

Crosby Stills Nash And Young

"Chicka Woo"

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[Ruck]

Fuck you bitch, word up
It ain't all about you, huh?
Trying to make shit happen, fuck you

Aiyyo we fight every night, now that's not kosher
I reminisce with bliss, before Eshkoshkah
We was closer, later on you was supposed ta
be the one that I stayed with but it seemed that you
played tricks
Every day it get worse, than the day before
Maybe you're, actin too, immature
Insecure, plus I'm lookin for the cure
Keep flippin like you do I'm lookin at the door..

Ahh, motherfuck you
Playin, youknowwhat!msayin?
The fuck I look like huh?
One of these bitch ass niggaz in the street huh?
You dealin with a nigga who, can say what he means
and mean what he say
When I say I'm lookin at the door bitch I'm obvious
Straight up and down
The fuck I look like to you huh what?

And when you wit your friends I slide to the side
until the spotlight is mine, and always rep God Cipher
Divine
When I, did the knowledge all my wisdom it came
to an understanding that you underhanded and lame
I should play some stuck-up rapper role
And get foul everytime you lose control
But that's not my order of operation
Bustin nuts in ya, startin our own population
But now you ain't actin the way that you used ta
B so I can't C you in my future
And I don't think that I can take it anymore
Y'all know the rest.. the four-four

[Mike Stewart]

If the lovin ain't right

You're not home, late at night
All we ever do is fight
There's a reason I should breeze

If the lovin ain't good
And I never thought you could
ever treat me like you should
That's a reason I should breeze

Fuck is the deal, huh?
You know what I'm workin with, I gotta tie my shit to my
knee
Fuck, my shit ain't good, what?
The fuck is you doin, punk ass bitch?

My friends always tell me I'm lucky to stay
dipped with the flyest chick from the B.K.
But all the games you play make a nigga wanna spray
So every night to the most high a nigga pray
that me and my shorty make it to another day
If not fuck it Ruckus it wasn't meant to go that way
But hey I can't front it was good while it lasted
until I asked her some old stupid hood rat shit
Some left field shit that a nigga can't call
But all in all, I had a ball
I guess it's better to have loved, and to have lost
Than to never have love at all

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Youse a fuckin miserable bitch
man that's my word is bond you always want me
around the shit
Misery love company man but you know what?
I'm gettin the fuck up on out of here, ba-by, bet that
I ain't gonna deal with that bullshit no more huh?
Bout to make mad moves with my dogs man
Fuckin Heltah Skeltah me and Rock yaknahmean?
Motherfuckin my brother Illa-Noyz, man fuck you word
up
Plus I got motherfuckin ?, knahmean?
Motherfuckin uhh, Mike Stew'

Singin what he singin, doin what he doin

[Mike Stewart]

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(repeat both stanzas to end)

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