

# This Is Us

LL Cool J

I'ma give all y'all somethin, word up  
Word up - all my live cats out there gonna love me for this one  
Uh-huh.. they gon' be like,  
"Yo you, you need to listen to that joint I made"  
Heh-heh.. word up  
That's the joint you gotta listen to, y'knahmean?  
Check this out y'all

I got the key that fits the lock of a real dog's mind B  
The answer to the question chicks ask most the time see  
Why my man cheat and give some bitch my heat?  
Slap me one day then Sunday he's so sweet?  
To me and mine, this niggaz's hard to define  
cause he beefin when he broke but he arrogant when he shine  
It fucks you up, you wonder if you wastin time  
Mention marriage, he lit a Dutch and peeped out the blinds  
What different niggaz feels in they hearts is scary  
I used to say shit like,  
"C'mon baby, you should be honored to share me"  
She used to throw the cakes up, plus the burger was hairy  
I used to have to think of shit to keep 'em comin, you niggaz feel me?  
Baby or no baby I wasn't loyal or nuttin  
Just me and my niggaz on tour, frontin and hittin somethin  
Red lipstick prints all over my drawers  
Oh you wanna be an actress huh? Well my movie's hardcore  
Like Dungeons & Dragons; gettin brains in a Benz wagon  
Step out, jeans saggin, crew laughin  
Gettin blazed by the fiend for ten bones a piece  
Nuttin but the dog in me needin to be released  
This is us

You know that I do, the best that I can  
But you don't seem to love me no more, no more  
I try to please you, and be your man  
But you don't seem to love me no more, no more

The flipside of the coin, what team you wanna join?  
You in The Tunnel every Sunday exposin your tenderloins  
in every rap cat's face, with some ol' flirty shit to say  
Need to go home, wash your kids up, and put your tits away  
Me and my clique in motion, champagne and Alize  
Got your mind bubblin crazy, wanna flip Cool J  
Spend your last on your hairdo, but you ain't save a dime  
to put your child through college baby, now have you?  
Go get a job interview, your bad-ass kids a curfew  
and skip that "Bills Bills" shit broads is goin through  
I know this prostitute who said that life ain't cute  
Child born with a destiny only God can dispute  
Players giggle and laugh, flashin gats and cash  
My dogs don't care about you Boo, they like your ass  
Told me if I call and your man answer, ask for L  
so he can say, "No L live here," our code is ill  
Tell him you about to catch a flick with Sherell  
Plottin and schemin in the shower, masturbatin on the cell  
The neighborhood hustler, that cat we all know  
That nigga we grew up with, son from next do'  
My dream was to flow and escape the hell below

but the demons in my life set fire to my dough  
I thought about murder, I vowed my revenge  
like the devil's pumpin hate through my heart with a syringe  
This is us

They say a man gon' be a man, but that's only half the scenario  
You nag a cat, you givin him a license to fuck a hoe  
When a man come home late, he want his girl to say hello  
Not hear all that bullshit, bout, "Nigga where you go?"  
Fried chicken ready, t-shirt and panties at the stove  
Messages written down, blunt rolled ready to go  
Give me a hug, not too long, give me space  
When a cat got issues don't need you all up in his face  
Rub your breasts, kick back, smile a little  
If it's rainin outside, chill, listen to the drizzle  
Now kiss my chest, call me Superman  
Pull down my boxers by the Calvin Klein band  
(?) wash it, enjoy the flavor, I return the favor  
This behavior, should save ya  
from me all night freakin, with a nineteen year-old  
half naked Puerto Rican, creamy ass leakin  
Every man will agree, when she nag it's killin me  
I don't always wanna talk about how the world is shittin on me  
I sip some Alize and meditate the pain away  
And get in my own zone where I wanna be alone for solo  
Reminisce with photos  
And missed opportunities to make some dough flow, you know?  
Chill, relax baby, support me from the background  
Believe in my dreams, instead, you and your girls sat 'round  
complain about, who's tradin ass for cash  
If there ain't no trust then just us can't last  
This is us, I know you feelin that  
Think about that shit, word up

Your man, your man, your man  
Everything we've been through yeah  
All the places we've been yeah  
Just don't know if I'll be the same again, ha  
Ever since you walked all all over me, ha  
And even if we bring this back together, ha  
You know it won't be the same, no no no no  
No no no no no, ha  
Ohhh I, I, baby I, tried to be your man  
Whoahoahhohhhh, ohhhhhh yeahhhhhh  
Hooo hooo hooo  
Can't you hear meeee? Can't you hear meeee?  
Whoahhhh..