

Don't Like My Music

E-dubbe

Uh, she don't like my beats
Never kick a freestyle when we in the sheets
Cause she thinks hip-hop is dead
But she gets a pass because the ass and the tip-top head
Baby girl follows trends like it makes sense
Reading Us Magazine and caring 'bout celebrities and fake shit
I try to shake it out of her on occasion
But even on vacation she's talking to fake friends
Tweeting 'bout Paris Hilton is a BFF
Little lady, that is S-A-D
And I don't ask what she got on the SAT's
Cause I am guessing it was B-A-D
And that's how I speak when I don't want her to comprehend
While I'm talking to some grown-up folk
And yeah, it's kinda sad how it is, but I learned to cope
With my girl not knowing I'm dope, shit

[Hook:]

My baby girl don't like my music, but I don't mind. (Hey!)
Never at my show, never bought a record, but that's just fine (Ho!)
And I don't need no criticism from someone who just don't listen (Hey!)
And she's got me thinking about the ladies who like my lines

Yeah, pissed off every time we peel off
In the '96 Honda Accord, baby I'm in the car
What the hell you putting on that Lady Gaga for?
I'm a connoisseur and listening to that is a chore
Put the Kid Cudi version on or stop the car
I can walk from here baby, it's not to far
I got my iPhone and my ear buds
So if you want to conversate, text me, cause I need ear plugs
You think it's immature the way that I handle it
But I think that your taste in pop music is scandalous
Downright amateur, common denominator
Skipped the ROOTS to play Britney and now I'm a hater?
That's some whack-ass shit, baby doll
And this time, I think we finally hit the last straw
Packed my things up and now I'm headed back home
Fucked, I can't believe I'm wasting time on this song

[Hook]

Yeah, three weeks have passed, and I miss the ass
But I'm writing more than ever, got the gift of gab back
Ten tracks in the bag, I've got mad raps
I wanna see some checks from the people at ASCAP
Meanwhile, I'm looking for a replacement
Someone with a little culture, I ain't being complacent
No wool over eyes, life's full of surprises
At our last show, I finally saw a chick with some style
Even looks good with no Maybelline
Woke up next to me, thought it happened in a dream
Shorty seemed like she might be perfect
Losing my old lady might have just been worth it
Over brunch, share a pleasant conversation
'til I realized the lady didn't like my occupation
Didn't even show up for the music

She was only there to help a dumb friend get stupid, shit!

[Hook x2]