I gave you everything
(I said I gave you everything)
Somehow it just wasn't enough
(It just wasn't enough)
Why don't you trust me
(Why don't you trust me)
Light the sour up and give me a buzz

Hey baby, somehow you seem addicted to my style in jail I always was the first to trial Always was a versatile, talented, handsome individual Comin' up, so look at me, it's pitiful Pity me, never that, nigga keep ya head for a later day Just bow ya head and say a prayer Speak to Jesus please till he answer, I never been a dancer Fucked chicks, Geminis, Cancers, got the answer Got the recipe, they tryna take the little what was left of me Folded my destiny, hysterectomy Baby love, you's a seamstress, daddy coming home Really baby, I mean this Seen shit, nuttin' ain't phase me, nuttin' ain't graze me You fuckers supposed to pay me Gimme my paper, niggaz is overdue with residuals Baby my work is visual Here we go

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You see it, the way I came and took over the game It was rare, you ain't see 'em like me in years Keep me in the clear from the bullshit, full clip Keep 'em on the curb, you might've seen him in the burbs Beverly boutiques, mami she got cute feet (Oww) At night I pop her coochy I don't waste time, I'm so cold with the bitches Give 'em the dick in many different positions Wishin', one day I'll be a changed man, fuck it though That'll fuck up my gameplan, main man Fuck with a nigga hard, tellin' me "Bigga do it right" I'll make it the night of your life Take ya out at nights in the beamer, cleaner Get it detailed, 90 thou was the retail Peach Street, mean tail, if only Bigga beat bail, eeh, well Scarlett, roll up a mean L, please

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We good, this shit here is a classic Almost gone, the devil workin' his magic, tragic Tryna leave me in the wrong direct, me with no protection Leavin' me infested, restless Breakfast, them bitches cook for me every morning I dick 'em and don't call 'em, ballin' Spend a lil' paper, hit the mall and daddy, he clean I'm never screamin' all-in I'm a call him and let him know where to meet me Bigga he cruel, you's a bottle of Fiji Up north, your nickname was Cici, that was real gay Quarantine dropped, had a field day Had a chill day, there was a cook-out OFO, Gain Greene comin' baby, you better look out, look out Give me 30 years, throw the book out, picture that shit Bigga goin' out like a bitch, naw

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