

U Can't Tell

Tela

Ooh, ooh, ooh
Yeah, so where ya nigga at
I'm with you baby
Oh cat daddy, ooh

You need to watch your gal like you watch your mail
She slick as gel, steady head shots and you can't tell

You need to watch your gal like you watch your mail
She slick as gel, steady head shots and you can't tell
Oh well, I guess you just a nigga with low self-confidence
Cause she be tearin' up yo shit, and other shit, it got bumps in it
And when you met her she was foul inside the cerebellum
She was boostin' sets and runnin' checks, burnin' up the tellers
Now you jealous, that's yo fault cause you talked to her way better
Do your own brain-washin' you got stained, you gon' let her
Do you laundry, count your money, nigga you mentally weak
For some hoes, buyin' clothes to pump yo masculinity
Now peep, don't be cryin' in my Jeep, don't be climbin' on my seats
Don't be lyin' you ain't dyin' to see that freak
Cause I know you like I know a puzzle
Her little nieces got the pieces to distort ya hustle
You like a Russell, without the Simmons
Hard, full of lemons, spurred by the women
Just a part of yo livin'
And I'm feelin' that chu' really ain't got no pull on it
I'll put the hood on it cause you ain't puttin' enough of wood on it
Don't it hurt cho' feelings when they get older
See I can't fault her, when you bought her
And yo mama takin' care of ya daughter

Roll up and fold up and take a trip off to Long Beach
Hold up, we grown ups still got that freak in yo arms reach
I preach so you can see but I don't need to
You don't comprehend or take this in, you got my face blue
Makin' me hate you, I can't erase you or deflate you
From ya thought of thinkin' small sinkin'
That up with the click and linkin', speakin' of a Lincoln
She keeps your's on the weekend, she keeps your motor leakin'
Trust the board to floor she creepin'
And the challenges too much, got chu' down and got chu' crushed
Don't be houndin' like a bus, stop surroundin' her with trust
See you cuss, you want things but what chu' want and what they seem
But they are what they are, she isn't no star
Far from clean so I swing into some blows of that scandalous ho
She ducks and dove through the stoves, pickin' up old shit in commodes
I suppose you gotta handle on it, don't it
Hey...pause a moment
If you seen some dick off in her, dog would you get sick to yo stomach

I confess, got me stressed, give me one to my chest
Fuck with chu' I need them guns and smoke some like I'm Elliott Ness
I choke and hope for the best, you don't wanna change this mess
You don't wanna claim yo chest, go on and hang her dress
You out, just like halo, she builds yo ass like Lego's
It's in yo blood, makin' love to the club to pay hoes
Occasional she spotted at the French and Corners

Breakin' back some borders, ya nautical acts on rats
Fuck em' heads and shoulders
You get cho' ho I guess you would
I call that bitch a ho cause that shoe it fits so good
All through the hood fuckin' niggas with no prophylactics
Scared to ask and man it's 96' it's gettin' drastic
Without cho' plastic, headed for the red, bitch on sex
Because you hit from hind and you ain't tryin' to get no head
I've heard you said that you love that ho from here to China
Is it blindness, Ray Charles can see that ho got jaws
Like brakes through Midas

[Hook repeated to fade]