

**Stew****"U Had Me"**

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[Verse One: Drag-On]

I'm just a Bronx gangsta  
You was wit me when I was gang bangin'  
Crack slangin', snuck the back way in  
Ya helped me back ???? at the days in  
My ?? got you backin mine, back on my grind  
I can't get you out the back of my mind  
And ya man stuntin, until he catch the back of the nine  
It's lite love, now come give daddy a hug  
Ya caught me cheatin, sorry ma daddys a thug  
I got my own g form ma, I fly when I want  
Startin to front, must me that time of the month  
I ain't perfect ma, but it's worth the ride  
You love it when I'm on top, I make ya hurt inside  
Light rain, I used to pick you up in that white thang  
Straight pimpin, wasnt used to that wife thang  
But I ain't gonna hit you wit I shoulda dis this I shoulda  
did that  
Time is past, I can't be runnin backwards

[Hook- Aja Smith]

Boy you had me, but don't be mad at me  
Blue caddy, look daddy so happy look at me  
Boy you had me, but don't be mad at me  
I know ya see me, out in the streets  
Don't speak  
Boy you had me, but don't be mad at me  
Blue caddy, look daddy so happy look at me  
Boy you had me, but don't be mad at me  
Don't be mad at me

[Verse Two: Eve]

Yeah it was crazy, how I used to be a baby  
Went from your shorty to your lady  
Making plans for a long life, huh  
Reminiscing on them long nights, ha  
Giggle when I think back, yo  
You remember how we used to act, uh  
The best of friends had each other's back  
If you was riding so was I where the fuck they at  
We started growing, shit started changing

But we was with it for a minute, we just being patient,  
ha  
You wanted space so I let you go  
But we still fucked around and let nobody know  
We tried to get it back it just wasn't working  
The more I stuck by the more it kept hurting  
Had to face it, we just different now  
You living you, I'm living me, that's how the shit go  
down  
Damn, my love I miss you now

[Hook- Aja Smith]

Boy you had me, but don't be mad at me  
Blue caddy, look daddy so happy look at me  
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[Aja Smith]

You got me so wrong, this ain't no love song  
You had my heart on a leash but, you picked the streets  
over me  
That's how you makin money, stayin in the streets wit  
ya boys now  
But when yo ass got locked up, who was holdin you  
down

[Verse Three: Drag-On]

I raised you around thugs, you be aight  
I tought you how to fight, and how to snug reefer on the  
flight  
It's all good, I ain't in hollywood  
I'm in the hood ??  
And I don't use 2 ways, just come see me  
Still gonna be the same old gangsta  
Wit my same old gangstas  
Countin that same old paper  
My jersey is lakers, yellow and purple  
I still smoke up green, yellow and purple  
I probly do my dirt, but never will hurt you  
I seen you work hard, ?? to the commercialls  
Uh, now if I don't catch ya tonight  
I'll catch ya when the time is right, aight  
Trust me

[Hook- Aja Smith]

Boy you had me, but don't be mad at me

Blue caddy, look daddy so happy look at me  
Boy you had me, but don't be mad at me  
I know ya see me, out in the streets  
Don't speak  
Boy you had me, but don't be mad at me  
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