

Dear Yvette

Masta Ace

Ay yo shorty I'm sayin, I knew
you since you was like yay high, y'knamean
You out here whylin' out, you really need
to cool out with all that!
Please, you don't know me!

Ay yo Yvette, there's a lotta rumours goin' around
About you hoein' around, you need to slow down
Eversince ya ass grew, you been movin' kinda fast boo
Don't even speak now when I pass you
Hundred Dollar bill tattoo, on yo thigh
The gleam in ya eye for the cream and the pie
Skirt ridin' high so they can see ya thong better
I'ma sit down and write you a long letter
We was little, we was friends, we rode our big wheels
Now I see you gettin' a Benz with big wheels
All these guys in the city, see is the size of your titties
And that you got hazel eyes and you're pretty
They see a girl like you and they wanna get in her
I was thinkin' we can go to a movie, maybe dinner
You turned around and told me I need to retire
If I can't "show you the money" like Jerry McGuire
I don't know

You don't really know me
Just what ya think ya see
Just what ya think ya see
You don't have to worry 'bout me
This chick got hopes and dreams
But I'm about this paper cuz
There ain't no love for free

I never been they type of bitch, maybe when I was younger
I craved love and thought they could satisfy my hunger
Thirsty, had a few niggaz do me dirty
Slid a blade across my wrist, almost went 7:30
I spazed, now it's all about the cash
Swingin' naked on a pole, doin' tricks with my ass
You wanna be with me and let happilly ever after
Same ol' song, get more "hits" than Napster
You don't care about me, you don't really know me
My broked hearts and dreams is killin' me slowly
Get ahead bitch, walk with a switch
Lip gloss lips and 34 inch hips
Airbrushed chips and chromed out whips
I like to take trips when wife stash the whips
Fuck love 'em, solo
Raisin' my seeds for dolo
And mindstate fresh, with nothin' less than Polo

Please don't be sympathetic
Shit I don't regret it
While these hoes half-stepped it
Nigga I'm gonna rep it, til' I die
And make these G's multiply
I'ma make G's cry like when Jesus died
And on the third day my G rose again

A foul type chick, quick to fuck ya best friend
And smile in ya face, niggaz stay in ya place
Catch my head at his waist, lie with a straight face

I know my man had you in the Bricks, with a couple of chicks
Drivin' around havin' endless kicks in the Benz 6
He said the sex was (good), the head was (good)
Yo I think he would tell the whole hood if he could
You say it's all about the money, well I can tell
Cuz that nigga makes Sam Cassell look like Denzel
My bad I'ma sound like a real hater
I'ma leave it on that note and holla at ya later
One

You think you are the judgement
Y'all niggaz don't know me
I do what I gotta do, I take care of mine
Who you think you are, you ain't no better than me
Why you say all that?
I'm only doin' what I gotta do
I do what I gotta do too
You don't know me, you don't love me
I'm tryin' to help you, I mean you out here whylin' out
Whatever though