If I Ever

Girl you know I love you, baby. You know I love you. I be callin' your mama house lookin' for you, some more shit. All them fuckin' letters you sent to the county, I love them letters, baby. Ay I'ma buy you roses and some more s hit, flowers, everything, baby. When I get out, when I touch down I'ma buy y ou everything, some red bottoms and some more shit, baby. PSYCHE!

If I gave a f**k about a bitch, I'd probably have a baby by now I'm always tryna see if it's my child Never bow down, never confess Could've swore I shot blanks, I'm gettin' a blood test You know why I can't trust no bitch? I mention a blood test and the whole conversation switch Yeah, she ain't have nothin' to say at all, nigga? Nope, nigga these hoes ain't shit I don't support child support, I won't show up to court Your intentions was Mickey from the jump, what we was fuckin' for Girl you know I don't play that shit I'm the captain with no cape, I don't save no bitch I just give 'em dick and dip, you can call me Diplo Her plus me with two homies, she was with the flip mode And that was like 2 in the morning She was home and laid up with her nigga, man these bitches be ho-in'

If I ever gave a f**k about one bitch, nigga I would be dumb If I ever gave a f**k about one bitch, nigga I would be dumb

If I gave a f**k about a bitch, I'd always be broke I'd never have no mothafuckin' endo to smoke Ask TeeCee the loc, you don't know by now? I'm that ganged up nigga with that midtown sound Hit the club in my Dickies on some gangsta shit She bad, I give her this gangsta dick Ride slow down your block in that gangsta whip Extra clips, if you run then you better not trip Now she blowin' up my phone tryna get that ring Hold up, bitch, that nigga [?] just got hit You can talk to the boss, shit I ain't gon' trip All that talkin' out your mouth, you can suck this dick All my life, all my life Stack this money, I don't need no wife All my life, all my life Fucked you once, might f**k you twice

And know it ain't no fun if the homies can't have none Charlie Hood, I'm goin' hard on a bitch She fakin' that nut to keep her relationship Now ain't that some shit, never loved no trick That's why I'm fuckin' bitches, ballin' hard, James Worthy Put her on the team and now she tryna rock my jersey Sayin' that she loyal but she's really thirsty Suck a nigga dick cause I don't show her no mercy One for the money, two for the show Hangin' out the window like, "mothafuck a ho" Gettin' money every day cause that's all a nigga knows Stash spot got the heat, cause all my niggas trained to go And that's for them hoes, yeah I'm through with it There's nothin' left to do with it, pass it to the bro Now you hit it, cause she ain't nothin' but a bitch to me And y'all know that bitches get flipped by me