

Guilty Simpson

"I Must Love You"

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[Intro] This love shit's crazy (Ain't it?) For real [Chorus] Girl, you know I must love you Look at all the things you put me through I know I do things too La-la-la-la-la-la-laaa I don't know what to do Sometimes I get so confused Should I leave and find someone new? La-la-la-la-la-la-laaa [Verse One] Sometimes you make me feel like a king Everytime I turn around my baby's buyin me things Rockport boots, leather coats, hats, and jeans At this rate she's sure to get a ring (But go!) Sometimes you make me feel real low Bickerin' about the groupies and the hoes I know Smilin' in my face at each and every show I throw Do you propose I go? I don't know (But stay!) 'Cause when I think that this won't last I reminisce on how you helped me through shit in the past And all of a sudden things don't seem so bad And I'm back gettin' the ass (they ain't stupid) You should go, we beef, you say it's all my fault Like I'm the one responsible for every time we fought But when I'm packing up my shit you say we need to talk Now should I stay or walk? (I can't help you on this one, man) [Chorus] Girl, you know I must love you Look at all the things you put me through I know I do things too La-la-la-la-la-la-laaa I don't know what to do Sometimes I get so confused Should I leave and find someone new? La-la-la-la-la-la-laaa [Verse Two] (Stay!) The other night we went to dinner to chill So we could talk about our problems and the way we feel Perfect therapy over a Red Lobster meal Now this is love for real (I like this, do your thing) (Then go!) But then you start trippin' on some waitress shit Like she was too friendly, you couldn't take this shit Playin' me like a nigga used to date the chick She tryin' to make a tip (cut that bullshit out, man) (But stay!) After a drink or two, we chilled out And talked while the waitress brought the meals out We ate like grown-ups and talked it out I even held the door open when I walked you out (uh huh) (But go!) Before I knew it, she pissed again Mad 'cause I got up and slipped a ten She wasn't actin' rude, why you trippin' then? Now you actin' like a bitch again (fuck that shit!) [Chorus] Girl, you know I must love you Look at all the things you put me through I know I do things too La-

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