

(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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