

Can't Talk To Her

Loon

Ma, I tried so many years
But it seems like all I brought you is tears
I tried to eliminate all of your fears but it's conflict
Yeah, check it out, uh, yo
Aiiyyo, the game keep callin', niggaz in the streets is ballin'
Tryin' to creep just to keep from fallin'
But the block keep hollerin', yellin' my government name
I tried to stop but the love of the game
They got my girl in a frenzy, my niggaz used to be friendly
'Til they seen me and Puff in the Bentley
Now, forced to stay, forces use force and spray
Coffins lay when I'm forced to play
Like an animal, dawg, if I put my hand on you
I'ma handle you, like I'm Hannibal, the motherfuckin' cannibal
All plans is through, dreams and goals
The block hot but why this shit seem so cold
This shit seems so old, tryna redeem my soul
The Feds roll and my team done fold
Like a bad hand of poker, even ya man'll smoke ya
For these crushed up leaves of coca, now
I can't talk to you the way I used to
You don't understand why I feel the way that I do
Yo, check it out
It's been four years and you ain't shed no tears
And through the course of that, I lost four pairs
That's why I smoke more blunts, drink more beers
You never consider it, like you just don't care
The pain I feel inside, you just don't share
When I share my deepest thought, you just don't hear
Well aware of my fears of me losin' my life
I'm well aware of my fears of me losin' my wife
That's why I stay usin' my gun and usin' my knife
Gotta deal with this shit 'til my music get right

I buy you pretty things just to see you wear it
You sayin' I ain't shit, tryna break my spirit
I try to change my life but you just don't hear it
Guess I gotta find another girl to spend four years with
Damn, all that time got wasted but I guess I gotta face it

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You don't understand why I feel the way that I do
Uh, yo, uh, ayyo
The cops don't like me, they always eager to fight me
Even though I know they wanna be like me
'Cause they see a nigga icy, doin' a buck in the white V
Twizzy gettin' busy with wifey, gettin' head on the highway
I'm gettin' money to fly away
Pull me over just to fuck up my Friday
What could I say? Nothin', still they be frontin'
Throw a brick in the trunk and try to make up somethin'
But I'm not with the bullshit, that's why I roll with a full clip
Flint cock the hammer and pull quick
Don't care about your uniform or that bullshit you be on
Now who gon' really mourn when you be gone?
One in your head like a unicorn
You movin' on, your favorite suit is on
Moms singin' that stupid song, "My baby ain't blast nobody"
But he still got smoked at Bay Bay's party, that's why
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