

Lil' Head

"You My Dog Right"

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(*talking*)

You know, the thing that bothers me the most
Is how these niggaz mayn, always running around
They saying you my dog, I got you holla at me baby fa
sho
It's real you know, but when you ask the nigga for a
favor
And you hit his cell phone, or you call the nigga home
He capping the call, keep it real baby

[Hook]

You my dog right, if a nigga needed you
To loan me a thousand, would you really come through
Say you my dog right, if I caught a murder case
Would you lie and tell the laws, that I was chilling at
your place
You my dog right, if I just got out
And you was on your feet, would you shoot me a knot
Say you my dog right, and I'm believing what you say
And when I ask you for a favor, you bet not even play

[Lil' Head]

This is some'ing, that I can't look over
When a person's doing bad, these niggaz tend to turn
cold shoulders
Where my dogs, when I need 'em mostly
I should of payed attention, plus peeped the game
closely
But I didn't now I'm hurting dog, and it's for certain dog
That I'm pissed, and really wanna try and hurt 'em all
What will that solve mayn, not a damn thang
That's why I hope and pray to God, that I will see some
change
Ain't this a damn shame, how niggaz flip the script
Oh he don't know a nigga now, cause he flip a whip
You was the same cat, that use to chill in my crib
When we got hungry, my father use to grill us some
ribs
Since we were kids, my mother use to bake us a cake
You use to ask for one dollar, I'd distribute you eight
And now you tears to act fake, and live this Hollywood

life

I guarantee that in the end, you will have to pay the price

[Hook]

[Lil' Head]

When I had a lil' work, I use to front a lot of cats
And told 'em holla at me baby, when you flip that
hundred pack
Not knowing these funny cats, had no intentions
On paying Lil' Head back, some of my expenses
Now that I'm broke peep this here, the same niggaz I
fronted
Around here capping, with them big face hundreds
But that's ok, even though I'm struggling dog
I'ma find a way, and when I get back on my note
It'll be brighter days, but I take my time with it
And play my friends close, plus I keep the nine fitted
While niggaz pushing for six, I be chasing nine digits
You done had your chance to shine, now it's my time to
get it

[Hook]

[Lil' Head]

I was told that it's all love, but where's the love when I
need it
Half of these niggaz I meet, are disgusted and greedy
Half of these niggaz on feet, wouldn't even give to the
needy
Half of these niggaz are weak, and expecting a freebie
That's why I grind dog, it's for my own good
Ain't it fucked up how niggaz hate you, out your own
hood
Nobody gave a fuck about me, it was only a few
Troy, Reed and my brother Water and my nigga J-Mue
And my nigga J.C., just to sum it all up
Took a nigga out the struggle, helped me build my
funds up
Protected by some guerillas, that'll raise they guns up
Respected by street niggaz, sorta like a dumb brah
Ain't this the life mayn, I ain't wanting for shit
And them bitches that use to cap me, now they wanting
the dick
And the niggaz that use to shine, now they ain't buy
shit
Even though I'm shining now, I ain't gon flip the script

[Hook]

