

Leaving You

Hurricane Chris

Ay ay ay ay hurricane ay ay ay ay I can't be wit you no more lil mama.

And that's why I'm leaving you
Sick of everything that you put me through
And I don't wanna be with you
I'm sorry I can't be with you.

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(ay this how it is)

Lil mama I got love for yo ass, but you be trippin tho. I'm sick and tierd o
f how you trip
when I speak to folks at the store. I told you my lil dog got hurt, we had b
eef, you told me
nigga please, you probaly just with some freaks. Now see this just be what I
'm talkin bout, I
need me a gutta chick, who gon keep it gutta with, Hurricane Chris-
agist. Hurricane it don't
really matta hold me down, and that ain't wat you doin so you need to move a
round. I need
somebody that's gon cook for me, fix my plate and rub my back. But all you d
o is fuss and
fight, like you just don't know how to act. I'm sick and tired of hollerin,
and fussin and
fightin, ain't wit it, don't like it, don't do it, not likely. Lil mama I'm
a pieces, you could
neva be my wifey, you act like you don't like me unless I'm driving somethin
g pricey.
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(ay) Okay so know it's getting crucial. I feel like your comments useless. N
othing to it, but
to do it, get your bags and get to it. Get outta my bed, get outta my room,
get outta my house,
get outta my life. And you can't come back and holla when you get your mind r
ight, 'cause as far
as I'm concerned you ain't got nothing I like. Need to keep on kickin and wa
lkin the other way.
Please stay outta my face, I ain't got nothing to say, but Ay Bay Bay I say
that in every
phrase. This supposed to be a sad song, but I said Ay Bay Bay. And I can't s
tand the way you
act when people hang up in your face, what that got to do with me, that's yo
ur phone anyway.
Why in the hell would I give them your number to catch myself up in my game,

I am not lame, I
got game, H-U double R - I to the Cane. So get your things hope on the bus y
ou came, I think
it's by time you swang. And do your thing evrything gon be okay, everything g
on be okay.

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Now baby how you gon play games with a beast like me. No matta what them oth
a dudes think they
might be. I gots to be G till the day that I die. That's why you gotta leave
I'm tired of
tellin you bye. Get the hell up outta my sight, lil mama you think I'm lien,
here some money
for a cab hope you have a nice ride. Ratchet city we go live cut a chick loo
se with no ties.
Now I'm on another mission with my money on my mind, constanly thinking of a
nother way that I
can go shine. And when I leave, I'm leaving with the doors suicide. And you
betta be out my
house when I get back, I ain't lien.

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