

Seventeen

Musiq Soulchild & Musiq

"seventeen" by Musiq Soulchild
Five foot seven with light green eyes
Body built like a woman over twenty-five
Plus she pushed a whip that the average women couldn't get
Unless she worked about two 9 to 5's
Girly played the game just a little too mature
She damn there had everything I was looking for
But things seemed shady when I asked my lady to meet at the club
She had trouble at the door
That's when I found out that She was only seventeen years old
And I couldn't see her no more
I ain't tryin to see myself locked up
For knockin up some young joan
How could I explain this situation to my family and all of my boys
I'm sorry shorty but you got to get gone, yeah
I tried to cut her off
But she wasn't having it
She kept telling me her age didn't mean sh--
And that's when she started to cry
Baby I need you in my life
And without you I just couldn't handle it
So what's a brother to do ('cause)
Either way I lose (so)
I could just say my piece
Or piss off her peace
And talk it out with the boys in blue
Cause when it comes down to it She was just seventeen years old
And I was dead wrong from the door
I aint tryna see myself locked up for knocking off some young joan
How could I explain the situation to my family and all of my boys
Sorry shortie but you got to get gone

(Dial tone)...(Keypad being dialed)...(Line rings)(automatic voicemail): Welcome to your voice messaging service.

To enter your mailbox press star. (Beep) First message:(Female): Yo, how you doin'? Call me when you get this.(Beep) --Mess...-- (Beep)(Female): Yo, what's goin' on? I called you earlier. I guess you aint get my message. But when you get this hit me back, aight? Bye.(To repeat.)-- (Beep) --Mess...-- (Beep)(Female): Hey! What you got some b*tch over there or something?

You can't pick up your phone. I been calling you and tryin' to speak to you and you still don't answer the phone.(To repeat...) -- (Beep) (Beep)(Female): See, you trying to play somebody. Aye yo I'm gone have to

bring my n*ggas over there, to kick ya ass! Ya think somebody
playin' with ya ass. Ya don't... ya don't return my calls. This is it.(To repeat this...) -- (Beep) --Mess...--
(Beep)(Fade out)

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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>