

What's Wrong With Me

Montana of 300

When I'm gone with my bros gettin' dough for these shows
Shorty say that she wish she was on the road with me
If I don't answer when she calls, she think I'm a cheatin' dog
But she still don't want nobody else to bone but me
Smart and fine, hard to find, broke her heart plenty times
Honestly, man, I don't really know what's wrong with me
Shorty loyal and she strong, coulda left me all alone
I'm just thankful that she's still here holdin' on with me

I took my baby for granted, them other bitches meant nothin'
I was just fuckin', slidin' in and out them holes like a buton
I don't know why I be buggin', but I see why she be fussin'
We be more loyal to our homies than we are to our woman
Shorty super bad always had my back
Don't care about my cash or these Gucci bags
I know I prolly hurt ya bad, all the girls I smashed
Let's do like LeBron did the Cavs, leave 'em in the past
You shouldn't have to be spyin', you got mad and went off like
a siren
When you found out the lies I was hidin' (Uh) you shouldn't hav
e to be cryin'
Always careless with a diamond, worry 'bout hoes like a lineman
Try to be slick, but life is a bitch and I be fuckin' up like s
he ridin'
I know that I coulda lost you, I never meant to insult you
So many tears I done cost you, sorry for all the pain that I ca
used you
That body ain't fake, it's all you, your booty so big and it's
soft, too
And look good in them panties I bought you, can't wait to get b
ack and rip 'em up off you

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