

# Love You So

## The King Khan & BBQ Show

Ooh, I loved you so  
(You know I loved you right)  
But why I loved you, I'll never know  
(I never, I never knew girl, you see)  
Ooh, the pain you put me through  
(You know the pain right, you can feel my pain right)  
You know you've killed, now I lust for you  
(Uh, to the gateway, now check it out, yo)  
Now since I've came in the game, money and fame, I love it  
But whoever thought I'd wake up one mornin' with no budget  
It's Cardi the golden kid with that older shit  
I live, learn, learn to live, the older I get  
And I remember Thursdays, hungry Thursdays  
'Bout sixteen, seventeen, 'um, murphy age  
But this rap game I love it, it's like I'm married to it  
I proposed on clue, she said, "I'd be happy to do it"  
Gave her a kiss, mmwha, she gave me fifty G's  
Silly Cardi I spent it, now Cardi on his knees  
Now I'm livin' reality, a biggie smalls theme  
Askin' for one more chance to show her what I really mean  
She said, "You done seen a lotta things baby bro"  
Even best friends turned and take out videos  
I got with the 'tics, ei, still no deal  
'Til sugar said, "Chill baby, everything is fo' reel, c'mon"  
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Ooh, the pain you put me through  
You know you've killed, now I lust for you  
Nineteen-ninety-six, let's sign these papers  
(Hurry up, sign right here)  
So we can get these papers and give these hoes the vapors  
Double-dumb entertainment dropped, gimme what you got  
Off top, 'tics hot, even sent you a shot  
(Double-dumb nine seven)  
Didn't want Nelly on it, said his verse didn't fit  
Some ol' seperatin' shit, ten percent ass bitch  
Whole town love us, no one is above us  
Treated you, no talent, knowin' niggas like brothas  
No street team, no promotion

Just woof tickets, raw fuckin', no lotion  
One year later you decide to drop an EP

At the same time drop us, that confuse me  
So like a bastard child, we on our own  
Put out and left alone, y'all wont answer the phone  
It took a little time but we got it ourself  
Five million records later, now y'all askin' for wealth  
(One, two, three, four, five)

Nigga please

You know what I'm sayin', life is crazy  
You know what I'm sayin', you got choices in life  
But bro' when you make 'em  
You gotta make 'em and make 'em right  
And if you ain't makin' 'em right it's just crazy  
You ain't got nobody else to blame

Nobody but yourself

You know what I'm sayin', mad truth to that  
Let me pretend that I'm a lawyer and explain the situation  
Facin' three-to-one five across state, humiliation  
St. Louis set it off, phone calls was long distance  
(Ayyo, it's four birdies in Houston)  
C'mon, send some one to get 'em, who would do it for a grand?  
Eighteen, only thing on our mind was that killer money  
From Missouri to the T E X A S

Two cats strapped it tight, right up under her chest  
One-way trip on southwest but she didn't make it that far  
Metal detectors went bizarre, one-way trip to the car  
Your honor, she got a baby that'll drive my granny crazy  
A long distance lawyer that keep on tellin' us maybe  
And we all raise her baby, takin' care of her daily  
This law shit is crazy, never cease to amaze me  
It's different from the eighties, ninety-five to lately  
They givin' out time like dogs givin' out rabies  
(Free city)

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