

## Why U

Tela

I do it like sho' nuff, baby what's up  
Ya comin with me, then park ya ass in the truck  
Thug, off in the wind now call ya friends  
Cuz I got some homeboys that love to spit  
But it ain't trick-ed, don't get it twisted  
The just stank-hoes they can do the click quick  
Yeah that's all, you know it cost to ball  
And them Long Beach seein it all, now watch it dawg  
ATM was the spot, and it was hella hot  
And it will never stop, watchin me in the drop  
Roll by in stones, they blowin my high  
But I gotta do this, cuz mom and pops supply  
When I'm finished with this, go back to the Swiss  
Get a glass and sip, sit back and twist  
Then I rest for a minute cuz it's hard on a body  
J.D. Chi Chi have a blow out party, aye

You steady be runnin ya mouth  
Tellin my folks I be burnin you out  
Tellin yo friends you ain't gettin wit me  
When you know you be dealin wit me

Baby ask me like uh, "is those wooden frames?"  
Askin me like uh, "is those the cuts in ya ring?"  
If you don't chill baby you can't hang  
You need to sit yo'self back and try to soak some game  
While you runnin yo mouth, I been feelin you out  
And I'm figurin out, that you silly without  
no porn in ya view, you loose yo moves  
My man got a song that you can dance to  
Time is on my side  
No time on the clock, pour wine out ya spot  
Bust rhymes while you watch, with a line on the lot  
Cain't stop, won't stop, my hits  
Too rich, and I gotta be slick  
Cuz I watch alla y'all operatin like doctors  
Really on the cool, y'all should get the Oscars

Now I love it when a girl come and take straight charge (yeah)  
Get to the telly and touch all pause  
Pretty redbone with some baby aww  
Let's try to recall, this chick reach all  
At the same time she was kinda sexy and timid  
I'ma say she was "Bout It" cuz she had +No Limits+  
Wanna hang out, let the mayne out, wanna bang out  
and classy with the plastic, latex thang out (whaaa!)  
Real fun, Hil-ton, here's one  
Do it with the ice until it's nice and numb  
It's a party party, while I'm drinkin on rum  
So move ya body body, and go on flip ya tongue  
She got lungs, eat me all up like lunch  
Conceited when she walk through the front  
Betta points, she came to do what she came to do  
Poor attitude, but I'm havin you