

Mary J. Blige f/ Raekwon

"Be Without You"

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[Raekwon] We used to do the smurf together and bump Hit Macys up and do {?} all down in the trunk Aligator blazers and three fingers, playing the boat Holding that thang, you holding my mans Like a westside flick with a fly shorty A bunch of young live niggas want you but their money is corny What it do lady' Kiss your man hand and let him through sweetie Watch it, she got a man, it's the remix [Mary J. Blige] Chemistry was crazy from the get-go Neither one of us knew why We didn't deal nothing overnight Cuz a love like this takes some time People start off as a phase Said we can't see that Now from top to bottom They see that we did that (yes) It's so true that (yes) We've been through it (yes) We got real (censored) (yes) See baby we been [Chorus: Mary J. Blige] Too strong for too long (and I can't be without you baby) And I'll be waiting up until you get home (cus I can't sleep without you baby) Anybody who's ever loved, ya know just what I feel Too hard to fake it, nothing can replace it Call the radio if you just can't be without your baby [Mary J. Blige] I got a question for ya See I already know the answer But still I wanna ask you Would you lie' (no) Make me cry' (no) Do somethin' behind my back and then try to cover it up? Well, neither would I, baby My love is only your love (yes) I'll be faithful (yes) I'm for real (yes) And with us you'll always know the deal We've been [Chorus w/ Raekwon ad-libs] [Raekwon] Ayo I heard you in the hood like Hilary Expensive boots and bags, bullets holding mad artillery I been seen it coming like an all red, this was the date Your whip change cus you wanna be more {?} I blessed you with half my tolernace Copped you the R5 and you went and crashed it up for following And yeah, you let dons be dons The chemistry so sincere, I'ma show and prove it's on Fuck hanging, I need luck slangin Plus when you got a real nigga in the cut, what, that's bangin Kissing your head, getting bread, trying to avoid plagues Chilling at your momma's crib, kissing they boy legs Cus when I ain't home, you holding it If love got it fucked up, tell the truth, ma you stole it And don't take it personal lady, cus I can't (be without you baby) [Chorus]

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