

It's Alright

Too \$hort

I love things about you (it's alright) you got it going on
I'm not in love and this is not a love song, but you've been down for so long
You should never be wrong, I know it's all my fault
My mind been gone, I'm always on the chase
Lipstick on my face, when I get home
You gotta get on my case, cause I've been fuckin' up
Coming home smelling like her, I can't fuck it up
Call your mama tell her how it hurts, tell her
I'm a dog, but don't say that's all
I came in first place at the players ball, and now I got my skrill on
My new grill on, put you through some shit girl
But I know you're real strong, you say I never find a real one like you
But I never take the time to feel like you, I put the game down
The way it's suppose to be, don't be a punk ass bitch, just get open with me

Cause I'm a real player. A-yo Pimp C I don't think they feel us.

There's a very thin line between love and hate
And there's a very thin line between a fuck and a date
Girl you know when I was hollering at you
I want to hit, I ain't got time to get caught up over a girl and lose my grip
I'm screaming "Steady pimp" you steady trying a change me
Running that game your mama taught you, bitch that shit don't faze me
Say bitch I'm Pimp C, I shall be seen again
But all that shit your cousin told you has gone in the wind
Just cause I pimp my pen, you think you moving in
Like I'm a trick I'm a let you have half of everything I spend
You talking week rent, I'm trying to whip a Benz
Flipping the club with pimps like Too Short, baby lady friends
Talking bout your sister saw me with a brand new bitch at the club
Coming at me with high school shit, bitch you must be in love
Space Age, new faze, I done payed the price
Hoping you ain't bout to rip my stable, she said I'm shift
But bitch that's alright

You can keep your funky ass pussy, you know what I'm saying? Straight up.
What's up Short?

Shit go back to pimpology man. These hoe know it's alright though and if they don't Bun will let them know.

Baby you're hangin' on a rope, it's getting crucial like dope
I can't cope, I guess the situation has lost all hope
Cause you've obviously flipped your lid, but what's done is did
I'm putting you up for sale for the highest bid
Or an ass from kid shit, you got me twist-ed
Little Bun won't be another statist-ic, this love affair went ballist-ic
Puttin' them messy ass hoes up in my mix like Bisquick
And thinkin' you gonna leave Big Bun juiced like mystic
Nigga believe me shit's thick, loves lost
nothing's gained but confusion about the pain
You losing about the same, you can't tame, a wild animal
Feeding lettuce to a cannibal, make a grown man wear goranibals
And I can't handle, bullshit that's unnecessary
You can't handle being with a G, I guess it's scary

It's the very thing that put us together seperated us
Player hated us, and things will never be the way it was
I hate to say it cause, but find another shoulder to cry on
Stop gettin' your lie on, baby it's alright

I wanna dedicate this song to my bitch, quit tripping and bring your ass home, baby I love you, al long as you got my money

You know what I'm saying? It's 199 reits, know what I'm sayin', straight up pimpin', you know what I'm talking about, I'm trying to see some papers, some dead ones.

Some real shit going on, you know what I'm saying? This is Big Bun and I'm out with my nigga Short and my nigga Pimp C. You know how players is with bitches on your dick.

Pimping ain't dead, they just scared you know what I'm talking about?
What's up Short?

Ain't no love bitch (ha ha ha ha) Beeotch. Tell them motherfuckers at Jive to quit trippin'.