

## Hot Tuna

### "Ghetto Divorce"

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Yeah, so I guess by the time you get this kite, I'll be  
ghost, right?  
Yup, check it

[Verse 1]

For too many years, I had yo back  
And for too many years, you gave me slack  
Tell me, what did you think  
That I was a idiot?  
Or, how many years you thought i'd take yo shit  
I'm out, I'm leavin you wit the whips and the cribs  
In exchange for the kids, and my happiness  
Ghetto divorce, how real is this?  
And oh yeah, tell you side bitch she In Like Flint  
I left enough food to last until the weekends  
And when its all gone, go eat wit your friends  
Since thats, who you cherish, more then me  
The one who carried every last one of your seeds  
The one who did a bid for you when you copped one  
and three  
The one who was on yo side when you copped yo first  
ki  
Me and you kid, we was meant to be  
Who'd think that the streets will make you flip on Queen

(Chorus: Repeat 2x, Miss Jones)

I'm doin my thang, I'm movin on  
You won't appreciate a real bitch till shes gone  
Never mind the drama and don't bother callin me  
You'll never find a woman that looked out like me

[Verse 2]

For, many years concentrated on you  
Lost focus on myself, seperated from my crew  
Allowed you to drain down, my soul slowly  
I'd rather be in the projects  
Then stress and luxeries  
So they're for I'm leavin you wit all yo ice  
That shit wasn't worth bein alone at night  
That shit wasn't worth worryin if you was alright  
So ignorant, you never knew your wrongs from your

rights

Never understood it was always about the respect  
Not about bein yo main chick wit begettes on my neck  
Not about bein me bein the baddest bitch in the hottest  
whip  
It was about you bein a real man to me and yo kids, yo  
heard

(Chorus: Repeat 2x)

I'm doin my thang, I'm movin on  
You won't appreciate a real bitch till shes gone  
Never mind the drama and don't bother callin me  
You'll never find a woman who looked out like me  
I'm doin my thang, I'm movin on  
You won't appreciate a real bitch till shes gone  
Never mind the drama hang yo lame apology  
You'll never find a woman who looked out like me

[Verse 3]

True I, made the choice to a wife to a thug  
But you gotta understand, at first it was about the love  
But now, I don't know who the fuck you are  
I thought I never say "I miss" when the times was hard  
When all I had was you, and you had me  
Instead of pushin big boys, we was pushin our feets  
I never shitted on you, stricly loyalty  
I lived how you lived, by the codes of the streets  
But you broke that son, when you flipped out on me  
You'll never find another chick that'll hold you down like  
Queen  
Never, another chick that'll help you grip yo bricks  
Never, another chick will love you without yo chips  
Tha'll ride up in a hooptie, as well as a six  
You gon miss me when I'm gone  
P.S. it was real kid

Uh huh, Miss Jones break it down  
how you feel about this

[Chorus until fade]

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