Make Me Cry

Oh daddy You know you make me cry You make me cry, too How can you love me I can't understand why I just wanna know why

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You think I wanna see you cryin'? You think I want you when you need not one more doll Then gettin' scared everytime you hear them sirens Hear niggaz open fire and Think your baby dead, front of a hydrant But it's gon' to be a time when Ain't gon' be no more wineing No more dining, no more diamonds No reclining, no more expensive violins And I'mma probably be the one that's cryin' According to my mother, if you wanna know if a girl love you All you gotta do is make her suffer Stop spending, stop givin' her the minks and linen You will see if this girl gon' be with you to the ending Cuz floatin' in the drop, it be all good And when you come in on the block, it be all good Givin' her money to shop, it be all good But when you get broke dead pop, is it all good, huh?

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You know you startin' to act just like these bitches Every fuckin' night with these bitches Whatchu doin' fighting with these bitches They like me for my riches, you like me for me That's the reason I gave you keys to my V See you be whipping my Benz But you still wanna listen to your friends And them gon' be the same bitches with me in the end You look at your neck, what you see plenty of ice? Then you think these hoes don't envy your life? They wanna lay in Brazil, spend a day in the hills It ain't hard to shop all day and pay the bills Fuck the way you feel And keep it all real I wrote your name on my will And yo', that's real You think a nigga cheatin' cause I don't be all in your ass You think them your friends

Mase

I cut you off, all them'll laugh See my shit right there, put it all in the bag You ain't gotta say shit to me again, just call me a cab I'm Out

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Now good thing I ain't a nigga who get way open And fall for a chick that live way in Oakland You pay for a trip, she lay up on an ocean Then you find out this girl playin' with your emotions I had this one chick turned out a dumb chick Cause all she ever did for me was some dumb shit But I could peep how mommy used to be foul And everytime I hang up the phone she would redial But it takes more for Mase to flip I'm the first one to want out this relationship Save that Jeep receipt, just in case you shit You wanna fuck with my friends, take your pick, uh You wanna do your thing, do your thing then But don't be feignin' when you see me minglin' Running up saying you love me and don't know the meanin' When I walk away I could hear the girl screamin'

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