

Ma, I Don't Love Her

Clipse

I wanna love you girl
Just wanna love you girl
Please let me love you girl
Just wanna love you girl
c'mon, I wanna love you girl
Just wanna love you girl
Let me love you girl
Let me

When we met I was talkin' that game
Parkin' that thang
Since then between us
A lot of things changed
Now it's like the world got a whole different name
I can't stop chics from sayin' my name
Most of it's lies
If not, don't be surprised
You knew I was ballin' when I met you
But really, I started layin' low just to net you
I'm raw as hell, yet can't deny that you special
These girls can't either
Winter, his and her Vivas
Summer, his and her Louie sneakers
You don't think that bother people
Guess again you even need to check your friends
Sayin' that I cheat, right, maybe with my heat
Got a pearl handled chrome thing that I call Sweets
I greet wit' her, creep wit' her, even eat wit' her
Late nights under my sheets, yeah, I sleep with her but that's it

Ma, I don't love her
Don't listen to her words
She tryin' to split us as lovebirds
But that's not it
Now you see me buyin' her whips and shit
You see me sendin' her on trips and shit
If the answers no don't forget
I don't know

If I don't know I don't know, let's not go that road
I don't know who she is, don't care who told
Look stop flippin', no need to explode
I seen the number in the pager, I don't know that code
In the streets too much, c'mon, that's absurd
Gettin' no complaints when I be flippin' them birds
Your girls just talk 'bout this that and the third
Believe half what you see none of what you heard
You askin' me who's her, I'm askin' who's mink fur
With that rock on her hand makin' their eyes blurred
Could that be you plus who cop every gem
Who spend like I spend, then act like it then
Got the dream home and we settled in it
Our lives too perfect that's why they meddle in it
Now, just chalk it up as just part of the game
You know who I'm about, who got part of my name?

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You thinkin' of me babe
I bet you'd tell me anything
Just to be with me
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I'm not most men my heart truer than theirs
Of course your girls hate, our whips newer than theirs
We hardly fight, arguments way fewer than theirs
Even down to the ice, look, bluer than theirs
What they gonna tell us about us, huh?
What they talk 'bout without us, huh?
The envy got 'em speakin' loosely
Tell 'em walk in your shoes but first let 'em know they Gucci

And even if I did twist her
I promise I didn't kiss her
Won't shit touchy feely
Grudge on the floor like mister did the silly
No respect shown
My homies laugh while she talk dirty on the speaker phone
Now don't you start
I spared your heart
If you ain't see it I didn't do it
Ain't I played my part?
Bricks chics whips chips, that just go with the grind
What else do you want from me, to say it, fine
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