

Free Beer No Cover

"Bags Packed"

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Yeah check it
This another one of those Ak shits
youknowwhatI'msayin?
This right here's about a girl
who wanna live in your house for free, without a J.O.B.
Check it

I got your bags packed, you gotta leave, SEE-YA
I got your bags packed, you gotta leave, SEE-YA
I got your bags packed, I got your bags packed
You gotta leave you gotta leave you gotta leave YO

I'll make your head bloody red if you don't get out
And if you scream and shout, I'll put the bandages on
your mouth
No livin for free on my couch
And yo I ain't operatin, no type of Covenant House
You get no help HERE, my name ain't wel-FARE
Uh uh dear, take that bullshit else-WHERE
Your ass gotta go if you don't got dough
Call me what you want, woman, because you're just
another hoe
I know you'd probably make a good mother miss
But I don't got no time to be bothered with no broke
bitch
Riffin at the mouth, get you kicked out, without no
whereabouts
The Loveboat shape up and ship out
and take everything you came with when you was
startin
This ain't a world tour, no more trips to this apartment
I want your ass to be ghost
And now, all of a sudden you wanna get close, huh

I got your bags packed, you gotta leave, SEE-YA
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I got your bags packed, I got your bags packed
You gotta leave you gotta leave you gotta leave check
it

Umm, get your clothes, use common sense

I don't sell pantyhose, I don't got time for non
+Nonsense+
Kindly pack up your shit
Remember you're not down with the olympics, so don't
try to flip!
I'll reach for the glock, aim for your snotbox
The neighbor hear the shots, the neighbor call the cops
But I won't do a date upstate
I just perform that old Mike Tyson play and cry out RAPE
Before you burst, gimme my keys, stop pleadin for
please
This ain't church, get off your fuckin knees
I'm not lookin for no blow job, you better get a real job
so we can have some dough Hobbes
I won't FRONT, I used to love it when we'd HUMP
You're not my STUNT, tomorrow's the first of the
MONTH
You don't have half the rent, I'm knockin cuttin nose flat
Girlfriend I got your bags packed

Huh, I got your bags packed
You gotta leave you gotta leave, I got your bags
packed, SEE-YA
I got your bags packed
You gotta leave you gotta leave, I got your bags
packed

I got your bags packed
You gotta leave you gotta leave, I got your bags
packed, SEE-YA
I got your bags packed
You gotta leave you gotta leave you gotta leave, check
it

Umm, wipe up them cryin tears
Cause like an automatic car, you don't got no gear
Get ready to put an end to that Cinderella book
Throw out them Jordache jeans, cause it wasn't seem
to givin you the LOOK, that you've been searchin for
And plus I heard you're not with, baggin up shit
at no grocery store -- it just makes your furious
As if you got shot in the butt cause now you're dead-
ass serious
Don't know what to do, nowhere to go
But no haps over here, cause this ain't, the Welcome
Back Kotter show
Forget all the nights you spent
cause ain't nothin goin on, but my rent, huh
SHIT, you better take a good look
at the road cause that's you're bout to hit
And it ain't no comin back

Girlfriend, I got your bags packed

Huh, I got your bags packed
You gotta leave you gotta leave, I got your bags
packed, SEE-YA
I got your bags packed
You gotta leave you gotta leave, I got your bags
packed, SEE-YA

I got your bags packed
You gotta leave you gotta leave, I got your bags
packed, SEE-YA
I got your bags packed
You gotta leave you gotta leave I gotta go, check it

Aiyyo baby I'm not "The one"
I said my man Serge he's not "The one"
And my man named Ant he's not "The one"
And my man Earl is sho' ain't not "The one"
Aiyyo aiyyo girlfriend we ain't not "The one"
My man Extra P, he's not "The one"
And you know how it goes.. "The one"
"The one" ..
fades

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