

Nothin' From Nothin'

Da Grym Reefer

Why am I lonely?
Why make a bitch my one and only...
Open up to get to know me
And to only find her phony? Why don't we walk it out
Move forward and talk it out
Discussing all our doubts
Instead of getting pissed and pout Why are we wasting time
Playing games with our mines
Calling me yours, I'm calling you mines
Just to argue all the time? Why don't we save the time
And the strains on our minds
Call up
Hook up
Fuck
And then you go your way
And I go mines? Why do we bother
Even calling at all
Cuz when we argue nothing ever gets solved
Plus emotions involved? Why do we even
Try to bother with trust?
There's only you
And me
There is no us
So what the fuck? Why?... Do I always feel the brunt on the pain
I'm always wrong
Even when I try to do the right thing... I guess... That's just
A fucking part of the game
Study motherfuckers in love
the always end up insane So just... (Hook) Get to fucking and sucking
And fuck the kissing and hugging
Because that shit ain't bout nothing
AND nothing from nothing
Leaves nothing (repeat x3) Da Grym Reefer Verse 2: Why ain't I versatile?
Why don't I change my style
And say something good about women
Every once in a while Haven't attempted
In fact never been tempted
Stay pimpin' cuz even the "good women's"
Bitchin has made my mood foul I'm sick of arguing

Quarelling
Making up and departing
Pardon how I dishearten
But would you get out? That is the fuck out my face
Before I blow out your face
Or blow your mind out
When I pull my nine out Sick of the dating
The hating
The make-believe and the faking
The demon seeds and the Satans
And the problem child Or tricking off figgaz with diggaz
Sack chasin' niggaz for skrilla
I figure what is the sense of even going out It's not like I can't talk nice about women
I just don't want to cuz so many hoes
Chose to be angry
Cuz I don't want you You hate me forever if you want to
But that shit still won't make me want you
So won't you... (Hook x4) King Cheifa: Everyday you complain
I'm sick and tired of this shit
I'mma could pack my bags
And leave this bitch You ain't bringing shit
To this relationship
All you trying to do
Is spend my grip But I ain't having it So get to stepping I'mma tell you like this
I've got a lethal weapon Hard on bitches and here's the reason why
All you hoes trying to do is get a piece of the pie You complain about this
You complain about that
Not once did I complain about your big funky ass Sick of hoes always trying to get shit for the free
But it's nothing from nothing
A bitch gets nothing from me! WHAT!?! (Hook x4)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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