

I Used to Love H.E.R.

Common Sense

Yes, yes, y'all and you don't stop
To the beat ya'll and you don't stop
Yes yes, y'all and you don't stop
1, 2, ya'll and you don't stop
Yes yes ya'll and you don't stop
And to the beat Com sense'll be the sure shot
Come on I met this girl, when I was ten years old
And what I loved most she had so much soul
She was old school, when I was just a shorty
Never knew throughout my life she would be there for me
On the regular, not a church girl she was secular
Not about the money, those studs was mic checking her
But I respected her, she hit me in the heart
A few New York niggas, had did her in the park
But she was there for me, and I was there for her
Pull out a chair for her, turn on the air for her
And just cool out, cool out and listen to her
Sitting on a bone, wishing that I could do her
Eventually if it was meant to be, then it would be
Cause we related, physically and mentally
And she was fun then, I'd be geeked when she'd come around
Slim was fresh yo, when she was underground
Original, pure, untampered, a down sister
Boy I tell ya, I miss her Yes, yes, y'all and you don't stop
To the beat ya'll and you don't stop
Yes yes, y'all and you don't stop
1, 2, ya'll and you don't stop
Yes yes ya'll and you don't stop
And to the beat Com sense'll be the sure shot
Come on Now periodically I would see
Old girl at the clubs, and at the house parties
She didn't have a body but she started getting thick quick
Did a couple of videos and became Afrocentric
Out goes the weave, in goes the braids beads medallions
She was on that tip about stopping the violence
About my people she was teaching me
By not preaching to me, but speaking to me in a method that was leisurely
So easily I approach
She dug my rap, that's how we got close

But then she broke to the West coast, and that was cool
 Cause around the same time, I went away to school
 And I'm a man of expanding, so why should I stand in her way
 She probably get her money in L.A
 And she did stud, she got big pub but what was foul
 She said that the pro-black, was going out of style
 She said, Afrocentricity, was of the past
 So she got into R&B hip-house bass and jazz
 Now black music is black music and it's all good
 I wasn't salty, she was with the boys in the hood
 Cause that was good for her, she was becoming well rounded
 I thought it was dope how she was on that freestyle shit
 Just having fun, not worried about anyone
 And you could tell by how her titties hung
 Yes, yes, y'all and you don't stop
 To the beat ya'll and you don't stop
 Yes yes, y'all and you don't stop
 1, 2, ya'll and you don't stop
 Yes yes ya'll and you don't stop
 And to the beat Com sense'll be the sure shot
 Come on I might've failed to mention that this chick was creative
 Once the man got to her, he altered her native
 Told her if she got an image and a gimmick
 That she could make money, and she did it like a dummy
 Now I see her in commercials, she's universal
 She used to only swing it with the inner-city circle
 Now she be in the burbs, looking rock and dressing hippie
 And on some dumb shit, when she comes to the city
 Talking about popping Glocks serving rocks and hitting switches
 Now she's a gangsta rolling with gangsta bitches
 Always smoking blunts and getting drunk
 Telling me sad stories, now she only fucks with the funk
 Stressing how hardcore and "real" she is
 She was really the realest, before she got into showbiz
 I did her, not just to say that I did it
 But I'm committed, but so many niggas hit it
 That she's just not the same letting all these groupies do her
 I see niggas slamming her, and taking her to the sewer
 But I'mma take her back hoping that the shit stop
 Cause who I'm talking bout y'all is hip-hop

Songwriters

ERNEST DION WILSON, LONNIE RASHID LYNN Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is
 protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>