

Ghetto Love (Feat. Tionne "T-Boz" Watkins)

Da Brat

I had some problems
That no one could seem to solve them
But you had the answer
You told me to take a chance
And learn the ways of love, my baby
And all that it has to offer..
You told me your secret love won't let you down
Ohh allll my love baby...Hey nigga ain't shit gonna ever change
Between you and your boo.
Put a hold on me ever since I held you
What compelled you to be my nigga
Besides passion and love
You ran up on a real bitch with understanding and trust
Fuck the others, none of them compare to us
And under covers you my muthafucka nigga,
When you stickin my stuff
You laid pipe unlike any other plumber
Took me shoppin all day and at night, you kept me cummin.
Made dinner, collard greens, candied yams and steak.
Taught me how to measure grams, cook rocks, and chop weights
Caught a case, cuz you're boy ran his mouth too much.
And it's a disgrace how the pain felt to miss your touch
But as the days keep passin, keep it actin with stacks of letters
Hit you so you don't forget us
When you'd rather not be livin in the cella
Hella muthafuckas want your occupation
But they can keep pacin, cuz I'm gonna be waitin on my Baby...And all this love, is waiting for you
My baby... Sweet Darling...
And all this love is waiting for you Don't worry bout a thing, nigga stay down
As long as you can hang, I'm-a be around Ran into your boy, had heard he'd spread the word
That you was soft, braggin he collecting your cheese,
And pissing me the fuck off.
The first thought of committing a felony never left
I missed the big breaths you took when we waz puffin an L,
Just the little things you do with the bigger ones I
Saw better SL 500s colorful Gucci sweaters and leathers
Diamond letters girl you broke, I saved the sugar for you
Keep the business runnin, droppin off keys in Cancun
Cash rules, and you remain to be the King of my throne

Position taken, flippin calender pages till you get home
Wanna blast your boy for snatchin up my happiness
But I regret what'll happen to this dollar foundation
If I'm incarcerated
Too you can make it through, we bail on the Jealous
Who tell us the opposite of that,
Forever you and Brat
I tried to take the blame, but you prefered to handle my fame
So i'm waitin with open arms to rekindle the flame...And all this love, is waiting for you
My baby... Sweet Darling...
And all this love is waiting for youDon't worry bout a thing, nigga stay down
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Songwriters

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