

## **X Mia**

# **"Much Love(I'm Bout It Soundtrack)"**

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Yo, this for all the thugs out there  
Hustlin, strugglin  
Even with them 9 to 5  
I gotta let you know that  
Somebody loves you baby  
I know I love mine  
I think back to shit that happened

Now when we first met, my people really wasn't  
Down for seeing me with a nigga who was thuggin  
They told me you was trouble and wouldn't amount to  
shit  
They said you'd hold me back  
And give me plenty kids  
They didn't even want to try and get to know you better  
my dad was like hell no  
And moms was like whatever  
But never in my life have I felt this way  
And I know that this is right no matter what they say  
Even though you on the grime  
Tryin to turn a dime into a dollar  
You never to busy to holler  
Askin bout my day my needs my feelings  
Man enough to tell me what we got is realin  
Toughing up my game, preparing me for these streets  
Cause every brother don't treat every sister like a  
queen  
You visualize my dreams and speak from your heart  
Much love to my thug  
boo I hope we never part  
Lets make it last forever

### Chorus

Through thick and thin and up and down  
You have shown me love  
So I'm gone be right by your side  
Got much love for my thug

I remember when we got our very first little place  
Not much furniture, but still we had each other  
It was dead smack in the middle of the hood

But it was all good  
Cause we be livin large once we could  
But for now we was barely seeing pennies  
I was waitin tables  
And you was on the corner wild with them 20's  
The land of plenty seemed so far away  
But your bus rides and flights  
Put it closer in eyesight  
Long nights of cookin, cuttin and baggin  
Kept your nerves bad and your eyes red and saggin  
Staggerin in the door drunk  
Pushin my accusations about them hoes  
Time to flaunt  
I was sure you was messing around  
We start to fight  
Even though I was wrong  
You loved it when I stood my ground strong  
That's why you kept me on your arm on your way up  
My thug had me tight in his corner I got much love

#### Chorus

Now, here we are plush cribs and cars  
You hold the title of the newest ghetto star  
You gotta watch you back  
Cause them niggaz out to jack  
And you gotta guard my tracks  
Cause them niggaz kidnap  
You even made me pack a baby nine in my purse  
Took me to the shootin range  
How to aim and where to hurt  
Make they families feel the worse  
Cause loosin me your biggest fears  
You said you wasn't even trying to shed those tears  
So now I here that your having your flings  
I just laugh cause them broads will never wear my rings  
Have my things and  
Most of all have your heart  
We got the strongest ghetto love that will never part  
So, when you fell I stood by your side  
Took a stand in line  
Never let them break me  
Though they tried  
Cause through it all I'll be by you thug  
Real for you thug  
Even kill for you thug  
Much love

#### Chorus

