Girlfriend (Big Tank Club Remix)

B2K

Yo you got some nerve hoe
While Irv blow
Form as Leo
Watching the Roy Jones fight in the third row
Chick like Cease you the hottest I heard yo
I'm like yeah right trick
Wish like words yo
I spin around see my ex
I ain't hurt though
She had to see my face
Ice made my shirt blow
Work hoe
No thong on with her skirt low
Skate with the eight but don't take that bird yo
Cats gettin deals and I ain't aggie
I got Regis round the world and they ain't Kathie
I got money and I ain't happy
Chick bout to have a baby
And I ain't the daddy
I used to get my dough dirty
Now I dough and slaughter with it
If you know a penny paid
Then get it the harder way
I don't know why rappers don't give me gifts
On Father's Day
My son get out of line
He get it like Marvin Gaye(So how can I)
How can I love somebody else when
When I can't (baby) love myself enough, you know
When it's time (When it's time)
Time to let go
Time to let go, time to let goYo, yo
Girlfriend, why you lookin mad stressed
When the last time you and your man had sex
Gimme that number and that address
It come with something with easy access, I said
Are you shyless or are you guyless
Or are you straight up posing topless
She saidTry this, my name's Iris

I'm from Cypress, half black and half Irish, uh
I got a man, but he beats me
Don't know how to treat me
If you wanna get freaky, beep me
You like that?Yeah, I like that
When I beeped her, she called me right back
I layed my game down quite flat
She said she wearing white pants at the station
Threw on my white hat with no hesitation
White Benz, white nad
White on white racing
Thinking to myself
She might be on the flight with Mason(So how can I)
How can I love somebody else when
When I can't (baby) love myself enough, you know
When it's time (When it's time)
Time to let go
Time to let go, time to let goEasily, security to Cease A Lee
Don't pat him down player, he's with me
I know, every girl in this club
Wanna leave with me
But right now
Only three with me, uh
I went from eating on paper plates
To jeeps with paper plates
So a chick can, come before my paperchase
Wanna hit the cell
Roc make em wait
If I ain't make a mill
I can't take a break
I like to vacate down in Bermuda
Sip my coleurs while I'm headed down to Hooters
Everytime we scoop her
The chickens wanna tutor
Girls wanna fight and
Throwing ice from the cooler
This chick is a loser
Smoke on niggas buddah
Dick ride on every niggas scooter
Same shit she said about me
She said about Gutta
But if it wasn't for this rap shit
I never would have knew her(So how can I)
How can I love somebody else when
When I can't (baby) love myself enough, you know

When it's time (When it's time)
Time to let go
Time to let go, time to let go

Songwriters
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