

## Lucie Silvas

### "Snoopin'"

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[Intro: Danny Boy]

Have mercy.. mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy.

Ohhhhh, ohhhhhhh-ohhhh-ohhh.. {\*harmonizing\*}

Have mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy me

[Twista]

Now, now, when my boo let me break 'em off, freaky  
when we makin love

I can do shit to you that'll make you shake in lust

Comin through how I be stoppin off, kinky when I make  
you cum

How could you wanna do shit that'll make me break the  
trust?

Shoulda knew you were sheisty the way you lick me on  
my body

and actin shady when I'm out the crib, lightly

Cause somethin bogus just to fight me spite me all in  
my area

plus I'm a Sagittarius, you a Pisces

For some reason we be clickin like we on business  
but you be on some bullshit

Askin me where I go, what I do, how I kick it

Won't you get with it baby girl, I don't cheat on you and  
pull shizz

Now who don't wanna roll on, chrome with then go  
home with

Get you to the crib, give you some grown dick

I let you hold my pounds down, purchasin you phones  
and fits

How many times I told you, I ain't known shit

But you steady don't listen even though it's your  
friends that listen

Gotta have trust, but you won't back up on a couple I'll  
catch you wishin

Claimin that I'm fuckin on another bitch and

all in my privacy on no premonition, you trippin

Tell me why do you - doubt a brother, in one ear and  
out the other

Cause in my shirt you done found number

You steady lurkin while I was up in the shower

dumpin all of my pants pockets, trippin cause you done

found a rubber  
And all I gotta say is.

[Chorus: Danny Boy]

That's not right (that's not right)  
Snoopin through my things (you snoopin baby, snoopin  
baby)  
I don't do it to you (I don't do it, I don't do it)  
You shouldn't do that to me (I don't do it to you)  
That's not right (that's not right)  
Snoopin through my things (snoooooopin through my  
things)  
I don't do it to you (and I sho' wouldn't do it)  
You shouldn't do that to me (I ain't gon' do it to you)

[Danny Boy]

I was sittin in the front just watchin videos  
Readin my magazine, my Vibe magazine, yeah  
I coulda sworn that I turned my damn 2-Way off  
But damn I heard it ring, I think I heard it ring, yeahhh  
If it's somethin that you think that's wrong got you  
feelin insecure  
I'm grown - baby let me know, and then I'll let you know  
Cause I'm the one that's footin the bills  
And I'm not the wrong one, that's for real  
You can get your shit and go, gooooo!

[Twista]

Now you don't see me all up in your dresser drawers  
You don't see me goin through your Jag  
You don't see me in your celli; you don't see me  
searchin through your thongs, and you don't see me  
though your Gucci bag  
Baby you got the shabazz; sometimes you need a  
swift, kick up the ass  
just to to see how far a foot can go  
Would you wash it and took it slow, couldn't though  
Pressure cookin low, bitch I hope you find what you  
lookin fo'  
I'm losin focus from fuckin witchu, don't get me  
charged  
Come in from a show, my whole closet be picked apart  
If anybody should be paranoid in this motherfucker it  
should be me  
I'm the one smokin hydro by the jars  
You need to leave my stuff alone, go and get some  
business of your own  
cause me and you ain't spendin precious time together  
Baby don't touch mine, I shouldn't need a "don't touch"  
sign  
I ain't explainin nothin, you can find whatever

And all I gotta say is.

[Chorus] w/ variations

[Twista]

Now when I get up in your ooh-watcha-katcha  
Move to the mm-ch-ka mm-ch-ka mm-ahh, don't lie  
You peepin the details of my fax, mail and voice mail  
and E-mail and why sugar, don't try  
to come up with the justification for what you doin  
The relationship's about to be ruined for what you  
persuin  
Steadily tryna see who I'm screwin like I'm fuckin the  
nation  
It's nothin but hatin that the homies be doin  
Spittin rumors all up in your ear, tension in the  
atmosphere  
Baby what's the mission here, listen here  
You lookin for numbers and fist in hair  
It must be here for a reason so quit before I have to  
make you disappear  
I can do without you pokin through pockets  
Prophecy's potent, whatchu peepin fo'?  
I hate the way that all this time to tell what I been thinkin  
shoulda told you when I thought about it a week ago  
But now I'm tellin you.

[Chorus] w/ variations

{\*Danny Boy ad libs\*}

[Chorus] w/ variations

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