

Not 4 U

Do or Die

Verse 1: i was at pix one day bad new year saw a nice lil red-bone it was me ak and naw and dee and ben and my homie named tyrone but do stop dat we was all in the v.i.p. and a grl took a menthol she was lookin real slim like a menthol had a glare in her i that you would fall then she would ball so i did what a playa would do walked up said excuse me i had noticed that you had a pretty smile and a shining in yo eye specialized wit beauty and she fell for it next plan was to head to the bar got the long and the ice-e she was reachin for the rock on my finger spilled my drink on the flo so i asked for the louee that's 1 free come down to the dance flo and red took the first fall i was thinkin in my mind like damn this chicks so thick see that ass wit the lights on better shoots off so i palm the parmajan crippin on the good cheese spit the playerism in her ear baby look here do you want to do me next thing i woke up she was lyin down tellin me she love me but I'm tellin her only cause she bubly could she breathe tranna grab tranna stab me it got ugly you could neva be in love wit me I'm playa to iternity
playa to interinity pimpin is juss for me.

chorus: pimpin is not for you please leave it up to me no matter what you do can't get a thang from me (X2)
Verse 2: well see i umm had a dream of a grl named alexis laid back in the lexus but in the breeze in the moon light to da park and a dog know whatta brotha want to do right and i membicate involve da backseat sreen livin like a p.i.m.p. remanisin in the all black lonte c.a.d.i.double l a.c. fire up that swisha i get the pictura don't want to distract ya but hit ya wit a good lil split ya then i'll juss miss ya can't ride wit my female cause he look talkin bout buta skin skinny thing had long pretty eyes so am i body givin detail we bail to the crib we yellin gang of fun if strapped we could last to dust to dawn party everyday like filay mu yaun ain't no love in the doin juss out for fun I'm at the club if you know what i know even playas gotta slow down caught up in da 90 lookin for a fine bree will a pimp in da hood never see couple mo run lets talk bout sex and um laid back patiently waiting to exhale and umm after lo we could separate becuz of tho anotha female on my tail and em i could do with out boo who the love letters in my box half sealed that i miss you perfume on the card 5 scene phone calls every lip
stick puttin it on you
chorus: (X2)

Verse 3: seven o clock on da dot i get a phone call must of been a grl that i met at the mall lookin so fine i had to get the bitch on mine she be finin uhh if i got the blo take her to da crib let her forget awhile give the camera smile then join for sum make love real sweet between the sheet 3 deep and ya'll know the outcome can you go down low low low low nice and slow slow slow slow givin me sex while we curress in the bed nutin affect then
jet to the lex rolex presidentail stylis you catch what a star do next like this like this like this
chorus (X2)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>