

## Alexandra Stan

### "Love You So"

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You know I loved you right  
I never, I never knew girl, you see  
You know the pain right, you can feel my pain right?  
Uh, to the gateway, now check it out, yo

(Chorus)

Ooh, I loved you so  
But why I loved you, I'll never know  
Ooh, the pain you put me through  
You know you've killed, now I lust for you

(Cardan)

Now since I've came in the game, money and fame, I  
love it  
But whoever thought I'd wake up one mornin with no  
budget  
It's Cardi the golden kid with that older shit  
I live, learn, learn to live, the older I get  
And I remember Thursdays, hungry Thursdays  
'Bout sixteen, seventee, um, Murphy age  
But this rap game I love it, it's like I'm married to it  
I proposed on Clue?, she said I'd be happy to do it  
Gave her a kiss, mmmwwhha, she gave me fifty G's  
Silly Cardi I spent it, now Cardi on his knees  
Now I'm livin reality, a Biggie Smalls theme  
Askin for one more chance to show her what I really  
mean  
She said, you done seen a lotta things baby bro'  
Even best friends turned and take out videos  
I got with the 'tics, Ei, still no deal  
'Til Sugar said "chill baby, everything is Fo' Reel"  
C'mon

(Chorus)

(Ali - talking through chorus)

Yeah, loved y'all punk ass nigga, showed y'all love  
Never know that shit  
How the fuck you gon' drop a group, and the got the  
number one shit on the  
Radio?

Dumb ass nigga, look at us now, Fo' Reel nigga, Fo'  
Reel

(Kyjuan)

Nineteen-ninety-six! (hurry up, sign right here), let's  
sign these papers

So we can get these papers and give these hoes the  
vapors

Double-dumb entertainment dropped "Gimme What  
You Got"

Off top, 'tics hot, even sent you a shot (Double-dumb  
nine sevennnnnnnn!)

Didn't want Nelly on it, said his verse didn't fit

Some ol' seperatin shit, ten percent ass bitch

Whole town love us, no one is above us

Treated you, no talent, knowin niggas like brothas

No street team, no promotion

Just woof tickets, raw fuckin, no lotion

One year later you decide to drop an EP

At the same time drop us, that confuse me

So like a bastard child, we on our own

Put out and left alone, y'all wont answer the phone

It took a little time, but we got it ourself

Five million records later, now y'all askin for wealth

(One, two, three, four, five), nigga please

(Chorus)

(Murphy Lee - talking during chorus)

You know what I'm sayin, life is crazy, you know what  
I'm sayin

You got choices in life

But bro' when you make 'em, you gotta make 'em and  
make 'em right

And if you ain't makin 'em right it's just crazy

You ain't got nobody else to blame, nobody but  
yourself

You know what I'm sayin, mad truth to that

(Murphy Lee)

Let me pretend that I'm a lawyer and explain the  
situation

Facin three-to-one five across state, humiliation

St. Louis set it off, phone calls was long distance

(Ay yo, it's four birdies in Houston), c'mon, send some  
one to get 'em

Who would do it for a grand?

Eighteen, only thing on our mind was that killer money

From Missouri to the T-E-X, A-S

Two cats strapped it tight, right up under her chest

One-way trip on Southwest but she didn't make it that

far

Metal detectors went bizarre, one-way trip to the car  
Your honor, she got a baby that'll drive my granny  
crazy

A long distance lawyer that keep on tellin us "maybe"  
And we all raise her baby, takin curr (care) of her daily  
This law shit is crazy, never cease to amaze me  
It's different from the eighties, ninety-five to lately  
They givin out time like dogs givin out rabies

(Free City)

(Chorus)

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