

# Sleeping With The Enemy

Jacki-O

Uh Girls Y'all gotta feel me on this one  
Y'all know how it be you Just been with your man  
For so long and you think you got him figured out  
And things aight thats how I was  
I thought I had him all figured out  
But he just kept surprising me everytime I looked around  
It was just (trouble) some more trouble (trouble times)  
Damn

It's hard on the yard I'm all alone in this struggle  
I can't trust these hoes your bestfriends be your foes  
No one to talk to better watch what you say  
Fast as you tell them shit them hoes be on the freeway  
Face it, you got a dream? your ass better chase it  
Nigga giving you problems have that nigga replacements  
Excuses to fight you everytime your lights do  
And as soon as you in another nigga chest they stress  
Fuck them I ain't the nice type or the wife type  
I ain't nann one of them boojie chicks I'm a rude bitch  
Fuck your family and your phoney ass mammy  
All up in my shit trying to watch what you hand me  
I had this shit way before I even met your ass  
I keep house and a car and some cash  
For when I'm ready to leave your ass I can't trust you  
That's why I keep some shit you can't take  
And that's a hustle

All this time you been with me  
I was just living in misery  
I prayed and prayed for a change  
But only rain came my way  
All this time you been with me  
I was just sleeping with the enemy  
All this time you been with me  
I was just sleeping with the enemy

I mean you hurted me so bad I wanted to do you  
I mean you hurted a bitch so bad I wanted to use voodoo  
To bury your name but that ain't my game  
I was willing to do anythang to ease that pain  
We been through to much made to many bucks  
Touch to many blocks had to many niggaz shot  
For the shit to just drop  
It's the latest talk in the nail shop  
Everybody knows I can just hear the hoes  
Chicks I use to ride with can't even confide with  
That shit bothers me I wanna bleed them hoes artries  
I don't feel safe no more  
You don't leave the keys to the safe no more  
You ain't trust your boosters the time I busted you  
You won't let me load your clip or hide your bricks  
You don't trust me with the accounts and books and shit  
But you trust me your life cause everynight I cook  
Fuck Nigga

Act three let me see if I can sum it up  
Every credit card you had I tried to run it up

And everytime we fucked nigga I hated it  
And everytime I said I bust a nut well I faked it  
Every key you left unguarded yeah I scared it  
And you don't know cut even blow know blow from blow up  
When your spot fell off I stayed up in the malls  
With fraud making sure we eat  
And making sure shit sweet started flipping your riches  
Got to big for your britches  
Stayed up in them titty bars with them sick bitches  
And your homeboys crackers got them singing like birds  
Told them boys where you serve  
And where you stashed your word  
Same niggaz you be rolling with that be skinning  
And grinning when you ain't home  
They be begging to get up in my denim  
It ain't my fault I got legs with bows in them  
A petite shit with a sweet clit  
And C cups to make you nut  
Cause you ain't never had a bitch like me  
Like O that can spit like me  
That can ass in a six like me  
Hold it down through your B.I.D  
Honestly you had the best of me but you a enemy

I just gotta be strong on this one  
(you are the enemy)  
I don't think I'm going back this time  
(you are the enemy, you are the enemy)  
Just to much shit been said to much real shit been said  
(you are the enemy, you are the enemy)  
It's true I ain't gotta deal with this