

Snoopin'

Twista

Have mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy.
Oh, oh-oh-oh
Have mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy me

Now, now, when my boo let me break 'em off, freaky when we makin love
I can do shit to you that'll make you shake in lust
Comin' through how I be stoppin' off, kinky when I make you cum
How could you wanna do shit that'll make me break the trust?
Shoulda knew you were sheisty the way you lick me on my body
And actin' shady when I'm out the crib, lightly
Cause somethin' bogus just to fight me spite me all in my area
Plus I'm a Sagittarius, you a Pisces
For some reason we be clickin like we on business
But you be on some bullshit
Askin' me where I go, what I do, how I kick it
Won't you get with it baby girl, I don't cheat on you and pull shizz
Now who don't wanna roll on, chrome with then go home with
Get you to the crib, give you some grown dick
I let you hold my pounds down, purchasin' you phones and fits
How many times I told you, I ain't known shit
But you steady don't listen even though it's your friends that listen
Gotta have trust, but you won't back up on a couple I'll catch you wishin'
Claimin' that I'm fuckin on another bitch and
All in my privacy on no premonition, you trippin'
Tell me why do you, doubt a brother, in one ear and out the other
Cause in my shirt you done found number
You steady lurkin' while I was up in the shower
Dumpin' all of my pants pockets, trippin' cause you done found a rubber
And all I gotta say is.

That's not right (that's not right)
Snoopin' through my things (you snoopin' baby, snoopin' baby)
I don't do it to you (I don't do it, I don't do it)
You shouldn't do that to me (I don't do it to you)
That's not right (that's not right)
Snoopin' through my things (snoopin' through my things)
I don't do it to you (and I sho' wouldn't do it)
You shouldn't do that to me (I ain't gon' do it to you)

I was sittin' in the front just watchin' videos
Readin' my magazine, my Vibe magazine, yeah
I coulda sworn that I turned my damn 2-Way off
But damn I heard it ring, I think I heard it ring, yeah
If it's somethin' that you think that's wrong got you feelin' insecure
I'm grown, baby let me know, and then I'll let you know
Cause I'm the one that's footin' the bills
And I'm not the wrong one, that's for real
You can get your shit and go, go!

Now you don't see me all up in your dresser drawers
You don't see me goin' through your Jag
You don't see me in your celli, you don't see me
Searchin' through your thongs, and you don't see me though your Gucci bag
Baby you got the shabazz, sometimes you need a swift, kick up the ass
Just to to see how far a foot can go
Would you wash it and took it slow, couldn't though
Pressure cookin' low, bitch I hope you find what you lookin' fo'

I'm losin' focus from fuckin' witchu, don't get me charged
Come in from a show, my whole closet be picked apart
If anybody should be paranoid in this motherfucker it should be me
I'm the one smokin' hydro by the jars
You need to leave my stuff alone, go and get some business of your own
Cause me and you ain't spendin' precious time together
Baby don't touch mine, I shouldn't need a "don't touch" sign
I ain't explainin' nothin', you can find whatever
And all I gotta say is.

Now when I get up in your ooh-watcha-katcha
Move to the mm-ch-ka mm-ch-ka mm-ahh, don't lie
You peepin the details of my fax, mail and voice mail
And E-mail and why sugar, don't try
To come up with the justification for what you doin'
The relationship's about to be ruined for what you persuin'
Steadily tryna see who I'm screwin' like I'm fuckin' the nation
It's nothin' but hatin' that the homies be doin'
Spittin' rumors all up in your ear, tension in the atmosphere
Baby what's the mission here, listen here
You lookin' for numbers and fist in hair
It must be here for a reason so quit before I have to make you disappear
I can do without you pokin' through pockets
Prophecy's potent, whatchu peepin' fo'?
I hate the way that all this time to tell what I been thinkin'
Shoulda told you when I thought about it a week ago
But now I'm tellin' you.