

Tha Liks "My Dear"

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My dear, my dear, my dear, my dear
You do not know me but I know you very well
So let me tell you 'bout the feelings I have for you
My dear, my dear, my dear, my dear
You do not know me but I know you very well
So let me tell you 'bout the feelings I have for you

It was a quarter past, one, the lights went low
Everybody know the liquid crew's about to flow
At a Alkaholiks show everybody go bananas
Niggaz slammin' in the pit, bitches poppin' off the
cameras

Any mic you hand us liquid niggaz make us killers
So we rock the motherfucker now we back stage Illin'
Still in my wet ass clothes strikin' a pose
Niggaz askin' who's nigga nigga, mind yo' rolls

I'm peepin' out the hoes turnin' up a forty ounce
All y'all women y'all can stay but all y'all niggaz gotta
bounce
I looked across the room and seen this girl about to
leave
Pretty face, big titties, weave hangin' to her sleeve

Please believe I rushed her, tash he on attack
Gave that bitch a oo-ooop, the bitch looked back
I let her hit my Cognac, she got buzzed and started
wobblin'
I asked her what she do, she said videos and modelin'

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You don't know me, I bone you send you home feelin'
lonely
You always say, "Defari how come you never hold me?
How come we don't go out so I can be your best
homie?"
'Cause I just wanna fuck you too god damn nosey

Play your position, no games, no pretendin'
Don't act like you on top when you not badder than
these women
Think you a queen, when you really my
[Incomprehensible]
Always listen to you talk, but me, never sharing

And if I'm sharing never vital information
'Cause you'd probably snitch you bitch in a vital
situation
Now you want my government to floss when you runnin'
with
Your home girls, stupid, it's a cold world

I'ma keep it pimpin' like Goldie and that nigga Slim
Alkaholiks, J-ro, Tash, E-swift be them
But you don't know me yet and still you wanna blow me
Bust a nut, uh-huh, okay, whassup? Shut up

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You don't know me, you don't know me, you don't own
me always on me
Tellin' me to drop my forty when I'm chillin' with my
brodie
While I got the mic I'd like to tell you that you ain't my
type
Because my dear you don't, have the common sense to
see the light

My tastes vary from rats to bitches niggaz wanna marry
You won't share me but you say my baby you will carry
You done went insane, callin' me by my name, like
Whassup J? Girl you oughta be shamed

Call me J-ro, or Daddy, you badly mistaken
If you thought you had me, twisted like a bad knee
Type of cat that won't call you back, make you bring me
Cognac
And a whole zone of that, hop yo' ass out my lap

Fuck out, you gotta go, quit runnin' yo' mouth
You good for nothin' but layin' yo' ass all on my couch
It's cold outside but you still gotta be out
Get out my doorway girl, you lettin' all my heat out and
that's real

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