Trouble Won't Last - Interlude

Carl Thomas

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

But I'm sayin' here I am, say lying and praying
That I'm laying something hot
'Cuz baby, it's cold outside
And even when it's not, it still isBaby shorties ask me what the deal is
Not listenin' to they mom and them
'Cuz they all know what they talkin' 'bout, like Willis
I say what shorty desire, be what real isAnd when I first came to her I was still wet behind the ears
So I was just the lame to her
I heard older cats lay claim to her and say they speak game to her
But they never put a name to herSo I called her desire
Like so many street cars that I did for
For her promises, little brothers, there bids for
And little sisters sacrifice they head forEven street-wise vets wind up dead for
See, she will attempt to straight pimp you
You'll scream "Fuck the world"
But soon go them tooShe proclaim that my esteem was way off the rack
I had style but it was the Caddy I lack
The gangsta white walls and the diamond in the back
I asked her was she white or blackShe said neither one, or somewhere in between
Plus she was mean and had been seen
In places where cats got big faces
Has made some trade in freestyles for freebasesI knew that my best friend was meddling
But I continued peddling but I got arrested before I got rich
Trying to make some scratch like trigger fingers that itch
She told me she call me an ambulance if I ever called her a bitchAlright, I tried to be online
But the matrix had a major glitch
She said my style could never switch
I was her nigger for lifeShe said her peeps, probably couldn't pronounce Malik Yusef
But they could pronounce us man and wife
So the script I attempted to flip, flop
Flip floppin' to backwards, know in the backseats

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