

St. Lunatics F/ Cardan

"Love You So"

Visit "[Love You So](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You know I loved you right
I never, I never knew girl, you see
You know the pain right, you can feel my pain right?
Uh, to the gateway, now check it out, yo

(Chorus)
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

(Cardan)
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, seventee, 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, mmmwwhha, 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

(Chorus)

(Ali - talking through chorus)
Yeah, loved y'all punk ass nigga, showed y'all love
Never know that shit
How the fuck you gon' drop a group, and the got the
number one shit on the
radio?

Dumb ass nigga, look at us now, Fo' Reel nigga, Fo' Reel

(Kyjuan)

Nineteen-ninety-six! (hurry up, sign right here), let's sign these papers

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 sevennnnnnnn!)

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

(Chorus)

(Murphy Lee - talking during chorus)

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

(Murphy Lee)

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

(Ay yo, 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 curr (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)

(Chorus)

Visit [St. Lunatics F/ Cardan](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.