

## If I Ever

YG

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  
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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