Love You So

Soul For Real

Ooh, I loved you so
(You know I loved you right)
But why I loved you, I'll never know
(I never, I never knew girl, you see)
Ooh, the pain you put me through
(You know the pain right, you can feel my pain right)
You know you've killed, now I lust for you
(Uh, to the gateway, now check it out, yo)
Now since I've came in the game, money and fame, I love it
But whoever thought I'd wake up one mornin' with no budget
It's Cardi the golden kid with that older shit
I live, learn, learn to live, the older I get
And I remember Thursdays, hungry Thursdays
'Bout sixteen, seventeen, 'um, murphy age
But this rap game I love it, it's like I'm married to it
I proposed on clue, she said, "I'd be happy to do it"
Gave her a kiss, mmwha, she gave me fifty G's
Silly Cardi I spent it, now Cardi on his knees
Now I'm livin' reality, a biggie smalls theme
Askin' for one more chance to show her what I really mean
She said, "You done seen a lotta things baby bro'"
Even best friends turned and take out videos
I got with the 'tics, ei, still no deal
'Til sugar said, "Chill baby, everything is fo' reel, c'mon"
Ooh, I loved you so
But why I loved you, I'll never know
Ooh, the pain you put me through
You know you've killed, now I lust for you
Nineteen-ninety-six, let's sign these papers
(Hurry up, sign right here)
So we can get these papers and give these hoes the vapors
Double-dumb entertainment dropped, gimme what you got
Off top, 'tics hot, even sent you a shot
(Double-dumb nine seven)
Didn't want Nelly on it, said his verse didn't fit
Some ol' seperatin' shit, ten percent ass bitch
Whole town love us, no one is above us
Treated you, no talent, knowin' niggas like brothas
No street team, no promotion

Just woof tickets, raw fuckin', no lotion
One year later you decide to drop an EP

At the same time drop us, that confuse me
So like a bastard child, we on our own
Put out and left alone, y'all wont answer the phone
It took a little time but we got it ourself
Five million records later, now y'all askin' for wealth
(One, two, three, four, five)
Nigga please
You know what I'm sayin', life is crazy
You know what I'm sayin', you got choices in life
But bro' when you make 'em
You gotta make 'em and make 'em right
And if you ain't makin' 'em right it's just crazy
You ain't got nobody else to blame
Nobody but yourself
You know what I'm sayin', mad truth to that
Let me pretend that I'm a lawyer and explain the situation
Facin' three-to-one five across state, humiliation
St. Louis set it off, phone calls was long distance
(Ayyo, it's four birdies in Houston)
C'mon, send some one to get 'em, who would do it for a grand?
Eighteen, only thing on our mind was that killer money
From Missouri to the T E X A S
Two cats strapped it tight, right up under her chest
One-way trip on southwest but she didn't make it that far
Metal detectors went bizarre, one-way trip to the car
Your honor, she got a baby that'll drive my granny crazy
A long distance lawyer that keep on tellin' us maybe
And we all raise her baby, takin' care of her daily
This law shit is crazy, never cease to amaze me
It's different from the eighties, ninety-five to lately
They givin' out time like dogs givin' out rabies
(Free city)
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Ooh, the pain you put me through
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