

King Sun

"I Love Her to Death"

Visit "[I Love Her to Death](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You know, it's somethin you girls don't understand
about the fast life
You might be a figga's last wife

And one thing about money
it's a heart breaker
and a widow maker
So you wanna run around with your little drugs and
thugs
and keep buggin, baby

[VERSE 1]

She love to be infatuated with the gangland-
Street-dwellin felon, judges use to play hangmen
On the low she was a TLC creeper
Got her phone disconnected and somehow got a
beeper
Then she tried to run that 'only I got the number'
'Sun, you don't believe me?' Call me Stevie cause I
Wonder
Who was beepin honey everytime we was alone
Couldn't say it was her mother cause Nine-Ex deaded
they phone
Let me guess, it was her girlfriend Sheila
The one who makes her living just by trickin different
drug dealers
Don't work, with three kids by different brothers
Gettin welfare subsidized rent, live with her mother
In the projects she runs with the usual suspects
Wild figgas who bust Tec's over by Prospect
That's where the dope is at, always where the cash is at
Suckers gettin money showin chickens where they
stash is at
Only to impress em and persuade em
Not really date em but lay them and then play them
I got vexed, but the sex made me wanna
While I was sleepin she was creepin in a 4-runner

[CHORUS]

I love her to death
But I can't kill myself

She bad for my health
I need somethin else
I love her to death
And I ain't even tryin to kill her
But she be wantin drug dealers
And 4-wheelers
I love her to death
But I can't kill myself
She bad for my health
I need somethin else
I love her to death
And I ain't even tryin to kill her
But she be wa

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

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