

Tydis "My Lady"

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[Feat. Chingy]

Yeah I stay on the road.
Stay calculating (Ohh, money)
Whoever thought for my flows.
We doing hella shows (Get it)
But everywhere I go.
It's the same old hoes.
Throwing they panties at me.
Or pulling off my clothes.

Soon as I get off stage.
It's to the after party.
Me and my dirty, you still wow always after shorties.
And ones that they went to the stage.
While I stay in the after parties.
Me and my dirty, in the club, always after shorties and
(Whoo!)

Shawty these words are coming from my heart.
And I mean it, to say this from the start.
I miss you more and more when we're apart.
Oh girl you're looking to the (stop, st-st-stop?)
I'll put you in first class.
Gucci or Louis bags, go hop a few tags.
6's or new jacks, whatever you ask for.
Only if you were my lady.

(Oh!) I would flirt around town when it was necessary.
I had about a few thousand numbers in my Blackberry.
From Mary, Keke and Ashley all down to Thick Sherry.
And ma I'm addicted to this life, that has your boy
married.

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Only if you were my lady.

(Hey, hey, hey, hey!)

I tour around the world, searching for that one.
And to every woman that was in my life, hope ya' had
fun.
And if I hurt you baby, I was just protecting my feelings.
But ya'll led me to hurt so now ya' boy chilling.

Now that I get off stage.
It aint the after party (Naw)
See man I'm grown, no more wrong going home to
shawty.
And I like her in every way.
She can be nice and naughty.
She can be in the club, now baby lets go and party like.

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