It's a Shame

Devin the Dude

Make you cry
CryThe things that'll make you laugh
Can be the same things that make you cry (cry)
Those things that'll make you tell the truth
Can make you lie, make you lie, lie, lie
Can make you cry, cry, cry, cryGot my swisha rolled
I'm finsta go up here to the liquor sto'
To equalize my high
And try to see if I could fly
I know I can't but still
I drink and smoke that kill
I'm real, I chill, I fucked a gal
Who had to tell mine, guess that was just my luck
Sluts, hoes, bitches, tramps, all of the clits get down
When it comes to certain purchases they can't go get with stamps
But before I got a chance to learn I got caught up
The bitch got high, then my name was brought up
Fucked my whole game up, told the whole hood
Tried to go back to the crib and get pussy - no good
I shoulda known it, blowin it like she owned it
Now the phone clicks and damn, my gal is gone, shit
A hard lesson to learn, now I'm just finna turn
This curb and go buy some herb and try to wet my worm
With some bitch who don't even know my muthafuckin' name
It's a shame, shame, shameIt's a shame when you're left out
And you're runnin' all over town
Am I to blame, am I the only one
To pick myself up after fallin' down
When I try, tryin' so hard
To keep my feet on solid ground
So many people comin'into my life with bullshit in my ear
Steadily irkin' me, won't you stop workin' meWhy (why) do the seasons change (seasons change)
Why (why why) do I feel this way
Why do I feel this wayGet up and get high
A sweet to the head, my eyes redder than fire
I'm gettin' blowed, lettin' smoke go right out the screen do'
People walkin' by, "Hey D, have you seen...?" No
I'm by myself and alone
And if it's bullshit I gotta listen to, man, gone

Don't even like to go but when I show at a club
I be lookin' for pussy, seldom searchin' for love
But I fucked up again and I went once mo'
Wasn't tryin' to find a bitch but stumbled upon a hoe
So me and this bitch who didn't even know me
Left the curb so she can serve me, wanted to show me
A nice quiet private place no one would know
I rolled somethin' to smoke, she had somethin' to blow
But then them laws, though, they had us fucked in the game
Charged the bitch for prostitution, charged me for the caine
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Can be the same things that make you cry (cry)
Those things that'll make you tell the truth
Can make you lie, make you lie, lie, lie, lie
Can make you cry, cry, cry, cry

Songwriters
YOUNG, ANDRE / ELIZONDO, MICHAEL / COPELAND, DEVIN C. / BOYD, JASON CHARLESPublished by
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