

Blues Traveler

"Independent Man *"

Visit "[Independent Man *](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

* a parody of "Independent Women" by Destiny's Child

Oh, oh yo
Question tell me what you know about me
At the dice game nothing less than a G
Got my own ride and I got my own bread
Even bought the chicken scrap wig on your head
Question, ask me how i feel about chicks
Best be independent cause you ain't gettin' shit
The only time I trick is December 25th
I'm coming with a rolls, some kicks, and some dick

There's one thing worse then a chick saying "I just want chedda"

Uh-oh, that's a motherfuckin' child's support letter
First she want her bills paid now she independent
Sounds more like these chicks is inconsistent
These days everybody wanna male bash
I tell 'em real fast to kiss my male ass
Listen, this is how it works
I want to fuck you on my money
Baby it just who gets who first
Now you all hurt telling the word nonsense
It ain't my fault you fell in love in the process
Got pregnant young now hun is stuck
But if I'm taking care of my son then shut the fuck up
Bitch I got no time to hear your heart broke
I owe like two months rent and a fucking car note
Take it as a quote not an answer back
And if so suck my dick, somebody answer that

Cause the clothes on my kid
(I bought it)
Everything in my crib
(I bought it)
The lawyer from my bid
(I bought it)
Even though I lost the case
(But I fought it)
The telly i bring my hoes
(I bought it)

Grams on top of grams
(I bought it)
The one train downtown
(I bought it)
Get money fuck a bitch

1 - Yo, all my niggas who independent
(Throw your hands up with me)
All my niggas who gettin' paper
(Throw your hands up with me)
All my niggas who keeps it gravy
(Throw your hands up with me)
Understanding that life ain't easy
(Throw your hands up with me)

Yo man I'm independent cause I know
I can spend my last on a fresh jar of 'dro
And still up to date with the Benz for the crib
And helpin' mom dukes keepin' food in the fridge
(Answer) Don't ever judge a nigga by his dough
He could be independent whether rich or poor
As long as you know where all your money go
Niggas know when not to give a fuck about a ho

Check it out, my life hard man
All I gotta do is flip
Chicks want a yard all they gotta do is strip, its that
easy
A brother want a check, he get a job
Some chicks want a check, they get pregnant
That ain't right, but fuck it, it's straight blood
Wanna wreck a nigga's life for two hundred dollars a
month
Won't let you see your seed actin' like it's funny
She gettin' her hair done with that diaper money
Independent, I know cats that's fightin' to live
A week won't eat to keep lights in the crib
Gas in the tank, shoes on the act
California plates with dubes on the back
I'm just here to stack on digits
So happen I get paid to come back on bitches
Rep my niggaz, get brain and keep on skeetin'
We keep on with these hoes, we gon' keep on eatin'

Cause the rims on my jeep
(I bought it)
The Timbs on my feet
(I bought it)
The couch that I sleep
(I bought it)
And I don't give a fuck

(Cause I bought it)
My web ain't no six
(I bought it)
Every bitch you saw me with
(I scored it)
The last time I tricked
(I can't call it)
Cause I look's out for me
Know what I mean?

Repeat 1

2 - East coast didn't know I get's down like that
West coast didn't know you get's down like that
Dirty south didn't know you get's down like that
Up north didn't know you get's down like that
To my niggaz didn't know you get's down like that
Sporty didn't know you get's down like that

Sporty Thievz is here
Just to let my niggaz know
That we come to get the dough
Set this paper, fuck these hoes

Repeat 1

Repeat 2

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