

Masta Ace

"Dear yvette"

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[MA] Ay yo shorty I'm sayin, I knew
you since you was like yay high, y'knamean
You out here whylin' out, you really need
to cool out with all that!

[JD] Please, you don't know me!

[Masta Ace]

Ay yo Yvette, there's a lotta rumours goin' around
About you hoein' around, you need to slow down
Eversince ya ass grew, you been movin' kinda fast boo
Don't even speak now when I pass you
Hundred Dollar bill tattoo, on yo thigh
The gleam in ya eye for the cream and the pie
Skirt ridin' high so they can see ya thong better
I'ma sit down and write you a long letter
We was little, we was friends, we rode our big wheels
Now I see you gettin' a Benz with big wheels
All these guys in the city, see is the size of your titties
And that you got hazel eyes and you're pretty
They see a girl like you and they wanna get in her
I was thinkin' we can go to a movie, maybe dinner
You turned around and told me I need to retire

If I can't "show you the money" like Jerry McGuire

I don't know

[Chorus Jessica Harrell]

You don't really know me

Just what ya think ya see

Just what ya think ya see

You don't have to worry 'bout me

This chick got hopes and dreams

But I'm about this paper cuz

There ain't no love for free

[Jane Doe]

I never been they type of bitch, maybe when I was
younger

I craved love and thought they could satisfy my hunger

Thirsty, had a few niggaz do me dirty

Slid a blade across my wrist, almost went 7:30

I spazed, now it's all about the cash

Swingin' naked on a pole, doin' tricks with my ass

You wanna be with me and let happily ever after

Same ol' song, get more "hits" than Napster

You don't care about me, you don't really know me

My broked hearts and dreams is killin' me slowly

Get ahead bitch, walk with a switch

Lip gloss lips and 34 inch hips

Airbrushed chips and chromed out whips

I like to take trips when wife stash the whips

Fuck love 'em, solo

Raisin' my seeds for dolo

And mindstate fresh, with nothin' less than Polo

[Chorus]

[Jane Doe]

Please don't be sympathetic

Shit I don't regret it

While these hoes half-stepped it

Nigga I'm gonna rep it, til' I die

And make these G's multiply

I'ma make G's cry like when Jesus died

And on the third day my G rose again

A foul type chick, quick to fuck ya best friend

And smile in ya face, niggaz stay in ya place

Catch my head at his waist, lie with a straight face

[Masta Ace]

I know my man had you in the Bricks, with a couple of chicks

Drivin' around havin' endless kicks in the Benz 6

He said the sex was (good), the head was (good)

Yo I think he would tell the whole hood if he could

You say it's all about the money, well I can tell

Cuz that nigga makes Sam Cassell look like Denzel

My bad I'ma sound like a real hater

I'ma leave it on that note and holla at ya later

One

[2x Chorus]

[Masta Ace & Jane Doe talking over Chorus]

[JD] You think you are the judgement

Y'all niggaz don't know me

I do what I gotta do, I take care of mine

Who you think you are, you ain't no better than me

[MA] Why you say all that?

[JD] I'm only doin' what I gotta do

[MA] I do what I gotta do too

[JD] You don't know me, you don't love me

[MA] I'm tryin' to help you, I mean you out here whylin'
out

Whatever though

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