My Love

Brotha Lynch Hung

(Lynch)
I know, you remember Holiday Inn
Had to hit it from the back drinkin OE and gin
I used to eat pussy up, I can't lie,
that's really real, really real, really real
See I met you through the homies
That homie was like 'cause, wont you jump up in the cutlass
Come and get you some butt
Came through swervin off OE like I always do
Same two straps in the trunk 'cause where you at aint coo
I was like boo hold up its midnight and I got the eyes tight
Knew it was on just as long as I rub the thighs right
Next thing you know, we disrespecting the couch
Feel the pressure in my nutts
Its about to come out
You was like inside, whoride, I don't give a fuck
We can fuck untill I throw up all the way to sunrise then cut
And thats what happened
It was crackin like an omlet
Got you hittin that bomb shit
And you don't even enhale the chronic
Stupid ass biiatch
(Pook)
I used to love da hoe, I can't lie
Bitch had me stuck
25 years later the fuck so many haters ????
Bitch you need to grow up
You already know what side I throw up (Westside bitch!)
Given our game back to weak niggas to help them niggas blow up
But shiesty bitch you know what
You gon get back , you gon feel it nigga
I heard the FBI tried to shut you down said you done been the nigga
Said you (???) violent thoughts
And youre a thug wannabe, followin
Doing more than lickin the pussy
They smellin a tastin, bitin, swollowin leavin the pussyhole hollow
Heard the pussy picked up a forth the Henessey bottle

Now everybody thinkin nigga fuck, leavin them whiteboys in Colorado

But fuck it, let a hoe be a hoe is my motto
Cant let it rest
Gotta get it off my chest just to express my sorrow
I guess your pimp had you impressin ???? stories
Actin the sweet, said fuck ya man,
got a plan to get yo ass of the streets
Gave you the fame without the fortune
Get you under the sheets
Bitch if you always on your back, then you can't get on your feet
I used to love this rap game!
(Shotgun)
I bet you didn't know that she used to be my main hoe
Back in the days
When I was runnin up in houses with socks on my hands tryin to get paid
It was like Courvoisier and Alize
Most couldn't fade, 'cause we buck till we both gain 5 6 times a day
How could I walk away from something that seems it's meant to be
You neva trip with me
When I took charge it was just the pimp in me
You was either quick to flex with it
When niggas and they bitches got fat
But look at us now, you aint around huh
And never in my mind did I think you turned bitch on me
Skip one day and the next
Plottin licks on me
See yous a phony, I aint fuckin wit you no more
Like Ice Cube said
You da ex-bitch, you gotz ta go
You know the motto, so fuck a hoe
And puttin the bitch before the hustle thats a no
Because they have you comin up short
Spendin my last dimes, wastin all my time in my life
There's only group of one love and thats the grind biiatch!

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