

## Too \$hort "Domestic Violence"

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It be her friends nigga that's who  
It be your bitch friends nigga they be  
Nigga they be all up in your mix nigga  
I don't even, ay nigga she don't love you nigga  
She just used to you nigga, oh boy

I can't tell but I need to know just how you feel  
I can't hold it inside I've got my pride so tell me what's  
the deal  
(What's the deal?)  
Is it love, or just could it be, that you're used to me?  
(She used to you nigga!)  
It's been some time but you're still on my mind, so baby  
talk to me

You took her she went from the ghetto streets  
To executive streets electronic beeps, two-way pagers,  
Palm 7's, M-11's  
Illegal weapons, mesmerized by the dope game  
Smith & Wesson's, never went back for seconds

Sprung  
Not on yo' dick dick but on yo' tongue tongue  
Jealous overprotective  
E'ry chance you get, you slack bruh

Domestic violence, she got you whylin'  
Do yo' thang, I don't understand how you get mad  
'Cause you fuck around to beat her ass  
And she don't wanna be around you

Now you miss her lil' funky ass breath in the mornin'  
Call her up, tell her how you want it  
To be in love you gotta pay yo' dues  
The bitch got you singin' the blues, nigga

I can't tell but I need to know just how you feel  
I can't hold it inside I've got my pride so tell me what's  
the deal  
Is it love, or just could it be, that you're used to me?  
It's been some time but you're still on my mind, so baby  
talk to me

Domestic violence, that's what they call it  
You don't smoke weed and you ain't a alcoholic  
Ain't nothin' wrong, with bein' in love  
But you act like a fool when you see her in the club

It's like me and my money, can't stay away  
Together, twenty-fo' hours a day  
Real love but can you tell if it's real?  
Bitch you better tell me how you feel

L U V, luv, backwards that spells evil  
Connivin', triflin' ass people  
Uhh, kinda soda  
Wife beater tank top, restrainin' order

All up in her kitchen  
But have you noticed how she fuck different  
It ain't the crevice that you wanna shank  
It's me, fat bank take little bank, beoitch

I can't tell but I need to know just how you feel  
I can't hold it inside I've got my pride so tell me what's  
the deal  
Is it love, or just could it be, that you're used to me?  
It's been some time but you're still on my mind, so baby  
talk to me

I was in the jungle, Marin City  
Get some butt she set me up and never let me fuck  
It's about approximately 20 minutes past the hour  
I'm in the Eddie Bauer

It's so comfortable, we can't fuck around no mo'  
You makin' deals, you need to clown that ho  
But you forgive her, can't live with her  
Can't live without her but you doubt her

Love, sometimes spells catastrophe  
Elizabeth, Marcia, Daphne  
He wanted mo' sex  
The bitch stole his Rolex

You know why? The bitch shouldn'ta been trusted  
Do you wanna love her? Do you wanna fuck the bitch?  
Makes no difference, handle yo' business  
If it ain't love, then what the fuck is this?

I can't tell but I need to know just how you feel  
I can't hold it inside I've got my pride so tell me what's  
the deal

Is it love, or just could it be, that you're used to me?  
It's been some time but you're still on my mind, so baby  
talk to me

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