

Pac Div

"Grown Kids Syndrome"

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[Verse 1: Like]

Listen, she say I'm gone a lot she cry I'm never home
she thinks I'm out cheatin
She swears I'm tryna to bone she's losin trust in my she
goin thru my phone she makin fake pages I had to
change my code she ride by my house she sniffin dirty
clothes she be like "Like I know you be out with them
thirsty hoes" I'm like you buggin out I ain't concerned
with those I'm tryna get this bread I'm sick of workin
lowers she say I work her nerves
I make you nervous oh Ok, that's cool I see you later
gotta work some more I'm on this paper chase it's
nothin personal but what you offer me is less than what
I'm searchin for she talk a lot of shit but it don't hurt no
more she gettin fat tryna blame it on the birth control
told her plain and simple this ain't gon' work no more I
got money on my mind you ain't worth my dough

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