

Bye Bye Baby (Secret 4th Verse Never Released)

TQ

Hey come here girl, let me squeeze on this right here
What's up, TQ?
You know you like that, bring your ass over here
Hey break yourself, nigger
Oh fuck
Just give him whatever he wants
Shut up, bitch
Oh, look out boo, watch out
Yo, yo let me up in this mother fucker At night, I can't seem to get no sleep
Addicted to Indo and Hennessey
I'm stressed homes got my vest on
Let's hit the streets, it's time to put the west on Friday night and I'm chilling with my baby
In a black six hundred Lorenzo's on it
And I'm, all up on them thighs, smoking on doja
So I guess I didn't see them niggas behind me We at the stop light, get out your car, nigga
Before I exit, they start to pulling triggers
So now I'm ducking and diving try to surviving
All I can hear is gun shots and crying Then in an instant the crying stopped
Look at my Benz, all my windows bucked out
I see my girlfriend laying on the asphalt
Bleeding looking dead at me and all I can say is Bye, bye baby
I can't believe it, these niggas done shot my baby
The only thing that make me go crazy
Somebody gonna feel my three eighty
My, my baby won't live to see it
It's gonna be murder, I guarantee it
You already had it coming, boy for stepping to me
But ya'll shouldn't have fucked with my baby Now I met her at the Beverly and she was the bombast
She had me going nigga I'm gonna be honest
And she was stacked with big bags behind her
Matter of fact, she kinda looked like Tyra All the niggas use to stop when they seen her
Dressed in black laid back demeanor
Nigga, she gone now and I'm all upset
I'm like a grown child, I want my baby back But now it's on pal all things behind us
I'm gonna take you where no one can find ya
Mind ya, I'm about to go crazy
Gimme my baby gimme my baby Bye, bye baby
I can't believe it, these niggas done shot my baby
The only thing that make me go crazy

Somebody gonna feel my three eighty
 My, my baby won't live to see it
 It's gonna be murder, I guarantee it
 You already had it coming, boy for stepping to me
 But ya'll shouldn't have fucked with my baby Now I try not to think about it, all the things that we did together
 We make the bedroom walls shake from in the living room
 I was so infatuated with everything you do
 Somebody took you away from me with a shell or two
 And I'm gonna ride, 'cuz that's what the hell I do
 Gonna be some madness, girl I'm telling you
 This shell's for you, what they wanna do Bye, bye baby
 I can't believe it
 These niggas done shot my baby
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Songwriters

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