

The Question

Lloyd

I got ten of the finest hoes in the world working for me
I'm getting a hundred dollars a day from each ho
I've been having a good time
Won't they just leave me alone? Would they?
I've had enough out of you
I couldn't take more shit from you Goldie

The party's over baby, let's go home
It's reality
I don't see this, do me a favor
And take old Judas goat over there
And I want you to just get the fuck out of my face, okay?

Uhhhhhhhhhh
Yea
Aaahhhhhhhh

Enemies, the monster trucks
Pimps seeing by being a drug
Promethazine and paper cuts
Jewelry obvious gets
And I don't give a fuck
Only like them ghetto sluts
Tattoos, the letter that
Double D's and big old butts

Girl, I can make it rain, hurricane Katrina
Looking for the baddest things, tell me have you seen er?
Ridin a cut in these lanes, hammer girl and Keyshia
Try me all you want, there ain't no maxing out this Visa
I know! Baby say that I'm conceded
But I just feel like Michael Jack cause I go to war and I beat it
Premium Benz, it ain't about our 3 day all tuxedos
Well there's only room for me and you
Imagine things that we can do girl
So faded now, I'm gone
Don't even know the name of the girl I'm on
I wonder what am I doing here?

So turned, so turned up

Girl up in your centerfold
And the only thing that I want know
Is what am I doing here?
So high up