

To Whom It May Concern

Nat King Cole, Nelson Riddle And His Orchestra

[Hook:] You know you wrong
Took care of you bitch when a nigga was home
You don't do a real nigga like that gotta put my hands on you when tha kid get back
And I mean that bitch
Anything I own I'm taking all that shit
Now tell me how it feel, to know what you won't do another bitch will
(To whom it may concern)
[Verse 1:] Ho you outta pocket
My release date bitch, I'm running in ya pockets
Who you talking to
You don't make bitch, bitch I make you
Yeah I'm taking all that
Them Apple Bottom jeans bitch and that Baby Phat
You know I ain't broke
Without no money bitch you gon be a joke
Ho is you tripping
A nigga locked up and you disrespecting pimping
Hell nah it ain't good
Bitch I'm beating you ass when I get back to the hood
Ho stop lieing
I don't wana hear that bullshit bitch stop crying
I know you know better
Get ya shit out my spot bitch this ain't a love letter
[Hook:] You know you wrong
Took care of you bitch when a nigga was home
You don't do a real nigga like that gotta put my hands on you when tha kid get back
And I mean that bitch
Anything I bought I'm taking all that shit
Now tell me how it feel, to know what you won't do another bitch will
(To whom it may concern)
[Verse 2:] Bitch you ain't right
I know ya trifling ass was at the club last night
Now how that look
Bitch when you ain't put no money on the kid books
I'll be out in a few days
And I'm snatching out them lil ass micro braids
You up and down (?)
How you my bitch in the next nigga caprice

Hell nah I ain't hating
This ain't nothing but a earned vacation
You know what it is
Call ya baby daddy bitch them ain't my kids
And park my 'Lac
Bitch don't ever do no shit like that
I know you know better
Get ya shit out my spot bitch this ain't a love letter
[Hook:] You know you wrong
Took care of you bitch when a nigga was home
You don't do a real nigga like that gotta put my hands on you when tha kid get back
And I mean that bitch
Anything I bought I'm taking all that shit
Now tell me how it feel, to know what you won't do another bitch will
(To whom it may concern)
[Verse 3:] Don't ask me for nothing
When I get out I'm fucking ya lil thick ass buzzin
I'm Iceberg Slim
Don't tell that to me, bitch tell that to him
My money too long
And bitch tell metro you need a new phone
I bought you Dolce & Gabbana
Bitch you eating White Castle no mo Benny Honda
And you bet not key up the candy
I'm a beat the brakes off you bitch you understand me
And you bet not key up the candy
I'm a beat the brakes off you ho you understand me
And you bet not key up the candy
I'm a beat the brakes off you trick you understand
I kno you know better
Get ya shit out my spot bitch this ain't a love letter

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