

Still Singing

Ghetts

Where's all of my real women?
Tune's nearly a year old but I'm still singing
Me, fresh prince, I'll Will Smith 'em
Deal or no deal, I can deal with them

Ever since sing for me
The wifey's been to into me
She thinks I've fucked half of the industry
Now I know how difficult things can be
Because if I be in a stu's, with a singer in a booth
And that's my misses in a mood
Pissed off, sitting in a room
And she ain't never gonna listen to the tune
But it's my fault
I should've thought first
But I never thought words can leave a girl's mine warped
Now I'm trying to get her back with the right talk
Or the right song
But the feeling ain't mutual
So, it's like, force
I've been kicked to the curb
Now I feel like I'm part of the sidewalk

I'm that [?], we could have a party
One smile and I got 'em like
Flyboy, so, I tip past the roof
I've been working hard, so, I look kinda

I got a wife that's worth more than money
She ain't for sale, and I ain't for real
I suppose she glows even when it ain't sunny
I love her, she loves me
But that don't stop me getting down in the buggy
Twenty percent tints, ten out of ten tits
Bottle shaped pips, Angelina lips
Nails and every ting crisp
But that don't mean I should
But that noise that you make sounds good
This might be the last time, get a good look
Just for old times sake, I make you scream

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If she's got a voice then
I might be the reason she leaves her boyfriend
I wanna see her and I don't need an appointment
Like me, mum say to avoid them
I know it's old news but in the [?]
You was talking about a nigga like me

Yeah, it's so true
A nigga might bang and a nigga might leave
I call it so soon
In a rush, in a hurry
In a month, don't worry
I'll be back like Arnold said
But don't hold your breath, it'd be arson for death