

Sleeping With The Enemy

Jacki-O

Uh Girls Y'all gotta feel me on this one
Y'all know how it be you Just been with your man
For so long and you think you got him figured out
And things aight thats how I was
I thought I had him all figured out
But he just kept surprising me everytime I looked around
It was just (trouble) some more trouble (trouble times)
Damn

It's hard on the yard I'm all alone in this struggle
I can't trust these hoes your bestfriends be your foes
No one to talk to better watch what you say
Fast as you tell them shit them hoes be on the freeway
Face it, you got a dream? your ass better chase it
Nigga giving you problems have that nigga replacements
Excuses to fight you everytime your lights do
And as soon as you in another nigga chest they stress
Fuck them I ain't the nice type or the wife type
I ain't nann one of them boojie chicks I'm a rude bitch
Fuck your family and your phoney ass mammy
All up in my shit trying to watch what you hand me
I had this shit way before I even met your ass
I keep house and a car and some cash
For when I'm ready to leave your ass I can't trust you
That's why I keep some shit you can't take
And that's a hustle

All this time you been with me
I was just living in misery
I prayed and prayed for a change
But only rain came my way
All this time you been with me
I was just sleeping with the enemy
All this time you been with me
I was just sleeping with the enemy

I mean you hurted me so bad I wanted to do you
I mean you hurted a bitch so bad I wanted to use voodoo
To bury your name but that ain't my game
I was willing to do anythang to ease that pain
We been through to much made to many bucks
Touch to many blocks had to many niggaz shot
For the shit to just drop
It's the latest talk in the nail shop
Everybody knows I can just hear the hoes
Chicks I use to ride with can't even confide with
That shit bothers me I wanna bleed them hoes artries
I don't feel safe no more
You don't leave the keys to the safe no more
You ain't trust your boosters the time I busted you
You won't let me load your clip or hide your bricks
You don't trust me with the accounts and books and shit
But you trust me your life cause everynight I cook
Fuck Nigga

Act three let me see if I can sum it up
Every credit card you had I tried to run it up

And everytime we fucked nigga I hated it
And everytime I said I bust a nut well I faked it
Every key you left unguarded yeah I scared it
And you don't know cut even blow know blow from blow up
When your spot fell off I stayed up in the malls
With fraud making sure we eat
And making sure shit sweet started flipping your riches
Got to big for your britches
Stayed up in them titty bars with them sick bitches
And your homeboys crackers got them singing like birds
Told them boys where you serve
And where you stashed your word
Same niggaz you be rolling with that be skinning
And grinning when you ain't home
They be begging to get up in my denim
It ain't my fault I got legs with bows in them
A petite shit with a sweet clit
And C cups to make you nut
Cause you ain't never had a bitch like me
Like O that can spit like me
That can ass in a six like me
Hold it down through your B.I.D
Honestly you had the best of me but you a enemy

I just gotta be strong on this one
(you are the enemy)
I don't think I'm going back this time
(you are the enemy, you are the enemy)
Just to much shit been said to much real shit been said
(you are the enemy, you are the enemy)
It's true I ain't gotta deal with this