

Deep

Fat Joe

I took this bitch to the Amalfi Coast
Back to Mexico packed her bags like vamanos
Used to play the 'jects used to serve some drinks
Now she drip [?] with the Persian minks
Damn, I shouldn't have saved her
Walked in Club Liv, she on the couch with some players
Them niggas get to ice grilling, Crack
But she ain't never suck no dick like that
Dead presi's, got her the gold Presi's
Suites at the Embassy with the private entry
Now it's quits 'cause I bought you ass and tits
Screaming every niggas name when they ask, "Who's ass is this?"
Sleeping with the whole damn crew
Mind racing, thinking what would OJ do
These hoes ain't playing fair, bitches cutthroat
And take off like Greek the Freak when the Bucks go

I got a problem and it hurts so bad (Hurts so bad)
I feel for the both of them because I'm 'bout to go bad, yeah
How deep is your love? Yeah
How deep is your love? Yeah
How deep is your love? Yeah
How deep is your love? Yeah

There's a war goin' on outside no man's safe from
Shit's hard when you at odds with day ones
I fucked thirty bitches, it ain't feel the same
House filled with dirty dishes, even took the maid
I had you at them Heat games in them seats, man
You be like we could trip a referee, bae
I'm like, "Ma, you got to chill, pick that bag up off the floor"
Bitch, act like you been here before
And that's what a nigga call a flashback
Gave my hitter 30K, the nigga pushed the cash back
These hoes ain't playing fair, bitches cutthroat
It's cold as Minnesota, make you wonder where the love go

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