

Stalkin'

Kurupt

She's stalkin stalkin stalkin me
I love him, I need him
I wanna have his baby
My friends think I'm crazy
I know he don't care
I blew his young
I'm never gonna leave him
His baby momma hates me
I would never decieve him

She's stalkin stalkin stalkin me
I'm in the house
Quiet as a hungry church mouse
I'm ready to dip, ready to bounce
Bouncin' ounce for ounce and ounces
I'ma show you how to break these ounces
I think that's where I fucked up
I think I showed the little bitch to much
The bitch wouldn't let go of the throttle
Instead she tried to suck and hit on the clutch
Girl, beat it, Oh, No You Can't Eat It
Dip, eat somebody else dick
You can't go where I go girl
Young Gotti on Roscoe World
Dip outta town and bring it on something
Now you can sit down now sucka spit something

Outside I'm waiting, I'm tired, it's raining
I'm playing his CD
I wonder if he see's me, I'll break all laws
Don't ever talk about him
I always feel so empty
When I'm not around him

5'5 brown eyes, caramel complexion
Dippin through the city
Hide through the intersection
Stalk a bitch, talkin shit
Your always outside my apartment bitch
Everything is cool, late night function
I'm tryna keep it cool cause I'm alwayz into something
Talkin' to this other bitch about to light up
And the bitch came up
And beat the bitch up (bitch)
Bitch you must got me fucked up
With the liquor in your system and your all fucked up
You must not know about young Kurupt
He gave you the number and you blew the bitch up

Whenever, he's in town
I'm always at the hotel
I'm waiting, I'm patient
And I know all of his homies
I hope he calls
I know he got my letters
I know he read each one of them
And I bought him a new sweater

yeah ahhha, yeah ahha
yeah ahhha, yeah ahha
yeah ahhha, yeah ahha
yeah ahhha, yeah ahha

Bitch you must got me fucked up
With the liquor in your system and your all fucked up
You must not know about young Kurupt
He gave you the number and you blew the bitch up (blew the bitch up)