

Prodigy Blacck

"Trials Of Love"

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[Prodigy]

Yo..

Come here darlin, have a seat, we need to speak
Look straight in my eyes, tell me what you see?
Is it that same nigga that you fell for from the door
Ain't I that same nigga we was both on the train goin
hard
And then your shit surfaced
Takin the phone in the bathroom, whisperin wit your
girlfriends
Try to play me on some jerk shit
Numbers underneath the sole of your lady Timb's
... oohh shit!!

[B.K.]

Kid, I kept it tight for you
Turned nigga's down, didn't go out all them nights for
you
And I ain't even that type'a bitch
I heard about Jones Beach and Luke's Freak Fest
Nevertheless I still put my faith in you
You was my dog, so I stayed faithful
But I'll be god damned if I be some nigga dumb bitch
It's fucked up it gotta go down like this...

(Chorus:)

[P] Yo, have you ever had a bitch that'll pop guns for
you?
[B] Type of nigga you'll do anything he ask to?
[P] Snake bitch turn around and backstab you?
[B] Crab nigga found out he fucked around too?
[P] Threw her cash, threw in the smash, that's boo
[P] Rockin your 4 wheel drive and tattoo
[B] Talk sweet thinkin that he rockin you to sleep?
[B] Who me? Fall for that bullshit, you got it twist

[Prodigy]

You was once my bunny, now you want to act funny
I'm that same nigga from the first day who dress
bummy
Same grimy style nigga, I'm still hungry

I never lost my thirst for takin that money
I never lost my lust for chicks lovely
You met me on those terms, so that's how I'm runnin
I still walk up in the crib 5 in the mornin
... and still count my cash before I crash
What you thought, you had a dunny? I ain't the one
honey
You skim 20's out of my stacks of Benny's
You done found yourself a street life love, to death do
us
Remember that shit, now everything's ass-backwards
We was more like Mickie and Mallory
You fouled out on me; found another man math in your
belly bag, damn!
I wish you luck though, you sneaky bum hoe
Catch you on the corner while I pass in my truck though

[B.K.]

Yeah aight
First of all Fuck You, and everything you own nigga
You got a lotta nerve, nigga
I should throw a brick through your shit, fuck your
whips
It ain't about that, it's about you givin out my dick
Or so it seems, I can only call it how I see it
Got hoes callin the crib, hangin up not speakin
Come on, what type of shit is that?
What, I'm sposed to sit back, stay up all night for you to
get back?
Like the world revolves around P
So while you strolled in at 5 I was comin in at 3 3:30
Niggas wanna play dirty
Fuck it, that's how you wanna rock let's get dirty
Yeah, condom wrappers in the back of the Azure
Talkin bout you let your mans get off, your G ain't
strong
I'm gone, you ain't worth the tears
You lost the best thing you ever had in your life, a
waste of my years

(Chorus)

[BREAKDOWN]

I might give out, but I'll neeeeeeeeeever give iiinn..
We might as well, be friends, yes we have...

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