

Dj Khaled "Hip Hop"

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This shit's special
DJ Khaled!
[Verse 1: Scarface]
And if I cry two tears for her
That will be the most that I would give to her
She left me stranded in my nightmares
Taking pictures of my memories she right there
Twisting on the blade in my heart, deep
Always on my mind so I can't sleep
She used to tell me she was all mine
Now the only way I see the broad is online
I'm doing drugs trying to feel you
I'm killing me trying to heal you
I built my whole life around ya
I thought I found it all when I found her
Shopping sprees on whatever coast
How'd you really feel, I may never know
And as I ride through these streets
With my hand on my heat, eyes red from the sweets, I
Realize some things never change
Once in love and it's gone you don't look at it the same,
nigga
Fuck love cause she don't live here
I'm soaked in blood but I'm still here
Hip Hop heartbreaks
Straight-laced, deep bass, 808s plus the mixtapes
Got a nigga feeling like I up and let ya
Get away now you all in the lectures
Being studied by the college's professors
Now I regret the day I met ya
(Bitch) I'll be the first one to say it
She ain't the one you want to play with
I fucked Hip Hop
And if I cry two tears for her
That would be the most that I can give to her
I am Joseph, Darryl, Jason,
Dr. Dre,
O'Shea
And a host of those who passed away
Today I'm Drake, I'm Wayne, 2 Chainz
You say you want to rap, to this bitch you must commit
Then you're a slave to your grave, you won't get out,

you cannot quit
She menstruates weekly, her vibe covers keep you
warm
But the source to her heart is love, word up, right on
You know how girls are, she love when you licking on
her world star
Kissing on her belly, trick on her at Onyx
Confused fans think that she illuminates demonic
But she's the object of my affections, God's essence,
God bless her
She bought me Bentleys, Breitlings, made some
friends resent me
For writing about my life, they thought I should have
stayed quiet
She took me to places I would have never saw without
her
And she took me from my girl powder
I doubt I'll ever be the same, hallowed be thy name
Give me strength so I don't do this dame like Orenthal
James
Brad warned me while driving this auburn Ferrari
Never follow in her games, I fuck around and I'll be
sorry
But I tried her used to ride her, for dollars not the fame
She slowed me down and had me guzzling on cups of
lean
She's a middle-aged cougar, showing young'uns the
dream
Noticed she wasn't breathing for a second then I
screamed
"She's dead!" and everybody took it out on Nasty
I was just looking out for my music family
Wasn't trying to claim her to myself, she's yours
You can have her she's a motherfucking whore
I fuck Hip Hop

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