

I'm sure
When she tell me she love me I know that she love me, we go from the bed to
the floor
But I'm acting all funny and stuff and she know it like say we-
Yeah, look, listen

Cah bae she the best
A hundred or more on the meter I'm sure
When she tell me she love me I know that she love me, we go from the bed to
the floor
But I'm acting all funny and stuff and she know it like say we ain't been he
re before
Certain times it be driving me mad, think I'm better at being a whore
If it's on then I swinging my ching, couldn't tell you a time I relied on th
e law
Fuck the truth, only lies that I saw
No legit strictly crime I was in
More I make I'll give back to the kids
If you're real from the start then we're sharing the win
Never lower your head from a miss
If you ain't get it right then you double your shift

Time, it come and it goes
We were the closest of kids way before all the fuckery showed
But maybe that's it
You born and you live then you die when you're old
With nuttin' to give
I promise I'm leavin' with somethin' to show

Look, yeah
If I'm blowin' on smelly I'm blowin' it strong
True that plug was a bitch but he gone
Why this cat movin' edgy I know what he's on
Double back and send mayhem and probz
Said I'm there in a minute, I'm sorry I'm long
Been a while since I've been on my job
If she tell me she want it I'll give her the lot
Love the way how she angle the gob
If I'm back to the block then I'm back to the block
Fuck it nigga, I'm back to the block
If it's heavy on one then I'm picking up two
If it lowers the price it's all prof
Where's the honey I come for the lot
Just gave 7 to Sim, told him play widda stocks
And I still got some left for the squad
Gave a rack to the Killlys to play widda opps

What you doing, I'm doing my job
Get her off I dunno what she on
I tell yucky to blow it (pshh pshew)
He leaving a hole in a fob
Thinking back I was gradually lost
Money boy, where your salary gone
Need them never gon' see me agains
I'm tired of all of these marry me thots

Look at the mess stuck on the fence

Girl, you're the one, ain't no need to pretend
If you're there from the start, then you're there till the end
Let's make it work, give a fuck 'bout your friends
Way that you freak stuck on repeat
Still got my tool when I step on the street
If they playin' it funny then funny it be
Come, see what I make in a week
Come from a city with hunger and greed
And needs like please, just leave me be
Packing my back while I head for the sea
Over and out when I finish my siege
Stress on a pile, gimme my weed
Mad how they talk on this wonderful tree
I got into this music cah music is me
Follow my script and you'll see what I mean