

Casual "Love Dat"

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* [Chorus # One]

I'm a make my nigga love dat.

I'm still in the shit, killin' the shit cause nigga still feelin' this shit.

Show me where your love at what's wrong wit dat.

(Bad bitch's in the back ground)

"Cause ain't nothin' wrong wit dat."

[First Verse]

I need some scrill n' that's real

They got me in this league feelin' like Jermaine O'Neill came out to early an' signed the wrong deal

So now Jerry Brown movin' in the navy seals

Need to go to Kosovo find me the first Ho

Lookin' for a man ta' get her ready to go

Instead of the dough she, trippin' off the medical's bro

The pharmaceuticals are beautiful but you wouldn't know

To do for my Ho I'll ride on a scooter in snow

Who do you know that'll tutor your Ho

The executor truth n' shit

Got em' wishin'to be hotter want me an' Faye play in the Bay with sea otters

To be modest shit I need dollars weed knowledge an' two S.S. Impalas'

Bubblin' to get my little girls through college an they gonna love dat

Holla

[Chorus #2]

I'm a make my people love dat

I'm still in the shit killin' the shit

Cause nigga still feelin' this shit

Nigga show me where your love at

What's wrong with dat

(Back to chours number one.)

[Second Verse]

Man I got this shit shut bitches creamin' for the semen

It's your ho?

It's my nut

It ain't nuttin' till you struttin' through the cut

an see your slut on the passenger side I'm like what?
This bitch call me that's why you saw me faulty slidin'
on way-way with baby
Felt like something wuz wrong she jumpin' my bones
But I got Seven-Six-Two's(Recording Studio)that are
pumpin' your dome
Wutin' answerin' her cellular phone
Man I'm tellin' ya
Scheming at the shop you tried to follow me in
Not knowing that his bitch is at the holiday inn
with a bottle of ginn an' her modelin' friend you a baller
I ain't got I a dollar to spend
Jus' holla n' then next week it's Quality Inn
Cant wait to see Dada(Check shout outs n' thank youse)
again soon as he get outta the pen
Holla

[-Chorus number one. Two times]

[Third verse]

Eh. you got some money?
You better invest that
Cause nigga'll be all in your house like "where the rest
at?"
Shoe- box under the bed could of, guessed that
You blessed cause you ain't sleeping in your vest cat
Got bitches jockin' John for stocks n' Bonds
and Mutual Funds but only the beautiful ones
Partner!
You know what blunt's do to your lungs?
Nuttin'
Least bit they plottin' the meek shit
But fuck dat a nigga still get leather on a brand new fit
an' walk the pit talkin' shit wit nigga's
I be sparking wit
But we family so normally we chalk the shit
Informally
My armour be the harmony near a situation what Karma
be harming me?
(This is harmony.)

[-Chorus number one. Two times]

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