

Crosby, Still, Nash & Young

"Don't Go Away"

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Verse 1:

Chicks call me up and say ooh we done heard
you stopped poppin' Cristal nigga, now you sippin'
Louie The Third
moved to Jers, now it's like you moved from Earth
shoes and furs
you know how much these jewels is worth?
I'm playin' hardball, you usin' a nerf
haul the Porsche to the Golf course
my Daddy's a mob boss
my Daddy fell off course
but I'm still well off in the loft
ill fella, Ladies faint during intercourse
control a bitch' mind like I invented whores
Mack without a Goldie hat or a Six-Four
I got cash and plan to get more
of that cream chicks strip for, lick dick for
hopin' they can get rich for
up in the Benz door openin' up the Six door
I had you more open than that when I entered your
pores
had your Tits stiff plus made you strip to your drawers
I don't stop 'till I get it get it and get it some more.

Chorus (Changing Faces)

Loving you is easy 'cause you're beautiful
you brighten up my day and I never wanna see you go
away
(Repeat)

Verse 2:

Milion'
for the streets we burn Phillies on
to the same streets we turned Willie on
catch me spillin' Dom
I was a Don before Beneton
I been on since they wrote the Kuran
Three-Sixty waves with the spin on
Quarter-bills with the brim on
try to slaughter Mils
I have no choice but to draw the steel

I'm hard, somethin' that every broad 'll feel
like a climax, this rod 'll get all the way to your back
I'll have your Wifey fightin' you back
light on the gat
send my Son to pick her up, she jumps right in the Ac'
she chose me, you know B., why even ask?
now have a nice day, 'cause it might be your last
stay cool like ice in a glass
I made these rules, you might could use a class
tune in to the Mack
let me introduce you to the facts on shoes and hats
jewels and stacks
the rules are flat
I was through with that before you knew what to do with
that.

Chorus 2x

(Bridge)

Half-a-Mill ya'll
Half-a-Mill ya'll
Half-a-Half-a-Half-a-Half-a-Half-a-Mill ya'll
Half-a-Mill ya'll
Half-a-Mill ya'll
Half-a-Half-a-Half-a-Half-a-Half-a-Mill ya'll

Verse 3:

Niggas always love me
I get my dick soaked in bubbly
so lovely I got your chick tellin' you "Nigga, don't touch
me"
she don't smoke but she roll dutchies
she was a nice girl now she exposed the hole in her
butt-cheeks
ride the pole 'till the nut leaks
I taught her how to swallow my soul and spit up
somethin' sweet
and you wonder why she got your jeep
I turned her out in these streets
now she's ballin' with freaks
went from Menage's to Tri-Quadre's, ill ho
still feel Mill though
trips on for real yo
I'm the reason why she threw away her dildo
flew Ki's over Frisco
it glow, baguettes glisten like the crystal in a disco
you a rich ho, on my dick though
bought a nigga that Six-O
Ten AV's
cockin' ya Fifth when your bitch page me
breakin' your Cellular

she said "Nigga I'm tellin' ya
I'd die for the Hell of ya, roll lye in the L for ya
tell lies in Philadelphia
use my Chocha to get bail for ya".

Chorus 4X

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