

Brotha Lynch Hung "You Aint Wify Material"

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(Chorus)x2

You aint wifey material

i just want your body i ain't even in love, girl you're just
a hottie

(verse 1 rap)

Think back bout 120 days ago we first met in the
walmart superstore exchanged phone numbers and we
took it from there you informed off da back that you'z a
big old player so you got a sorry brotha dat dont know
how to act and had the nerve to warn me not to get
attatched you do your thing i do my thing and we keepz
it real is the agreement dat we had (dats the deal!)
was it the wee wee? was it the french kiss? was it the
back rubs that made you act like this? was it the long
conversations on the phone at night dat got you
thinking you could ever be a playboys wife but you can
cancel that i gotta blast your plan you gotta better
chance at getting cash from Ed McMan i hate to have to
tell you you ain't wifey material you ain't domesticated
you could barely cook cereal!

(chorus)x2

(verse 2 rap)

you'z a hoodrat girl good cat girl when you want that
you move a little better plus i love the way you chop dat
so girl wont you stop that trippin off of dumb stuff dont
you gotta man then why you sippin on my rum cup? im
one quick hitter to bust and get you riddled i get you
wide open and shoot like Harry Bittlez let your double
dribble doing it all till they banging on walls your like
shut up your too loud your breaking the laws to tell it all
im that late night call hit me till these shots you bring
da i got the pour wit me and start quickly wen they
come to the tellyville i got a celly bill plus how your belly
feel?(ughh)did i do dat? like mr. cal i bet you never
would of let me go if you knew dat i hit quit then im
threw wit dat and keep girls waiting in line like they're
getting food stamps cmon!

(chorus)x2

(verse 3 rap)

i feel like you better than my own love real talk all you
missing is trust and years and a couple of tears im off
a couple of beers so you know where this is headed if
you down wit it im down wit it you shuould'nt have said
it should have knew it from the start where you'd be
kickin it at all in the club off the drugs distributing kitty
cat my heart dont go pitty pat for no rat give me the
sack and all dat ey take your ass to the store wit dat
sell dat mac to some other cat better bring my mother
back thats a real woman you imitations is irritating all i
want is the woon and a room and some brew and some
homegirls wit you we doomin we boomin through your
sound system thats the only reason your interested
heard me on the radio thinking you was mind strong
thinking you could play me though how you gon play
em when he coachin a whole team im callin all the
shots and your looking for a good seat

(chorus)x2

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