

Black Label Society

"Shitty Situation"

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[VERSE 1: CMG]

Fuck, another day, another problem
A shitty situation that I'm facin, how to solve em?
You think it don't affect ya, but you should really listen
though
To the conversation, cause the situation's critical
Let me tell you how it started when I first met him
Way back in the day at the Lake, and it was federal
Cause he was lookin good enough to kill a muthafucka
49 wasn't carin, yeah I'm starin, hell, I'm good to go
Said his name was John-John, livin on the Eastside
I said, "I'm CMG, where I live, and shit, I'm called by"
Did the little number-switchin, everything was fine
Jumped back in the Pont, dipped side and broke wide
See, it started off easy, talkin on the telephone
Most of it was drag, but I wasn't really trippin though
Thinkin about the sex, fuck the flowers and the love
letters
That's the way it is when you're young and you don't
know no better
Next thing you knew, about a week passed by
I was layin up in his house, and man, I couldn't keep
quiet
He was diggin up in the guts like the muthafucka lost
somethin
A Oakland Stroke with no joke, I mean, he kept it comin
Early next day I gave a friendly good-bye
A wet kiss and "I'ma call you" was his only reply
Feeling good than a muthafucka, shit, I can't lie
Lookin forward to the next time, the sex time was too
fly
But plow on that shit, cause he never called
Never came to visit, never tried to get in touch at all
Never sent a message in a bottle or a telegram
Never got a page and I faded and I hate his
muthafuckin ass

[Special One]

Damn, that shit is fucked up
Man, fuck that nigga, man
He was only out for one thing and you gave it to him

like a dummy
Don't trip though
What you need to do is go find his ass
And get rid of his punk-ass, you know?

Damn, it's a shitty situation

[VERSE 2: CMG]

Now you ain't the one to play the trick
The one to get faded out of fade like the next bitch
So come Saturday, you can catch me at the Lake
Rollin deep in a Pont, lookin to set the matter straight
Then I seen his ass, just a little past Lakeshow
Hollered out his name, but he act like he didn't hear me
though
Ran up quick, ready to send him to his grave
Kicked him, then I slapped him in his muthafuckin face
(Shit, you're out of your muthafuckin mind?)
So then I told him, "Yo, that's what you get for the
disrespect"
The little bitch with him started riffin, but she didn't
step
Back it on up, hoe, this matter don't concern ya
Just me and him, fuck around, and I'ma burn ya
She musta got wind of the fact that I don't play
Barkin up on that bitch-made nigga with the red face
But she didn't say shit, just stood frownin
But when I turned away, the sorry nigga start to clownin
That's when Jess hopped out with the glock 17
13 in the magazine, mean, nigga, don't spit
You better make like Hammer and start prayin
And listen to the words I'm sayin
I hate a shitty situation

[Special One]

Yeah, I'm glad you clowned that muthafucka
Jess shoulda smoked...
Another shitty situation
Punky-brooster-ass-nigga
You see him run?
I hate a shitty situation
Damn, that nigga's a punk
Did you see that shit?
It's a shitty situation
Shoulda shot at his ass, man

(*nurse caling*)

[CMG]

What's up, man, I got here as soon as I could
Look, somethin ain't right
I don't know if I've been sick or shit

I ain't had my cycles
I'm worried about this here
[nurse 1]
Did you fill the cup already?
[nurse 2]
Ms. Greene, Ms. Greene
[CMG]
Oh, that's me
[doctor]
Ms. Greene, it's your lucky day
I got some good news for you
It seems our test came out positive
[CMG]
Postive?
[doctor]
Yeah, positive
[CMG]
Positive for what?
[doctor]
Well, you're pregnant...

[VERSE 3: CMG]

Fuck it, one more uptug, one more hurl
In the toilet and it's prill for Daddy's little girl
Seems like a late night fuck got shit started
Cause now I got a baby on the way, and I can't afford it
But I ain't givin it up, no, fuck that
Cause it's a part of me, and ain't nobody destroyin that
Besides, I've been on my own, what - 8 years?
Fuck a man, I be alright alone, just me and my kids
But now it's 12 months later. and I'm mad as shit
Cause baby clothes and similak and diapers is costin a
grip
Plus I ain't had no sleep in quite a while
See, the late night fuck is now a late night hollerin child
Damn, I wish I woulda did shit differently
I wish I woulda got to know the man who was up in me
But now I guess I keep on keepin on, I just hope that
you listen
To the words I speak, and don't have a situation

Man, I baby-sit everyday
Fuck it
Cant find his ass, no way
I hate a shitty situation

Damn, it's a shitty situation

