Lefty

OMB Peezy

Drum Dummie
Ayy

How could I run to you when you turn your back and expect for me to change?
I couldn't do nothin' right like a lefty, they threw me away like a piece of paper
Ain't nothin' but bosses eatin' at the table, we done left a couple hundred for the waiter
We done went dry, ran out of Fanta
I told her she gon' want me now or later

'Cause I'm on the way up (Ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh)
What the fuck are y'all waitin' for?
And she think I'm a save her
Sick and tired of fake love
Know she won't get shit but some dope dick
When I wake up I'm laced up
I just wanna fuck, bitch, don't wanna make love

Look
See, I gotta run to you when you tellin' my business to everybody
He ain't comin' outside, got the feds watchin'
I might fuck her sometimes but I'm still trying
Cross God, don't know how to feel now, then why is it so many kids dyin'?
Niggas been slime but I guess niggas ain't hittin', what they tryna kill now?
Roll over, I give her dick on the wake up
Natural, I need a bitch with no makeup
And she know that I ain't got time to lay up
Street nigga, I got a grind to stay on
I gotta grind to get it
Find a nigga that's livin' like me, I'll pay you
Don't stop tryna find the right nigga, baby, I'm not the one who gon' date you
Who could I run to? Nobody
Nowadays I ain't been doin' no smilin'
I take the move, ain't even have to talk
I just wanna use your body
I just wanna feel your moan
Askin' you, "How it feel?" While inside you
They know I ain't ever gon' change, I'm just a young nigga from the projects

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I just wanna fuck, bitch, don't wanna make love, you can say that for them o
ther niggas ain't fuckin' with you on your level
I just think another nigga love you better
Oh you in love? Well that was the same thing you told the other nigga when y
ou met him
Why you tellin' everybody we together?
Goin' tellin' me you met a nigga realer
You ain't met a man who gon' stand ten toes down in a situation
Ain't have a plan, made 'em understand, I'ma be the man without a graduation
Ain't go to school, I was trippin', slangin' ass, shootin' dice and the baco
n
The block so hot, my brain bakin', dreadin' that long vacation
When them crackers scoop you, put you on that plantation
They act like it's gon' make you better, really that shit's slavery
Them stomach aches and guns blazin', it's amazin' that I made it
How could I run to you when you runnin' away, you think I'm 'bout to chase t
hat shit? Crazy

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