

## Til Death Do Us Part

Summrs

Bitch you know that I'm a player  
Fuck on this bitch then I lay up  
Ecstasy make me stay up  
Bitch tryna get in my paper  
Sippin' on , like a Laker  
All of this money, yeah, that I got, I'll be good if we break up  
Pop in this bitch like a pill and my pockets be hench, tell that boy get his cake up  
Livi shoes and soon as I walk in the room, I ain't gotta say much  
Brenda in the sky, still wondering why  
Why she had to die, made me wanna die  
Shit had make me cry, hold me for the night, tell me it'll be alright  
High in LAX, missed my flight  
Off them drugs baby this my life  
Too many bitches in one night, too many bitches broke my heart  
Blame me up, my life's so dull  
Most of my nigga locked behind bars  
Dissin' bars, poppin' bars  
Kickin' broads out my car  
Tryna fuck with me? You live too far  
Wocked forever, 'till death do us 'part  
I'ma run off if he sell me  
You making me feel like I'm nothing  
Everytime I see you out clubbing  
All of this fuckin' money I'm touching  
And you got the nerve to try to thug me  
All of my bitches still want me  
See me out and they be tryna hug me  
Even tho you're mad, you wanna fuck me  
(When you depressed) You be spending all of my money  
(Talkin' 'bout my ex) You ain't her like it's funny  
Cut you off and get you back next morning  
Pour up dirty fanta's in the morning  
I wake up, I think about some money  
I ain't mean that shit bae, I was horny  
On another pint I'm scorin', snorin'

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