

Hula Hawaiian Quartett

"The Things Your Man Won't Do"

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1 - It's 1999 and it's scandalous
Only in God do I trust
Stay ready to bust the closest one to you
These are the things you think your man won't do

Everybody told me to peep game because this
Sorry motha-fucka done got me into some shit
He got me bent
But I shoulda known since the first time that I saw the
both of you
Sittin' in the living room
Lookin' like Jennifer 2 was on the menu
But your destiny baby, and reality was headed for
doom
What happened to the animalistic passion and
thuggish
Way we used to bone even when we wasn't alone (like
dat)
In every category, I listed you a pro
But now I know, but you don't know that I know you're a
ho
This is a nigga I took trips and hustled wit
My roll dawg, we was on some soulmate shit
The type of shit that make a man want just me
I let you feel my soul when I opened up and let you in
me
But you on some other shit, ain't that right boo?
I'm seconds away from makin' you feel my 4-4 slug,
ooohh

Heyyyyy
Come on!
Come on!

Repeat 1

Now it might be ironic
But somebody been playin' on the phone
And every day it happened, at night you leave home
Where you been?
Who da hell you gotta meet in the middle of the night?

What you mean "what I'm talkin' 'bout?" I got hind-sight
My homie called me and told me he got the tightest
sticky
So I got a few elbows, so I could flip it
We shot the shit
And then we attempted to put some shit on my mind
About you that made me trip
You, around me, sneakin', playin' freaky deeky
And the busta you was with ain't actin' like they cool wit
me
Went to school wit me
Now you can't look me in my eyes
A little boy tryin' to be a man, hidin' behind lies
You, the masta, ain't got me ???
Got a free ride in my trunk, punk
Why do you do the things you do?
That ain't the half if it, because this busta is a man just
like you

Heyyyyy
Come on!
Come on!

Repeat 1

I shouldn't be surprised 'cause it be the hardest bustas
The drive-by, shoot 'em up, bang bang bustas
Chocolate boss, slidin' in and out the butt bustas
Don't stutter, I say one word right now
I shoulda listened to my homies
That told me about you hauntin, maybe
This explains the fuckin' shit stains
Not only in the back, but in the front of your Range
OH GOD, you must be testin' me, to see
If I'm gon' be the old me or the new G
Saw you at the resturaunt exchangin' fuck faces
So stay your ass and twisted right over these lyricists
I can start all over just like the book of Genesis
And DON'T touch me, 'cause I don't know where your
ass been
It ain't my fault you let your homeboy run up in it
I can't imagine you fuckin' wit KY Jelly
Best believe you gon' pay for what you did to me

Heyyyyy
Come on!
Come on!

Repeat 1 to fade

