

Angie Stone

"Shit Happens"

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{*phone being dialed*}, {*click*} "Hello?"
"This is Nynex. You have a collect call
from a New York State correctional facility.
Caller, please say your name." (Yeah, collect call from
Teflon)
"If you accept these charges, please say yes at the
tone."
{*beep*} "Yeah."
"Your call is connected."

[Verse One]

What's the deal boo? (Ain't nuttin; heard you called
to speak to me last week, but I was asleep) Nah you
frontin
(How you know?) What? (Everytime you call
you act like somethin jumpin off over here) Whoa whoa
whoa whoa whoa
Yo, first over, lower your tone
Hon don't forget who you talkin to cause we over the
phone
Now, how's my son doin? (Alive and, successfully
as expected to be, no thanks to his father jive-ass)
Aight, anyway, I just called to notify you
that I'll be home now just about any day
Reminiscin, back through my bid I realized
that you wasn't bein very consistant (*chk*) nah nah
just listen
I got to get this in the open; straight up and down love
you KNEW the motherfuckin rules, and still broke 'em
I never asked you for much; just a scribe every here
and there
A simple pen game vibe to keep in touch
I blew digits on exquisite shit for my girl
when I was out in the world, now I can't even get a visit
That's kinda fucked up, you snuck fucked
Did a lot of shit from while I was skimpin, but now you
fucked up
I shoulda been cut you loose; but sometimes when in
love
brothers plug they ears from the truth
Yeah, my homies spotted you downtown, stylin with

some clown cat
that we was robbin on the Island
Ayyo, you ain't nuttin but a wannabe; how could you
love me
for life and take flights from this, I catch a 1 to 3
And then on top of that you lie; thought I could confide
in you
not knowin the feelings inside of you died, a long time
ago
We, used to slow grind
Blowin your mind and you whine how you'd never let go
But now, I'm out of all your plans, all your time
Bein that I'm out of your sight, I must be out of your
mind
Fine time to show your true colors to a brother
When on lock, I guess you find out who really love ya
I'm sayin hon, me and you is done
Just don't have none of them crab niggaz playin dad
with my son
Tell him that I love him and I miss him
Just didn't want him havin to witness his pops locked in
the system
Give me a hot second, I'm checkin my watch
Step inside a tear, cause the last nigga that violated
here they kept him
I guess all things happen for a reason
When I needed you most, you played high post and
kept breezin
Only for me to be in front of your eyes in no time at all
Surprise, how fast the time flies
You can't play both sides from in-between
Honey knock it off, wake up out your dreams
What I mean is that's the type of shit, fools do
I guess things happen the way that they do, because of
bitches like you

(Bitches? What?) {*phone slammed down*}
(Hello? Tef? Tch, man fuck him) {*dial tone*}

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