

The Longshots

"Girl Next Door"

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[Voice]

You're the same old girl who lived across the street
And you're the same old girl yeah
You're the same old girl who lived across the street

[Crayon]

I was in love with this young woman
Must've been wilding
I bought her everything
From clothes to the finest of diamonds
Along this ladder we climbing
Constantly running into problems
Trying to figure out and find ways that we can solve
'em
She said she needed space
Okay, I thought I'd go with the plan
Come to find out
She in the arms of her next man
Still love struck like a dumb fuck
And what it summed up
She threw my heart in the street
And hit it with a dump truck
Now I walk alone
With these suicidal thoughts
Drinking Henny by the quarts
Thinkin was it my fault
And my peoples say Ray look, forget about the trick
But I really wouldn't care
If I lay dead up in a ditch
That shit hurt!
If I was smart I would've seen it from the start
But nobody teaching brothers the dilemmas of the
heart
They say a man ain't supposed to cry
But yo I hurt inside
At night alone I'm shedding tears through my swollen
eyes
And though she hurt my pride
I still got my mind
That keep rewinding my thoughts to better times
I'm having flashbacks

[Hook]

Prostitute (T-pot Stiletto):

-Hey daddy... I know you want me, but nothing in this world's for free

You gotta pay me. It's worth it

I'll let you taste it (moans)

Come here baby.. You don't got no money? Nothing at all?

[Rock Shabazz]

Stepped out the backseat of a car

Back under that lamp pole

Damp clothes from slight rain

Life's pains gives her migraines

Snuck her hand through her purse full of rubbers for some Tylenol

I recall, this girl was one pretty broad

Now she's cheap and sleazy like the New York Post

Sliding up and down poles all over New York's coast

In dirty basements

With thirsty patrons that's impatient

Giving payments to young pimps who push her down strolls

With other so called hoes

In Hunts Point, Queens Plaza or Pennsylvania ave

Where white suits come paying for ass

Never taking her math

Spending nights under sweaty men with diseases for cash

But these female rappers got her gassed

Sixteen showing her ass, talking trash

Scandalous on the ave

She laughs out loud at Captain Save-A-Hoes

Who ask if they could take her home

Take her to church and make her wholesome

Wonders if her neighbors know she's hoeing

Heavy perfume to mask her soul that's decomposing

Where is she going?

But the fact she's owning, the flyest clothes of the moment

Got her condoning, the fact she's boning

Niggaz she's not even knowing

On these dangerous streets

Ashamed to go home but one creep from laying six feet

Can't believe you the girl I pushed on swings back in pre-school

Got me worrying about you, whenever I don't see you

[Sample]

But now you running around, I don't know
But now you running around, I don't know
You're the same old girl who lived across the street
And you're the same old girl yeah
You're the same old girl who lived across the street

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