladies, I'll holler y'all

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