

Frijid Pink

"Ain't No Reason"

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Frijid Pink - Ain't No Reason

[Chorus]

Ain't no reason for the games these hoes play

[Verse 1]

Nigga, it's the year for playa haters will be exposed
These niggas fallin' off going out for these hoes
Trick tellin' you what the fuck she gonna do
I keep on tryin' to tell you these hoes got game to
So where's your mack hand? wanna be mack man
Turn around, slap that bitch with a backhand
Damn, now your girl got ya cuffed on your way gone
Prepare to do about thirty days strong
See that homeboy, I told ya gotta be a soldier
Fuckin' with Cleveland, yeah, here to fold ya
Nigga, I'm for real about this shit that I spit
Off this Hen and drove my mind, always stay lit
Now what's happenin?
Cleveland in this bitch for real
I'm tryin' to look out for my dogs
Cause these hoes can kill
Trick, how you do yours behind close doors
Cause a nigga know about you on the down-low
I'm the player type, I lay it right off the jump
Puttin' some shit in your trunk that's gon' bump
But broad I really can't blame you
Playas will learn, these hoes got game too, righ

[Chorus]

Ain't no reason for the games these hoes play

[Verse 2]

Now, I done seen these hoes come in all shapes and
sizes
Fake to wise, ho don't mistake the height
Yeah, you got a downfall in someway or another
Tryin' to take out the next young brother
Lover of this man, greed, indeed
Sayin' you love to fuck, and smoke all his weed
Hey, that's the way life goes for these hoes

Playa, the next thing to stay up on your toes
Cause-a, like I told ya these hoes got game
Runnin' down a line of niggas like an Amtrak train
Can't explain why, I'm too busy high
Herb got my mind, seein' that I'm passin' em by
Mission impossible, cause these hoes simply incapable
Goin' for the cash, and dash first chance available
Bitch, really understand me
Ken D-A-W-G from the L-A-N-D
And I got game to come back on you twice as nice
Verbally hittin' your dome like it was a fight
Can't let me get all caught up in some shit
I let you know off the riff that I ain't havin' it, you hoes
got game

[Chorus]

Ain't no reason for the games these hoes play

[Verse 3]

I wonder, was this a setup?
Cause I know these nigga playa hatin'
You said there was money involved, waiting, huh
So now I come and see what it is
I handle my biz cause I gotta kid.
And a, soon as leave out the door, I hear some shit
I didn't pay it no mind 'til I heard a click
What the fuck? These niggas tryin' to rob
Undercover setup bitch behind a job
Uh, had a nigga thinkin' it was about paper [damn]
Bitch, but this bitch was really on her caper
Now, I gotta wet up this bitch
Hope in the meantime, this ho get hit
Damn, ain't no reason for the games that you play
Don't wanna die today, but that's the price to pay
Uh, next time I pass up on that cash
Next time, I pass up on that ass
Bitch, tried to get me straight got
Ain't no reason for the shots, you done peep the plot
When the law come, I can't explain
Cause I'm gonna let you know that you hoes got game,
right

[Chorus]

Ain't no reason for these games these hoes play
It ain't no reason, this ain't the season

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