

Naz & Dev

"I Love Her to Death"

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You know, it's somethin you girls don't understand
about the fast life
You might be a figga's last wife

And one thing about money
it's a heart breaker
and a widow maker
So you wanna run around with your little drugs and
thugs
and keep buggin, baby

[VERSE 1]

She love to be infatuated with the gangland-
Street-dwellin felon, judges use to play hangmen
On the low she was a TLC creeper
Got her phone disconnected and somehow got a
beeper
Then she tried to run that 'only I got the number'
'Sun, you don't believe me?' Call me Stevie cause I
Wonder
Who was beepin honey everytime we was alone
Couldn't say it was her mother cause Nine-Ex deaded
they phone
Let me guess, it was her girlfriend Sheila
The one who makes her living just by trickin different
drug dealers
Don't work, with three kids by different brothers
Gettin welfare subsidized rent, live with her mother
In the projects she runs with the usual suspects
Wild figgas who bust Tecs over by Prospect
That's where the dope is at, always where the cash is at
Suckers gettin money showin chickens where they
stash is at
Only to impress em and persuade em
Not really date em but lay them and then play them
I got vexed, but the sex made me wanna
While I was sleepin she was creepin in a 4-runner

[CHORUS]

I love her to death
But I can't kill myself

She bad for my health
I need somethin else
I love her to death
And I ain't even tryin to kill her
But she be wantin drug dealers
And 4-wheelers
I love her to death
But I can't kill myself
She bad for my health
I need somethin else
I love her to death
And I ain't even tryin to kill her
But she be wantin drug dealers

[VERSE 2]

Before I knew it, son, her name was bein dropped
Some crab who had a heron shop slash barber shop
Paid that no mind, but I heard it through the grapevine
And never woulda thought she would let somebody
take mine
Coulda have been overreactin for no reason
Why should I have to stress the bitch to keep that ass
from skeezin
Dollar signs had her wantin to be hooked
She got real sheisty and changed her whole look
I told her if I caught her with whoever then I'm flippin
On both her men, huh, she asked me why I'm trippin
Maybe cause she was dippin spreadin out on the low
Couldn't tell her who to hang with or where she could
go
Before we used to sex daily, then twice a week
Overhearin in the street, "Yo, his girl became a freak"
True, her and Sheila, they be ridin willies' cars
Goin clubbin late night, sniffin in after hour bars
She denied it, son, I felt like swingin
It don't mean she bangin cause she out there hangin
But then again it could, so I'll be sure
Don't you hate it when you feel somebody's bonin
yours?

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

We started arguin for every little thing
One day we had an argument and honey tried to swing
I caught her hand quickly, so she couldn't hit me
Then she started sayin how she breakin up with me
I ain't need the stress, so I let her keep steppin
Honey started transportin for loot, carryin weapons
After we broke up I would always see her dip
Makin out of town trips, niggas sayin that I slip

Her drug dealer man flashin grands perpetratin
He know my occupation and don't want no conversation
I always tried to school her, but she was hard-headed
I knew she would regret it, her mother even said it
Her man showboatin, had a shoot-out with somebody
They came back on a hush and bust em with the shotie
Pushed his whole wig back, I seen it and was buggin
Layin dead right beside him was that chicken I was
lovin

[CHORUS (2X)]

Now we send this piece out to all the young sisters out
there
Best thing you can do, baby, is to stay in school
get yourself a nice job and settle down
cause the streets ain't no place for a woman
Peace

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