

## Carra

### "U & Me"

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[Chorus]

You and Me  
We can make it last  
You and me  
We can make it last  
You and me  
We can make it last  
You and me  
We can make it last  
You and me...

[Verse 1]

It was me and you Trina who shared the hard times  
Still in love wit niggas who was serving some hard times  
Or involved wit niggas who lost their lives  
When Hollywood passed I nearly lost my mind  
I then rolled wit the traffickers worked in the Maximas  
When D.A in back of us, I'm stretched out nervous  
Asking myself, "Bitch was this really worth it?"  
What's my purpose I gotta keep searching  
It was me and you Trina who asked the same questions  
we decided when and which hoes we would fuck it  
shop wit thug wit get into some thug shit  
turn 'em on to niggas who deep into that thug shit  
get money fuck a little let a nigga touch a little  
had to make moves our home was so fucking little  
Feel that? I know you do, guess what I wrote it too  
Please recognize this is a hip hop quoteable

[Chorus] + (over lapping the chorus)

(And even through the loneliest time  
we survived through our loneliest nights  
Just think about the struggling times  
when we survived through a nickel and dime  
And even if I had all the bread in the world  
I'd give it all up for one shot at  
You and Me, I'm that same bitch)

[Verse 2]

You and me were best friends but I'm the one you talk

about?

I showed love to everybody before I walked about  
the parties the club the function

I leave you bring up discussions on who I'm fucking  
You and me were best friends we talked about  
abortions

As little girls hair braided o the same porches

We promised each other we would share the same  
losses

Ya baby daddy passed we share the same losses

It was you and me hoe getting c-notes

bell hoppers to the death while Irish hoes deep throat

Yeah it's beef in the air and why she know

If anybody do she know how we flow

Miami bitches you know how we go

Nice entourage lock mints wonder bras

Sit in the club I miss how it was

[Chorus] + (over lapping the chorus)

[Verse 3]

You know it's really funny how the tables turn  
I moved forward and thank God for the lessons  
learned

I used to strip clubs as a stepping stone

Hit the stage got paid it wasn't my second home

Ask somebody Trina been the shit on the streets

Roll wrap late nights been the shit on the beach

Brought blue baby jeans just to shit on the ?

Keep tall body guys just to sit underneath

Sit back pop bottle ya'll sit on ya'll feet

Screaming my name tryna get in V.I.P

I don't own the club boo

I'm just showing love too

But every time I see ya face I think of me and you

It's disappointing that you fell off well not fell off

I just can't accept you not being well off

It wouldn't be me if I didn't tell all

I even tried to call you but ya cell off

[Chorus] + (over lapping the chorus)

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