

3Lw "This Goes Out"

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Umm, hmm, oh, oh, yeah, oh, uh, oh, yeah
My mom and them don't like ya
My friends all think you triflin'
But I don't feel quite like them
In fact I'm out to spite them

The love we share is special
Its on a whole another level
He's firm with me, he's gentle
He's intimate, yet mental

But he's quick to flip, he don't understand
Street but sweet, my kinda man
Goes to church, might be a thug
He breaks me off, show a lotta love

Disrespect, he's off the heezy
You don't want that, please believe me
Thats the only way he knows
How to show me how much he cares

This goes out to my bandana rockin out on the blockers
Chasin' that dough, bad baby daddies, 1st of the
month
Child support, all non-voting, Newport smokin'
I still got love for y'all

And this goes out to my 3rd strike paroller, dry Philly
rollers
Sittin' on dubs, cristal poppin', loud talkin', fuckin'
Drunk in the club, live wit' you mamma, always in
drama
I still got love for y'all

Somebody's always hatin'
They're always sittin' around waitin'
'Til you make a new mistake and
Get sent back upstate

And they can just say that I told ya
Shoulda listened when I told why
So I'll cry on their shoulder

They'll be so glad its over

But he's quick to flip, he don't understand
Street but sweet, my kinda man
Goes to church, might be a thug
He breaks me off, show a lotta love

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You don't want that, you better believe me
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drama
I still got love for y'all

You can, chasin' that dough, yeah
Child support, I still got luv for y'all

And this goes out to my third strike paroller, dry Philly
rollers
Sittin on dubs, drunk in da club, yeah, yeah, yeah
I still got luv for you, luv for you, oh, for you, yeah

This goes out to my bandana rockin out on the blockers
Chasin' that dough, bad baby daddies, 1st of the
month
Child support, all non-voting, Newport smokin'
I still got love for y'all

And this goes out to my 3rd strike paroller, dry Philly
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