

## Bel Canto

### "Who You Lovin'"

Visit "[Who You Lovin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Verse 1:

How could I ever make you see the light, and make you  
read it right

Money power respect nigga, thas the key to life

But see its costly, me I'm to bossy, put four sugars in  
my coffee

I'm fuckin' wit Mister Frostee

Now thas the run to make ya, See how much fun that'll  
make ya

Next time you see yourself, you should see that  
undertaker

And all the pain is gone, no more cryin', no more stress

Please, give this Ice to Big, and tell him that he's still  
the best

Fuck it lets have a feast, Go ahead murder the chief

These niggaz rappin' back and forth don't know what  
beef is

Until they need about two gats to sleep wit, A bomb in  
they Jeep

Know they know who to beef wit

Them fingaz you use to smoke get knocked in your  
teeth wit

I bet you next time a nigga know who to creep wit

See its no longer funny now, Nigguz is hungry now

You don't believe in Harlem, Double up and get money  
now

Whu

(scratches by just blaze)

Who you lovin' who you wanna be huggin'

Role wit nigguz that be thuggin buggin He

\*Repeated Several Times

Verse 2:

It's like four in the morning, I got a call from upstate

Huddy Combs shot a nigguh, left him wit no face

Fuck it, Go get the duct tape, and tape it on his vest for  
him

Heart out his chest and, place it on his kneck for him

I'm tellin' honey Listen, I gotta funny vision, I need my  
nigga Huddy Combs

Out of prison, We got shit to do,  
Meeno, Loon, and Thomas ??Critizone??  
See it's pitiful, Seeing my nigguz invincable  
See I need 40 Acres and 40 Breakers  
Ten nigguz that role the dice and twenty shakers  
It ain't the same, Huh Huh, Shit dun changed, Huh Huh  
Nigguz is dyin' in they twenties for this game Huh  
Say the wrong words to the wrong nigguh get sprayed  
off  
You know like then Hitler days, Fuckin' wit Adolph  
That twenty mill you got a hundred pennies to bring  
Saw a man that stands for nothing, and falls for  
anything  
Who U Lovin'

(scratches by just blaze)

Who you lovin' who you wanna be huggin'  
Role wit nigguz that be thuggin buggin He  
\*Repeated Several Times

Verse 3:

See my man he post bail, but his money was low  
I got about eighty for sale and twenty to blow  
You see this shit kinda get hectic when you dealin' wit  
doe  
Cuz once you dealin' wit doe, Know You dealin' wit doe  
No you not dealin' wit somethin' you can role up and  
smoke  
Hold one side of your nose to a dollar and hope  
That maybe one day you could put down the drugs and  
gun play  
Skatin' donw the runway and praisin' God on Sunday  
Rhyme to it, Eat a bowl of Courage,  
Finaly do it, bout time you meet your maker, Body  
forward in bombing fluid  
Now tell me where you run to, no where to run to  
Feelin' like nobody wit you, or nobody love you  
Meenwhile, Streets is watchin' and the hood is  
observin'  
Clubs still rockin', drunk drivin', weed still burnin'  
Now who you lovin', Why you fussin', Who you wanna  
be huggin'  
Role wit nigguz that be thuggin', Gun in the air bussin'  
Like fuck it

(scratches by just blaze)

Who you lovin' who you wanna be huggin'  
Role wit nigguz that be thuggin buggin He  
\*Repeated Several Times

