

Alan Jackson F/ Alison Krauss**"My Woman"**

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(Coop MC)

All because of that bitch, another tale with some murder

About this nigga who came up, that you heard of
She got in the game, got him a name, and some clout
And put down a lick, by shootiing his boss in his mouth
He stole his money, hid the body when he covered it
Peepin for his part, so nobody would discover it
Went to his crib, found his safe with the knot
And counted it out, to place it in his stash spot
The shit was unbearable, he scored 100 G's
Plus the nigga's boss had about 20 ki's
Then he cooked them up and got some workers on his team

Since he had the dope, it put his face on the scene
Went into his stash, and bought a fresh ride
All within a week, he sowed up the South side
5 to 10 G's, every minute on the hour
Money stacked so high, quite resemblin a tower
Along with the ends, when it came, you should know
He thought she was sweet, but was a gold-diggin ho
Now who's down with that bitch?

Chorus:

My woman, digs for money, day and night
My woman, loves me, and she holds me tight
My woman, better come on, home tonight
Cuz if she don't, I'm gone beat that ass all night

(Coop MC)

50 G's, by the end of every day
Been working for a month, so the nigga had to pay
She started ?big-sensing?, cuz she thought he had it made
Trickin on that bitch kept his workers unpaid
She told him "Forget 'em", cuz his friends wouldn't matter
Today it was fat, but yesterday his grip was fatter
The game was sweet, the bitch played her cards right
The nigga was dumb, he let the money change his life
And what was a dollar, now today is a penny

Did she take a little, or did she take plenty?
She fucked him at 5, so by 8 he was 'sleep
And rob him at 9, so by 10 she could creep
And short on his dope, and the 100 G's too
But didn't blame the bitch because he thought she was
true
He called up his moms, and questioned her about the
money
She started to laugh, he said "This shit ain't funny!"
So he threatened her life, and said he'd kill her his self
But down came his door, it was the ATF
All because of that bitch

Chorus

(Coop MC)

Called up his girl, to come and get him out the bucket
She answered the phone, he heard a nigga saying
"Suck it"
He said it was me, "Baby come and get me quick!"
But couldn't reply, with her mouth full of dick
He said it again, "Would you come and pick me up?"
Replied "Yes", funny cuz her throat was full of nut
And one hour later, she went down to bail him out
Ain't havin no money, so she took him to his house
He got on the phone, and called this nigga who was
pumpin
And asked if he could, would the nigga front him
somethin
??? business, but they done it face-to-face
Met up at Weiss, and passed the black briefcase
Called up his girl, said tonight there he will sleep
Not even knowin that some niggas had him peeped
And went to her crib, so he could see what he was
fronted
4 niggas in a blue Seville, nigga-huntin
They creeped up slow, one nigga said he knew the
house
Went to the back, and saw the couple on the couch
His first day out, was the last of his life
The nigga was murdered, by the thieves of the night
All because of that bitch

Chorus

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