

# Trina "U & Me"

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You and me  
We can make it last  
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You and me

It was me and you Trina who shared the hard times  
Still in love wit niggas who were servicing some hard  
times  
Or involved wit niggas who lost their lives  
When Hollywood passed I nearly lost my mind  
I then rolled wit the traffickers, worked in the Maximus  
D.A in back of us, I'm stretched out nervous  
Asking myself, bitch was this really worth it?  
What's my purpose, shit, I gotta keep searching  
It was me and you Trina who asked the same questions  
We decided when and which hoe's we could fuck with  
Shop wit club wit get into some thug shit  
Turn 'em on to niggas who was deep into that drug shit  
Get money fuck a little let a nigga touch a little  
Had to make moves our home was so fucking little  
Feel that I know you do, guess what I wrote it too  
Please recognize this is a hip hop quotable

And even through the stormiest time  
We survived through the loneliest nights  
I dreamed of you and me  
Just thinkin' about the struggling times  
When we survived on a nickel and dime  
It was just you and me  
And even if I had all the bread in the world  
I'd give it all up for one shot at  
You and me, I'm that same bitch that never was

You and me were best friends but I'm the one you talk  
about  
I showed love to everybody before I walked up out  
The party, the club, the function

I leave you bring up discussions of who I'm fucking  
You and me were best friends we talked about  
abortions  
As little girls hair braided on the same porches  
We promised each other we would share the same  
losses  
Your baby daddy passed we share the same losses  
It was you and me hoe getting C notes  
Bell hoppers to the death while Irish chicks deep throat  
Yeah it's beef in the air and why she know  
If anybody do she know how we flow  
Miami bitches you know how we blow  
At any event you know how we go  
Nice entourage lock mints wonder bras  
As I sit in the club I miss what it was

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You and Me

You know it's really funny how the tables turn  
I moved forward and thank God for the lessons  
learned  
I used the strip clubs as a stepping stone  
Hit the stage got paid it wasn't my second home  
Ask somebody Trina been the shit on the streets  
Wrote raps late nights I'm the shit on the beat  
Cross blue baby jeans just to shit on the creep  
Keep tall body guys just to sit underneath  
Sit back pop bottle ya'll sit on ya'll feet  
Screaming my name tryna get in V.I.P.  
I don't own the club boo  
I'm just showing love true  
But every time I see ya face I think of me and you  
It's disappointing that you fell off well not fell off  
I just can't accept you not being well off  
It wouldn't be me if I didn't tell all  
I even tried to call you but ya cell off

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And even if I had all the bread in the world  
I'd give it all up for one shot at  
You and Me, I'm that same bitch

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