

1992

Shy Glizzy

Geraldo Live on the track
Yah
Young Jefe, holmes
Yah, yah, yah

I don't know what to do, yeah, I gave that girl the blues
And baby, if I fuck with you, no way that shit can lose
They really like my style, yeah, they tryna track my moves
Bitch, ain't no callin' foul when it's really time to shoot
Remember way back, yeah, 1992
My mama fucked my father and they made a fuckin' fool
Soon as I got some money, bought some choppers and some jewels
VVSs on my tummy, your bitch can't get kinda cool

I come from that hill, dawg, and all our niggas killas
You know I'm for real, dawg, I'm no damn pretender
Took her out to the grill, yeah, I ate her after dinner
I'm a big dawg, born in cold-ass December
I won't tell a thang, nah, baby, seal my lips
Cartier rangs, told her, "Baby, make a fist"
Cuban link chains look immaculate with the fit
Can't take no mo' fame, but I can take a nigga bitch
She said that pussy sore, I said, "Baby, is you sure?"
Said, "Nigga come here for?" I'm goin' at it like a horse
I'm dressed in all Dior when I'm hoppin' out a Porsche
With that fully-loaded chopper and it blow like a torch

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She told me I was slick, yeah, baby, just like Rick
Girl, I thought you was different, nah, bitch, you just a trick
She jumped on the dick, yeah, knew that shit was thick
We pull out the sticks, bitch, we love to hit
I think I'm goin' the wrong way, I turned down a one-way
It's gon' be a long day, I'm gon' rip the runway
I'm thinkin' with the dollars now, knew I'd be here someday
Drop it off by Sunday, bet it be gone by Monday
And that's on everythang, yeah, everythang I love
Supposed to be your main thang? Well, why she in my tub?
If you owe me anythang then I'll get that shit in blood
That's on everything I love, that's why I don't give a fuck

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