

Can't Break Me

Shawwna

Hey There
Hey
How Are You
Muah Everything Cool
I Don't Know, I'm Trying To See If You Gon Like It
I'm Gon Love It
Hey Hey Hey Hey Hey...
Yo Yo Yo Yo Yo Yo Yo

My Daddy Told Me This Industry Ain't What You Think It Is And Everyday You Will Be Gone You Will Think Of Your Kids
No Matter What They Throw At You, Get Your Biscuit And Grits, Get Your Kibbles And Bits
Ain't No Riddles I Spit See The Devil Is A Shady One He Lay Up In Yo Crib And Just When You Find Happiness He Run Away With It
Then You Back To The Drawing Board And Don't Know What To Do And Feelin Like You All Alone And Don't Know Who Is Who. But Its Just Like You, Its Just Like Me, Its Simply It's 1 And 2 Its Just Like 3
Don't Try To Cuff It, Let It Flow And Let It Breathe, And If You Love It Let It Go And Let It Leave, And If Its So It Come Back Runnin Then You Embrace
Don't Be Like Any Other Woman And Turn Your Face, Just Shake It Off Like It Ain't Nothin And Hold Your Weight Cuz Pain Make Your Heart Toughen, It Cant Break You.

They Say
Cuz You Got A Kid, You Done Did It Big
What, You Tryna Live?
(They Say)
Think You Doin Wrong
They Don't Understand
Just Where You're Comin From
(They Say)
(Somethin Here)
Only People Go
They Intentions Show
But They Wont Break Me

Its Like I'm All Alone In This Shit And Ain't Nobody Trying To Lend A Hand To A Bitch. My Baby Askin Why His Daddy Don't Love Him Yet I Swear To God Its Like A Bullet Goin Through My Chest. Im Trying To Make It By Myself But Scared Of Breaking Down, I Slit My Wrist And Tell God To Come And Take Me Now
See It's A Battle Wit My Body And I'm Losin Bad
I Got A Boy, Darkchild, And Don't Know Who The Dad
That Shit Is Sad
But We Pushin On Thru The Struggle
Why Bitches Be Up In The Streets If They Don't Fuckin Hustle
Thats For Them Knuckleheads
Boi I Put That On My Uncle
I'm From The Side Of Tracks Where Niggas In The Black'll Truck You
Act Like A Bitch And Put It Down For The Gang Sign
(Somethin) Witht Hese Niggas At The Same Time
A Thin Line Between The Hood And The Hood Fad
Don't Let The Game Take Me Out
I'm Takin Out The Game Thats On Them Thangs

Its Like I Go Too Hard For The People
And Every Time I Hit The Booth I'm Just Promotin Evil

And I Don't Wanna Send The Wrong Message To Tha Kids
But What About My Niggas Lock Up And Doin Bids
And All My Niggas On The Block Duckin From The Feds
Just Keep Ya Head Tied Nigga Do It How Ya Live
And All My Baby Mommas Hell Naw I Cant Forget
Don't Let No Mothafucka Tell You How To Rasie Them Kids
I'm On The Borderline Of Fucked Up And Asses Out
This Remy Got Me Spinnin Think I'm Fin'a Pass Out
Father Forgive Me Cuz I'm Caught Up In This (Fair Crout?)
But I Don't Know No Betta
See All I Know Is Chedda
Raised Isn't He Go-Getta
They Say The Situations Drastic A Cold (Retta?)
They Say Some Nigga Just Got Blasted Was No Sweata
Its Unbelievable Them Last Days Is Gon' Catch Up
Be Tryna Make It Thru The Gates But He Wont Let Ya