

Yukmouth

"High Maintenance"

Visit "[High Maintenance](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Lil' Mo)
L-I-L M-O
Yo shorty can I live
Since you always wanna lay- up on something
Touch something
Then you gotta pay-up on something
Come off that playa
Quit tryin to hold an event
All this love aint for free nigga what you think?
Like I'ma work for some tips while you cruisin your six
You gon' take me to the mall and you'll flood out my
wrist
Think I'ma let you hit for you put chairs up in this bitch
Think I'ma have them kids and I aint seeing 'bout a grip
Shit I don't know what you heard
But that dough do matter
I wanna be so icy I break the Wind-chill Factor
I wanna be up at the Grammy's next to Jada and Will
And when they peep out my shine yo they both catch
chill
I wanna ball with the ballers
Wanna play with the players
Make my best friend see me and she turn into a hater
I'm high maintenance
Endorse me with no fake money
Real niggas make money
Real women take money

[Chorus]
You gotta spend the dough you see
If you wanna be with me
My hair my clothes my nails my feet
Aint nothin' over here for free
You gotta spend the dough you see
If you wanna be with me

[Yukmouth]
Playboy you buy that broad gators
You payin' car payments
Playboy you buy that broad bracelets
They all high maintenance

Start with the basics
All bitches suck dick
All bitches aint shit
All bitches pussy stank
Shit all bitches high maintenance
Ya 'll pussy aint worth gators and tennis bracelets
When they keep pictures of niggas they take it in the
basement
You give her paper
Take her to Vegas (that's high maintenance)
You payin' Navigator car payments (that's high
maintenance)
Nigga you keep her draped with stupid jewels and loot
to play with
Thinkin you a player when you really losin papers
On exotic vacations
Nights at crustaceans
Crack (?) take off the cape its mistaken
You remind me of them broad playas that date
Caucasians
Fuck they millions off and don't (?)
But playa patna
Go buy her Prada (?) even Estada
Not knowing she just fucked your best patna
You still put baguettes on her collar
And get engaged with a bitch who aint shit
That broad high maintenance

Chorus

[Lil' Mo]
Nigga don't flip over that trip to Nevada
Only reason that I went was to trick yo dollars
Sip Colada
Oh yeah let me remind ya
If you was circumcised I wouldn't have hit you patna
Cause all girls want niggas to know (we high
maintenance)
And all niggas better give us the dough (so just face it)
And since you payin for my car, my crib, my hair, my
gear, my clothes
You tell me who's really the ho nigga

[Yukmouth]
I aint the one
The one that get played like a pooper-scooper
These chicken heads in my Coupe with the roof up
I get in between the sheets like a Ku Klux
Bust two nuts (then do what?)
Fuck everybody in yo crew that knew ya (then do what?)

Scramble through your purse and steal your credit
cards (do what?)
Do doughnuts in yo shit until I wreck the car (do what?)
Disrespect my broad
Check my broad
Sex her
Squirt it in one eye
Still won't get my broad
Fuck naw...

[Chorus]

Visit [Yukmouth](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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