

# Make U Mine

## OOFT!

Yeah, uhh  
I know I make you wanna leave the one you with  
But I ain't Usher Raymond  
I'm the kid that they rush to blamin', for the crush they claimin'  
Who can make em' blush the same when I ask  
"What's my name" and they yell F A B ooh  
You shouldn't have even brought her my direction  
Unless she was handcuffed with an order of protection, yeah  
I'm talkin' wreckless now  
'Cause I'm the reason that your girlfriends are your ex's now  
I'm the fellas that keep 'em yellin', and it's nuttin' to get 'em  
I don't sweat em', its what I tell em' and they quickly forget em'  
And I bet em' I get them to forget the day that they met em'  
And I let em', 'cause I can bend em' and it's more then the denim  
But I've been on the move, while you dudes be sleeping  
The coupe on 22's keep the shorty sneaking  
And she won't tell the truth, she too used to creepin'  
When Mike is in the booth, it's the truth I'm speaking  
Any girl I gave it to can't even go love another man  
I give it to 'em like no other brother can  
She say, "My man can barely move me"  
But boy you made me scream, like a scary movie  
On top of that I'm smoother then the rest of the gangstas  
And I knew that dude you met, was a wanksta  
Oh, damn homie, your girl is with the Street Fam Homie  
And she ain't fuckin' with you  
It's a shame, you lames can't even maintain your dames  
And it's insane the way, that she gave me brain  
My pimp game the same, don't forget the name  
  
And when chicks peep the chain, they just can't restrain  
Shorty don't try to fake it, just up and face it  
Your time is being wasted, your mans a basic  
See it all in his face, that he's cheap and tasteless  
But life is what you make it, just watch the bracelet  
I bet your man can't do it like me  
His veins don't pump pimp fluid like me  
He's nowhere near or like me  
And he probably think keeping you in check

Is buying you a pair of Nike's  
Why wouldn't I get dome from her  
When the digits on my checks, look like phone numbers  
Fuck it, you might as well tell that buster skid addle  
Not even cockrin can help him win this custody battle  
    Catch me in the club, with a case of bub  
    And a thick chick to rub, niggas hate because  
    When they sit in the truck, they be quick to fuck  
        When I'm getting a nut, they just lick it up  
        I'm their favorite, plus the flow is dangerous  
        I don't aim to get shortys out of relationships  
But they crave the chips, how many the range can fit  
    She just changed a bit, since I got the hang of it  
        That's right we got the hang of it  
    Mike shorey  
    Fabolous  
    Street family  
    Desert storm  
I know you his but I wanna make you mine  
    You know, ha ha, yeah

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