

Won't Let You Go

Chris Webby

Yeah.
I love you hip-hop,
I really do.
Yeah.

What's love?
I don't know yet,
When I think back at every single
Blonde or brunette.
A-a-and it's not that I don't like sex
But I fuck one girl
Then it's on to the next.

The way hip-hop
Is something more.
Can't tell if it's lust
Or it's love for sure.
But uh,
We've been seeing each other now for a minute.
She made me the man that I am
Now I live it.

A-a-and it's more than just music.
She taught me to have no fear
And just do it.
When I was locked up,
She helped me get through it.
She gave me a dream
And I swore to pursue it.

She whip me in the whip
And then I get home.
And she's laying beside me
Reppin' the headphones.
Fuck a girlfriend,
Hip-hop's my only.
With her and a stereo,
I'll never be lonely.
Yeah.

She's acting like I lost a step
When
I haven't even started yet.
And these other broads are recked,
She's playing hard to get.
I'm sending compliments.

Then,
She's still far from yes.
And got me coming back like a pharmacist.
My only hope is
This isn't all for sex.
And if it is,
I have to press pause for rest.

And these other hoes can't get it done,
That's 'cause,

I like to fuck beats when I fuck,
So what?
If this chick is my savior,
Even though she does that switch
And rotate her.

B-b-but you've got to have patience.
She's so much more than an acquaintance.
And if you're looking for the same life style
Don't trust her.
'Cause she can't trade right now.

It was 9-9-95, age ten.
I basically spent my time alone,
Only had like eight friends.
Felt like no one understood me
Way back when.
But then I met you,
And I was like amen.

We been together since
I was in a playpen.
But you started acting different
And I saw you change then.
You best switch it up,
Bitch, what's up?
I love you,
But you fuckin' this shit up.

I'm pissed enough,
That me and you went everywhere.
Slept with my Walkman,
Not a teddy bear.
We were always together,
Now you're never there.
I know what they say,
Life,
It ain't ever there.

Hard not to shed a tear,
'Cause you're a piece of art.
8-8-808 drum,
That's the beat of my heart.
I miss you,
But believe me I'm smart.
So no worries,
The main stream ain't deep enough
To keep us apart.