

Dire Straits

"Girlfriend Sistagirl"

Visit "[Girlfriend Sistagirl](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Um...I know I don't know you or nothin but can you just bump my shit?

[Verse 1]

You was just a young girl when you got turned out
Sneakin out the window of ya mother's house, no doubt
Just to mash off in a drop-top Impalla
Under shinin stars wit the nigga who clockin dollar's
You was thinkin you was really gon run game
Wait two weeks to give it up and feel no pain
Babygirl, you picked the wrong balla
He was raised by mack's and pimps, model let him follow
Niggas break bitches in the streets of the "O"
You was thinkin you was different cause he told you so
Just knowin you in love, would'nt listen to a thing
It's followed by the danger's that this thug life brings
He gave you clothes and rings, moved you out the crib
Put his dough up in yo closet, taught you how to live
But when 5-0 raided, he wasn't no where around
Now you doin hard time, rockin a felony crown

[Chorus]

Girlfriend sistagirl, you a precious queen
In a twisted world
Lookin for love, in all the wrong places
Givin up things that can't be replaced
Girlfriend sistagirl, you are the mother of the world
He'll break you down, he'll make you cry
You were born to sing, and you were made to fly

[Verse 2]

Manifested on this earth as a heavenly angel
Found the blocks you own, make life dark and tangled
Small sacrifices, repented in church
Halfway down the block, rollin up ya skirt
Hide some of these factor's off by glass and baggy's
As the one you always wanted, roll by and floss
caddy's
You never gave a damn bout rules and regulations
Hard livin mixed wit swoll eyes, and???????

So a way out, that's all you ever wanted
So while the whole hood judged, you fucked and
flaunted
It hurt you every time, made you scream
And silence of ghetto blocks, fled yo dreams
Still, I know you prayed every night
Whisperin to god for a new life
But the light was too bright, in a far off distance
Fingerpainted with ya tears and destroyed false listens

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Aye you ma? You from a regular home
Live at least ten blocks from a drug zone
Got green grass, and shady tree's
No need to ask why, smile and say please
Got ya daddy's car, and ya mother's indictions
Rather give up ass to thugs and argue in the kitchen
Break out, in a mad bash for freedom
Hang yo world up and try to keep breathin
You see them on the outside, quote in the interior
So when the guns blast you can see clearer
In the mirror, it's dream past shatter
You makin love to the streets like ya life don't matter
Still you cry, challenge suicide
Let ya hair fly on the 6-95
Ready to crash, for the love of the game
Believe it on the next life, it's all the same

[Chorus]

Visit [Dire Straits](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.