

## My Love

Brotha Lynch Hung

I know, you remember Holiday Inn  
Had to hit it from the back drinkin OE and gin  
I used to eat pussy up, I can't lie,  
that's really real, really real, really real  
See I met you through the homies  
That homie was like cuz, wont you jump up in the cutlass  
Come and get you some butt  
Came through swervin off OE like I always do  
Same two straps in the trunk cuz where you at aint coo  
I was like boo hold up its midnight and I got the eyes tight  
Knew it was on just as long as I rub the thighs right  
Next thing you know, we disrespecting the couch  
Feel the pressure in my nutts  
Its about to come out  
You was like inside, whoride, I don't give a fuck  
We can fuck untill I throw up all the way to sunrise then cut  
And thats what happened  
It was crackin like an omlet  
Got you hittin that bomb shit  
And you don't even enhale the chronic  
Stupid ass biatch

I used to love da hoe, I can't lie  
Bitch had me stuck  
25 years later the fuck so many haters?  
Bitch you need to grow up  
You already know what side I throw up (Westside bitch!)  
Given our game back to weak niggas to help them niggas blow up  
But shiesty bitch you know what  
You gon get back, you gon feel it nigga  
I heard the FBI tried to shut you down said you done been the nigga  
Said you (?) violent thoughts  
And youre a thug wannabe, followin  
Doing more than lickin the pussy  
They smellin a tastin, bitin, swallowin leavin the pussyhole hollow  
Heard the pussy picked up a forth the Henessey bottle  
Now everybody thinkin nigga fuck, leavin them whiteboys in Colorado  
But fuck it, let a hoe be a hoe is my motto  
Cant let it rest  
Gotta get it off my chest just to express my sorrow  
I guess your pimp had you impressin? stories  
Actin the sweet, said fuck ya man,  
got a plan to get yo ass of the streets  
Gave you the fame without the fortune  
Get you under the sheets  
Bitch if you always on your back, then you can't get on your feet  
I used to love this rap game!

I bet you didn't know that she used to be my main hoe  
Back in the days  
When I was runnin up in houses with socks on my hands tryin to get paid  
It was like Courvoisier and Alize  
Most couldn't fade, cuz we buck till we both gain 5 6 times a day  
How could I walk away from something that seems it's meant to be  
You neva trip with me  
When I took charge it was just the pimp in me  
You was either quick to flex with it

When niggas and they bitches got fat  
But look at us now, you aint around huh  
And never in my mind did I think you turned bitch on me  
Skip one day and the next  
Plottin licks on me  
See yous a phony, I aint fuckin wit you no more  
Like Ice Cube said  
You da ex-bitch, you gotz ta go  
You know the motto, so fuck a hoe  
And puttin the bitch before the hustle thats a no  
Because they have you comin up short  
Spendin my last dimes, wastin all my time in my life  
There's only group of one love and thats the grind biatch!