

(Arnold Cooked This One Up)

If we ain't married, then we can't do this  
Them niggas ain't havin' pape, they can't do this

My niggas smoked a nigga, put 'em in a blunt  
But what the difference is, they both in the joint  
If she break me once, then I can't love her twice, uh  
Two-toned AP, these bitches gon' fuck tonight  
You never a secret, they know I'm keepin' my weapon  
If I see the good in you, buy you a Cuban link necklace  
No, you not a trainer, you still see me flexin'  
I wish I had more time to show you what it was  
I wish I had more time, but you was in the club, girl  
I wish I had more time, I gave it to the drugs, girl  
I wish I had more time to think 'bout how we fuck, girl  
I wish we had more time

You was my lil boo, no, you not from California  
You was my lil boo, even though that you most wanted  
You was my lil boo, girl, you left a nigga scared  
You was my lil boo, took you out them Chevrolets  
Sometimes I get to abusin' my power, she gon' bow when I preach  
Niggas in my hood don't call on God no more, they callin' on me  
Toast up, should we squash the beef, the whole 6 disagree  
Uh, put her on a Molly, fucked around and got it out her  
Benjamin my problems, and my nephew baby bottles  
Someone should come stick beside a nigga like this Carbine, whoa  
I won't pay my nigga bond if he rat  
Ran it up and fucked it up and got it back  
I love my fans, I don't get tired of rockin' shows  
Sometimes I get lonely, wanna hit the road  
I think this the life that I dreamed  
I think this the life that I dreamed  
Money on mind, scars on my heart  
Ignore me when I'm tryin', salute me when I fall  
She everything, but she just got her ways  
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