

Queen Pen feat. Miss Jones "Ghetto Divorce"

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Queen Pen feat. Miss Jones

Ghetto Divorce

[Verse 1]

For too many years, I had yo back
And for too many years, you gave me slack
Tell me, what did you think
That I was a idiot?
Or, how many years you thought i'd take yo shit
I'm out, I'm leavin you wit the whips and the cribs
In exchange for the kids, and my happiness
Ghetto divorce, how real is this?
And oh yeah, tell you side bitch she In Like Flint
I left enough food to last until the weekends
And when its all gone, go eat wit your friends
Since thats, who you cherish, more then me
The one who carried every last one of your seeds
The one who did a bid for you when you copped one
and three
The one who was on yo side when you copped yo first
ki
Me and you kid, we was meant to be
Who'd think that the streets will make you flip on Queen

(Chorus: Repeat 2x, Miss Jones)

I'm doin my thang, I'm movin on
You won't appreciate a real bitch till shes gone
Never mind the drama and don't bother callin me
You'll never find a woman that looked out like me

[Verse 2]

For, many years concentrated on you
Lost focus on myself, seperated from my crew
Allowed you to drain down, my soul slowly
I'd rather be in the projects
Then stress and luxeries
So they're for I'm leavin you wit all yo ice
That shit wasn't worth bein alone at night
That shit wasn't worth worryin if you was alright
So ignorant, you never knew your wrongs from your

rights
Never understood it was always about the respect
Not about bein yo main chick wit begettes on my neck
Not about bein me bein the baddest bitch in the hottest
whip
It was about you bein a real man to me and yo kids, yo
heard

(Chorus: Repeat 2x)

I'm doin my thang, I'm movin on
You won't appreciate a real bitch till shes gone
Never mind the drama and don't bother callin me
You'll never find a woman who looked out like me
I'm doin my thang, I'm movin on
You won't appreciate a real bitch till shes gone
Never mind the drama hang yo lame apology
You'll never find a woman who looked out like me

[Verse 3]

True I, made the choice to a wife to a thug
But you gotta understand, at first it was about the love
But now, I don't know who the fuck you are
I thought I never say "I miss" when the times was hard
When all I had was you, and you had me
Instead of pushin big boys, we was pushin our feet
I never shitted on you, stricly loyalty
I lived how you lived, by the codes of the streets
But you broke that son, when you flipped out on me
You'll never find another chick that'll hold you down like
Queen
Never, another chick that'll help you grip yo bricks
Never, another chick will love you without yo chips
Tha'll ride up in a hooptie, as well as a six
You gon miss me when I'm gone
P.S. it was real kid

Uh huh, Miss Jones break it down
how you feel about this

[Chorus until fade]

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