

Judy Torres

"I Can't"

Visit "[I Can't](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

Uh, y'know, uh, Boogie Brown, uh
How you expect me to love you, nigga
Can't even trust you, uh

So he played you, right?
Shot a little game then he blazed you, right?
Talkin' 'bout he was gon' make you wife then make you
right
And the last you seen was his car break lights

He fooled you girl, pussy is power, let me school you
girl
Don't get up off it 'till he move you girl
And let no playin' nigga rule your world and screw you
girl

I got 'em hatin' me, I throws the pussy down, keep 'em
chasin' me
Basically, niggas game a lot, so bet I game back
And make the nigga think that I came a lot
And I change the plot, when we was at Jacob
That chain was hot, is he on or what?
Nigga cop the broach in the double R
And you got the notes, so I know you not broke, nigga

[Total & Foxy]

1 - (I ain't fuckin' wit' you)
I can't rock with you no more
(You and your bullshit)
(How can I love you)
(Can't even trust you)

(I ain't fuckin' wit' you)
I can't rock with you no more
(Cut the bullshit)
(How can I love you)
(Can't even trust you)

I got 'em mad at Fox, 'fore I let a nigga just stab the
box

I gotta have some rocks, even then
All I do is get they asses hot, then I ask them
When was the last time you had some twat?
Put 'em right in his place, saw him right down
Shake it right in his face, you like the waist?
By the way baby boy, would you like a taste?

Let me tell you what I need on those license plates
"Property of Mohogany Brown", standin' knock-kneed
On the balcony while you knock me down
Ya'll wanna break me off without cakin' me off?
Then expect the bitch to be faithfull to y'all
The next nigga copin' me bags straight from Dior
Prada shoes, that's the bomb straight outta Milan
And I'm about that money, no need to pretend
Why don't you holla at me when you ready to spend

Repeat 1

You got as much, you game's y'all
And I can spit it nigga, same as y'all, same shoes,
same cars
Ain't like a chick ain't bawlin' herself
Can you give me mo', then I'm holding myself
I ain't tryin' to trip on no dick
I ain't tryin' to have no cat laid up in my shit
Had the next bitch layed up in my six?
Gigglin', dizzy as shit, is it sick?

I'm what a nigga would love to have
Chick with her own, nice tits, nice ass
Nice attitude even though I might spaz
He was still quite fast, you like the wife style
Cuz you know that I come out ready to dumb out
In house shoes, slippers, put it down for my niggas
And I ain't goin' front, I'm about my end, so
Holla at me when you ready to spend

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

[Total]

I can't rock you, no more
Say it again, say it again

I can't rock you, no more
Say it again, say it again
say it again, say it again

I can't rock you, no more
I can't rock you, no more

Say it again, say it again
say it again, say it again

I can't rock with you no more
Say it again, say it again
I can't rock with you no more
Say it again, say it again
I can't rock with you no more

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.