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 fella 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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