

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 u
p
Pop in this bitch like a pill and my pockets be hench, tell tha
t boy get his cake up
Livi shoes and soon as I walk in the room, I ain't gotta say mu
ch
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 a
lright
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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