

Dixie Chicks F/ Stevie Nicks**"This is Us"**

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[LL Cool J] {*Thomas harmonizing in background*}
I'ma give all y'all somethin, word up
Word up - all my live cats out there gonna love me for
this one
Uh-huh.. they gon' be like,
"Yo you, you need to listen to that joint L made"
Heh-heh.. word up
That's the joint you gotta listen to, y'knahmean?
Check this out y'all

I got the key that fits the lock of a real dog's mind B
The answer to the question chicks ask most the time
see
Why my man cheat and give some bitch my heat?
Slap me one day then Sunday he's so sweet?
To me and mine, this nigga's hard to define
cause he beefin when he broke but he arrogant when
he shine
It fucks you up, you wonder if you wastin time
Mention marriage, he lit a Dutch and peeped out the
blinds
What different niggaz feels in they hearts is scary
I used to say shit like,
"C'mon baby, you should be honored to share me"
She used to throw the cakes up, plus the burger was
hairly
I used to have to think of shit to keep 'em comin, you
niggaz feel me?
Baby or no baby I wasn't loyal or nuttin
Just me and my niggaz on tour, frontin and hittin
somethin
Red lipstick prints all over my drawers
Oh you wanna be an actress huh? Well my movie's
hardcore
Like Dungeons & Dragons; gettin brains in a Benz
wagon
Step out, jeans saggin, crew laughin
Gettin blazed by the fiend for ten bones a piece
Nuttin but the dog in me needin to be released
This is us

Chorus: Carl Thomas

You know that I do, the best that I can
But you don't seem to love me no more, no more
I try to please you, and be your man
But you don't seem to love me no more, no more

[LL Cool J]

The flipside of the coin, what team you wanna join?
You in The Tunnel every Sunday exposin your
tenderloins
in every rap cat's face, with some ol' flirty shit to say
Need to go home, wash your kids up, and put your tits
away
Me and my clique in motion, champagne and Alize
Got your mind bubblin crazy, wanna flip Cool J
Spend your last on your hairdo, but you ain't save a
dime
to put your child through college baby, now have you?
Go get a job interview, your bad-ass kids a curfew
and skip that "Bills Bills" shit broads is goin through
I know this prostitute who said that life ain't cute
Child born with a destiny only God can dispute
Players giggle and laugh, flashin gats and cash
My dogs don't care about you Boo, they like your ass
Told me if I call and your man answer, ask for L
so he can say, "No L live here," our code is ill
Tell him you about to catch a flick with Sherell
Plottin and schemin in the shower, masturbatin on the
cell
The neighborhood hustler, that cat we all know
That nigga we grew up with, son from next do'
My dream was to flow and escape the hell below
but the demons in my life set fire to my dough
I thought about murder, I vowed my revenge
like the devil's pumpin hate through my heart with a
syringe
This is us

Chorus

[LL Cool J]

They say a man gon' be a man, but that's only half the
scenario
You nag a cat, you givin him a license to fuck a hoe
When a man come home late, he want his girl to say
hello
Not hear all that bullshit, bout, "Nigga where you go?"
Fried chicken ready, t-shirt and panties at the stove
Messages written down, blunt rolled ready to go
Give me a hug, not too long, give me space

When a cat got issues don't need you all up in his face
Rub your breasts, kick back, smile a little
If it's rainin outside, chill, listen to the drizzle
Now kiss my chest, call me Superman
Pull down my boxers by the Calvin Klein band
(?) wash it, enjoy the flavor, I return the favor
This behavior, should save ya
from me all night freakin, with a nineteen year-old
half naked Puerto Rican, creamy ass leakin
Every man will agree, when she nag it's killin me
I don't always wanna talk about how the world is shittin
on me
I sip some Alize and meditate the pain away
And get in my own zone where I wanna be alone for
solo
Reminisce with photos
And missed opportunities to make some dough flow,
you know?
Chill, relax baby, support me from the background
Believe in my dreams, instead, you and your girls sat
'round
complain about, who's tradin ass for cash
If there ain't no trust then just us can't last
This is us, I know you feelin that
Think about that shit, word up

Chorus

[Carl Thomas]
Your man, your man, your man
Everything we've been through yeah
All the places we've been yeah
Just don't know if I'll be the same again, ha
Ever since you walked all all over me, ha
And even if we bring this back together, ha
You know it won't be the same, no no no no
No no no no no, ha
Ohhh I, I, baby I, tried to be your man
Whoahoahhohhhh, ohhhhhh yeahhhhhh
Hooo hooo hooo
Can't you hear meeee? Can't you hear meeee?
Whoahhhh..

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