

## Ying Yang Twins "Naggin' II (The Answer) Performed By Ms. Flawless & Tha Rhythum"

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What it is most us women we just good at what we do  
But what y'all need to remember is don't do what we do  
You do what we tell you to do, c'mon

Every now and then you get mad  
You treat me bad and it makes me sad  
Always in the street chasin' ass  
That's why a bitch be naggin'

Whomp, whomp, whomp, whomp, whomp  
When you get here I'll be gone  
I'll always know, I shoulda left your ass alone  
That's why a bitch be

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This is for them niggas  
Who be swearin' they ain't catchin' no  
feelings  
Girls don't get ya self caught up in the mess  
'Cuz half of them poppin' the rest of them flex

Y'all better pay attention  
Flaw gone put y'all up on a lil' pimpin'  
Listen, when they flip the script  
You charge it to the hip and you take it to they whip

Yea!, I'ma tell you what I can't stand  
Is when I end up with a half ass man  
Gotta be like momma hold his hand  
I treat you like shit, 'cuz that's all you  
understand

All you care about is hoes and and them clothes and  
them shows  
Commin' home three and four every night  
Ain't got nan nother time, talkin' to me  
outta line

When ya boys run you always wanna shine, yea

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Money, grip, keep ya jewels and ya chick on the side  
In ya club and ya dubs and ya chromed out ride  
In yo E off ya go shit  
If you wanna go jit, go get, go skit, muh-fuckin' go for it

You don't think I understand  
I ain't give up everything fo' you to be  
playin'  
Oh you think you slick when you tell me she only ya  
friend  
Damn right I'ma trip nigga where you been

Hold up, what you talkin' 'bout throwin' them blows  
I got dem B's and dem blows what you want  
'em all four  
'Cuz you use to them fake ass hoes  
Use to them broke ass lows, go down hoes

I'll be goin' in on ya ends with ten on ya  
dub  
So show ya girl love, I'm all in ya ear  
'Cuz you smoking on that herb and you 'bout to hit the  
curb  
And you getting on my nerves, shut up

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Look now you know it all about your loot and  
Don't be gettin' mad at me and  
actin' stupid  
I ain't the one to be on the phone, I'ma hit tha  
streets  
I ain't stayin' home alone nigga, I'm gone

Yea I'm wit another friend, he got dividens  
And he drive a big black Benz  
You ain't lookin' and stickin'  
and suckin' up on nothing  
We ain't all that huh stop frontin'

Now it's a damn shame you're z a mini-mi  
trick  
Ain't never hand no love for no bitch  
Niggas 'cuz they hoes to me  
I'm only wit you because I chose to be  
But now I'm on my way up out tha door  
Do I wanna think about it? Hell no

You shoulda thought about that before  
I gotta leave you alone  
And I'ma take everything in the home  
But the dog and the bone biotch

Every now and then you get mad  
You treat me bad and it makes me sad  
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Whomp, whomp, whomp, whomp, whomp  
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I'll always know, I shoulda left your ass alone  
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Whomp, whomp, whomp, whomp, whomp  
When you get here I'll be gone  
I'll always know, I shoulda left your ass alone  
That's why a bitch be, naggin'

Nag that biotch, come on, naggin'

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