

Verse 1:

Uh, yo  
Her shoes straight was hooker  
Don't play, I cook it, what's shakin' sugar  
I'm gettin' cake, fetti, cheddy, makin' mucke  
She said she hate a pusher, I said I hate a booger  
A snotty attitude, she laughed, I purple haze and kushed her  
My charm captured her, she havin' man trouble  
I'm havin' woman problems, it all began in Harlem  
Wife with the Lou' Vuitton said I'm livin' wrong and I did her wrong  
Forget the song, I swear I love her to death but we can't get along  
Her problem big as hell, her dad died man, beat her friend crossed up ma  
Breast cancer got laid off and plus her son got sickle cell  
Damn mami, hit the L, Misses Bell got shit to tell  
Sound horrific, gain a doctor, but your I wish him well  
Under this damn pressure  
She looked at me, I looked at her and then Cam measured  
Started to Sanchez her

Hook:

Tell you some dudes might fight some  
Gunplay, day time and the night come  
But I'm from Harlem, want a problem yeah you're dealin' wit' the right one  
The right one, a female, I like one, a straight girl  
A dike one, either way, come on girl, it's just us (it's just us)  
It's just us (it's just us)  
I'm so tough, out the cuffs  
Diamonds crushed, we so plush  
It's just us (it's just us)  
It's just us (it's just us)  
It's just us (it's just us)  
It's just us (it's just us)  
It's just us

Verse 2:

Tell you the boy's amazing, I show some poise and patience  
Lack of communication, well that right there destroys a nation  
I'm God's child right, my dudes employed by Satan  
And once the grape get dry, hope y'all enjoy the raisin  
Tanya never checked the check, Kim gettin' high, no self-respect  
What you expect, MTV, naaa, crack got Direct Effect  
Plus all the side-effects, they coming fully-loaded  
And then divide ya death, fuck protect, better hide yo' neck  
So I play homebase, and I keep a chrome case  
And a lawyer just incase I catch a case, it's a very long race  
Moving at the wrong pace, hope you got strong brakes  
My crew ain't nuttin' but candles, yep we sittin' on cake  
And all these birds we pitchin', well they're absurd and sickenin'  
But I seen Brando 143rd and Lenox, dirty kitchens  
Back of the Burban hun, you heard me hun, she 31  
Gave her a Sanchez, yes a dirty one

Hook