

# To Whom It May Concern

## Messy Marv

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Hook:]  
You know you wrong  
Took care of you bitch when a nigga was home  
You don't do a real nigga like that gotta put my hands on you when tha kid get back  
And I mean that bitch  
Anything I own I'm taking all that shit  
Now tell me how it feel, to know what you won't do another bitch will  
(To whom it may concern)[Verse 1:]  
Ho you outta pocket  
My release date bitch, I'm running in ya pockets  
Who you talking to  
You don't make bitch, bitch I make you  
Yeah I'm taking all that  
Them Apple Bottom jeans bitch and that Baby Phat  
You know I ain't broke  
Without no money bitch you gon be a joke  
Ho is you tripping  
A nigga locked up and you disrespecting pimping  
Hell nah it ain't good  
Bitch I'm beating you ass when I get back to the hood  
Ho stop lieing  
I don't wana hear that bullshit bitch stop crying  
I know you know better  
Get ya shit out my spot bitch this ain't a love letter[Hook:]  
You know you wrong  
Took care of you bitch when a nigga was home  
You don't do a real nigga like that gotta put my hands on you when tha kid get back  
And I mean that bitch  
Anything I bought I'm taking all that shit  
Now tell me how it feel, to know what you won't do another bitch will  
(To whom it may concern)[Verse 2:]  
Bitch you ain't right

I know ya trifling ass was at the club last night  
Now how that look  
Bitch when you ain't put no money on the kid books  
I'll be out in a few days  
And I'm snatching out them lil ass micro braids  
You up and down (?)  
How you my bitch in the next nigga caprice  
Hell nah I ain't hating  
This ain't nothing but a earned vacation  
You know what it is  
Call ya baby daddy bitch them ain't my kids  
And park my 'Lac  
Bitch don't ever do no shit like that  
I know you know better  
Get ya shit out my spot bitch this ain't a love letter[Hook:]  
You know you wrong  
Took care of you bitch when a nigga was home  
You don't do a real nigga like that gotta put my hands on you when tha kid get back  
And I mean that bitch  
Anything I bought I'm taking all that shit  
Now tell me how it feel, to know what you won't do another bitch will  
(To whom it may concern)[Verse 3:]  
Don't ask me for nothing  
When I get out I'm fucking ya lil thick ass buzzin  
I'm Iceberg Slim  
Don't tell that to me, bitch tell that to him  
My money too long  
And bitch tell metro you need a new phone  
I bought you Dolce & Gabbana  
Bitch you eating White Castle no mo Benny Honda  
And you bet not key up the candy  
I'm a beat the brakes off you bitch you understand me  
And you bet not key up the candy  
I'm a beat the brakes off you ho you understand me  
And you bet not key up the candy  
I'm a beat the brakes off you trick you understand  
I kno you know better  
Get ya shit out my spot bitch this ain't a love letter