Leave Her Alone

Nate Dogg

One to the other, other two to the three On the mic is N-A-T-E D-O-double-G Still chasin paper, still runnin them streets I never trust a hoe because I know what they be One to the two to the three to the fo' Baby when you need let me come in the back do' She's still a bad bitch but I don't love her though Once I hit it once I'd rather leave her alone

Uhh! Aiyyo I'm worldwide respected You know the G4 flies international, niggaz flyin domestic I been around the world, seent many faces But better yet I got head from difference races And I don't trust 'em as far as I can throw 'em I murder with no motive, I hit 'em and don't know 'em I just, sneak, and send 'em right back home That's Bleek, not your hubby ma, I'm not like home But dig it, the truth hurt, they be addicted to the didick I dig in it, they one shot and live with it But mami vacate premises The head straight chiller man invite all my niggaz in Nate and Free, I might make you my lil' drug hoe if you can take a D mami, and run with it cause I had my fun with it It's S-P, D-G-L and Nate we done with it

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Yeah, me and Nate Dogg just skate off with two chicks and they both freaks eager to bone, yeah I'm tryin to scrape one and split, she tryin to get to my home She got a thing for rap stars and athletes She tryin to chill with the clique, wantin to hop on the phone All in her men's truck, callin her friends up But Free don't go for that, or go for chicks that hang at clubs, ball games and track meets Free don't like no groupie-ass bitches So if you got your eyes on my digits better keep goin Keep mo'n, and if you tryin to with Freeway Keep paper, and when you give met, keep goin We smokin, backwoods keep rollin That's why a nigga higher than the skyscraper One to the two and three to the four If you fuck with the raw I'll tie your neighbors up

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Yeah, you rockin with with the R-O-C What you coppin ma it's all on C You can call on me when you havin hard times I hustle at all times, you welcome to all mine That's only wifey though, the rest of y'all triflin hoes don't get a dime, get your mind right your mic and go One to the two to the three to the four Mami it's one to the two to the three in my Porsche And me, we tryin to see if you can take on us all at once and stay P ma, you breakin us off for free I holla back ma, it's Free, Weezy, easy Young gunna, Nate Dogg a wild on track My niggaz is skeetin, we hittin we leavin Y'all, love 'em and hug we forget 'em and flee 'em (that's right) We don't need 'em if they ain't breakin with the team Cause they ain't nothin fuck 'em relationship a misdemeanor

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