

Grown Kids Syndrome

Pac Div

Listen, she say I'm gone a lot she cry I'm never home she thinks I'm out cheatin

She swears I'm tryna to bone she's losin trust in me she goin thru my phone she makin fake pages I had to change my code she ride by my house she sniffin dirty clothes she be like "Like I know you be out with them thirsty hoes" I'm like you buggin out I ain't concerned with those I'm tryna get this bread I'm sick of workin lowers she say I work her nerves

I make you nervous oh Ok, that's cool I see you later gotta work some more I'm on this paper chase it's nothin personal but what you offer me is less than what I'm searchin for she talk a lot of shit but it don't hurt no more she gettin fat tryna blame it on the birth control told her plain and simple this ain't gon' work no more I got money on my mind you ain't worth my dough

Money Money make the world go 'round

20, 40, 60, 80

Money, Money make the girls go wild

200, 300, 400, 5

Girl I wanna kick it but I'm tryna get paid, so I'm focused on one thing, my paper, paper.

It's kinda funny how you said ain't no good niggas left for the good sistas what's really good with ya at the start you was prayin for a goodie good but now you want a hood nigga, someone with good figures he prolly could get you sprung of the soul clubs and the clothes guzzlin the mo' you say you lookin for a dedicated love you'll never date a scrub a church goin man who's a educated thug it's like your brains all mixed up ya take all issued up but then you claim that you independent no man providin ya cash when we at the movies why we slide to the back when it's time to pay what kinda games you tryna play aim for the finer things fame and designer frames chains and the diamond rings names I be tryna chase can't stop apply the brakes maybe what I'm tryna say is...

Baby baby baby I work...

To get you out ya mommas house (and...)

To get your lazy ass off that couch

To get you to close your mouth and to stop you from yellin at me (fo' real) just the other day you threw melons at me but when my check came you was hella happy (why?) you see what I go thru and after all this I owe you? girl I'm still wearing old shoes hold up did you just order tofu? that's the highest thing on the menu let me guess want me to pay for your friend too (nope) this is cuttin like a ginsu knife to my soul oh you losin control

rol just a year ago you fell in love with the flow now you just
like the rap game in love with the dough