

Erika Walldorf

"Girl"

Visit "[Girl](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Yukmouth]

Welcome

Little boys and girls, listen

A man can get caught up in things (Right)

It's like a gridlock (Right)

He gots ta have it (ugh ugh), his girl got his mind (ugh ugh)

Took over his whole body, he needs her (Speak on it)

He can't live without her (Ugh!), dig this

Her name was Lady Heroin, I think he met her at a
Chevron

Late night stressin he caught his wife sexin with his
cousin Stefan

He told his wife to get to step on

before I start lettin loose on your skanless ass with the
weap-on

Then since he's learnt, involved in a three year
marriage

Arguin, fightin with his wife at night, arrested by sheriff
Embarrassed, handcuffed, go to jail in your drawers
and all of this because his wife tried to put the knife to
his balls

And oh naw, cock the seat uhh, she tried to straight
Lorraine Lee Bobbit me

I woke up out of a dream, she was on top of me

Screamin that's how it gotta be, holdin a dagger

I grabbed my gat, point it at her, she dropped the
dagger, I slapped her

Months after he got out of jail, seriously hooked on girl

Lips chapped, face pale, body skinny and frail

Tales of a married man whose life was stressed too
much

Had to resort to snortin drugs and such just to keep in
touch

with himself, his wife suin for half of the wealth (uhh)

And all that shootin in his veins was gettin bad for his
health

His cards was dealt, methamphetamines on the shelf
Smokin the creamery, the greatest thing the man ever
felt

Now he's high, pull over on the bridge ???
Ready to die, he took his last swig of Reynell
A livin hell, he climbed on the rail then he yelled
"God all my life I failed" as he slipped and fell, oh girl

[Chorus]

Why'd you have to do me that way?
I love you til this day
Even stinks to think you're the one we used to stay
Girl, why'd you have to leave for so long?
I'll never give you up
Never seemed to act touchable, that was the start

[Crooked I]

She was a gangsta ass bitch, the greatest of all time
She took my heart and my mind, turned me to a life of
crime
Now I'm, under pressure to impress her
I wake up, put on my bullet proof vestin
grab my Smith & Wesson off the dresser
then I, hop up in a chopped up rag Tre
When I, cross your path you're havin a bad day
Cos I, make the automatic mag spray
Gimme the cash, she taught me to get mine the fast
way
I creep on ballers while they blaze joints
I'm snatchin caine boulders and jackin Range Rovers at
gauge point
Under hypnosis, robbin the closest nigga
The diagnosis - psychosis, the cirrhosis is from doses
of liquor
that I'm sippin by the picture, tryin to ditch ya
but when ever she get dug, the bitch'll be witcha for
richer
or poorer, through sickness and health
Eyewitness, if I shake this mistress I can handle
business myself
But I love her so much I'm stuck in her clutches
I talk about her, can't walk without her, she's my
crutches
She showed a young nigga how to check grip
Connectin me with the correct licks to collect chips
And if I leave her, no question I'm destined to hurt
And she's the reason half of the homies are restin in
dirt
It's Crooked I next, I'll probably get dropped by some
metal (some metal)
Just for comin around my girl (who?), the ghetto (my
girl)

[Chorus]

[Knumskull]

I'm curbside, and my girl sellin graciously
Never no worries, and if Task kick, we skeet and scurry
I'm posted up makin my squillion
My mind set - I don't stop til I get a million
But I'm seein baby momma's and grandpas gettin
double
Legit, that ain't my problem cos I bubble
I always wonder why friends came back for mo' and
mo'
The high was fantastic, smelt like plastic but it's dope
Scope the area before I made moves, losin gains
was the up-and-downs in this so-called game but hey
Take the punches and blows, put aside, the crack
babies
Dope fiend mommas and nasty hoes, peep
I'm walkin around the spot with a bundle in my mouth
Yay leakin through the plastic in drastic amounts
I'm feelin wide eyed, probably lookin like a tweaker
Spit the bundle in my palm, and tried to keep calm
My dove shrunk down, to tens, I'm high off crack
and damn, it didn't really feel bad
Started thinkin, this use to be a rich man high
I gotta high drug tolerance so I'll give it a try
Went home and did my thang, snatched a two hundred
bundle for keeps
The shit was so good I was Pookie for two weeks
Luckily, I bounced back, but I stopped sellin cream
Now this is like one big dream, oh girl

Chorus to fade

Visit [Erika Walldorf](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.