

Girl

Paul Wall

Ohhh girl, I'd be in trouble if you left me now
Cause I don't know where to look for love, I just don't know how
Ohhhhhhhh girl, I'd be in trouble if you left me now
Cause I don't know where to look for love, I just don't know how
Ohhhh..
It started off, we were two peas in the pod
Motivated by love with the blessings of God
We were head over heels in this love thang
Funny ain't it thinkin back, our friends thought it was just a fling
I used to call you on the phone, late night tip
Mackin to you in your ear, conversation well equipped
I used to make you laugh, I used to make you smile
But all the while your roommates were in denial
We felt a lot of jealousy from the very start
Your so-called friends kept tryin to tear us apart
They used to tell you all kinda lies
Just like a wolf in sheep's clothing, the devil came in disguise
They transformed all your smiles into tears
to sabotage your happiness and blamed it on my busy career
I gave you e'rythang, aimin to please
But I guess it wasn't enough, cause now you ready to leave
But don't go baby

What it do baby, don't leave me hangin baby
I know you feelin this, I'm just sayin though
I know you hearin me, so don't do it baby
You know I keep it real, just let me tell you somethin

Lil' momma been down with me for a while
When you tryin to smile I'm the one you like to dial
But lately I've been on a mission for commission
So while you at home wishin you was with me I've been missin
But listen I'm tryin to lace you up with diamonds that glisten
I got a vision so baby you need to kill all the fiction
Don't listen to what your friends sayin, they just jealous
cause they on the sidelines watchin while you in the game playin
I'm just sayin you should be stayin, but I ain't trippin
I'm in love with my money baby that's how I'm livin
You know I got you on my mind like an edge up
And all of your naggin me and whinin it got me fed up
I'm on the grind hustlin, stackin my cash
But you just thank I'm in the streets chasin after some ass
Tryin to break that bread, I'm tryin to get that cake
But you complainin talkin 'bout you fin' to escape, baby what it do

I'm tryin to tell you 'bout your friends hatin
While they be over there complainin I'm just on my grind paper chasin
You got them insecure thoughts in your mind
But instead of chasin hoes I be overtime on my grind
You steady listenin to the gossip in the beauty shop
But all them jealous single females want what you got
They would do anythang to take yo' place
Cause everytime I come around they be givin me that sex face
You ridin shotgun in the James Bond Benz
With the frog-eyed lens on them 20 inch do rims
So why you worried about your jealous so-called friends
I'm just on my grind tryin to stack me up some ends baby

I used to make you laugh, I used to make you smile
And all the while your jealous friends been in denial
I ain't askin much, lil' mamma just keep it real
Either you're down with me or not, baby what's the deal