

Akinyele, Bags Packed

Yeah check it
This another one of those Ak shits youknowwhatl'msayin?
This right here's about a girl
who wanna live in your house for free, without a J.O.B.
Check it

I got your bags packed, you gotta leave, SEE-YA
I got your bags packed, you gotta leave, SEE-YA
I got your bags packed, I got your bags packed
You gotta leave you gotta leave you gotta leave YO

I'll make your head bloody red if you don't get out
And if you scream and shout, I'll put the bandages on your mouth
No livin for free on my couch
And yo I ain't operatin, no type of Covenant House
You get no help HERE, my name ain't wel-FARE
Uh uh dear, take that bullshit else-WHERE
Your ass gotta go if you don't got dough
Call me what you want, woman, because you're just another hoe
I know you'd probably make a good mother miss
But I don't got no time to be bothered with no broke bitch
Riffin at the mouth, get you kicked out, without no whereabouts
The Loveboat shape up and ship out
and take everything you came with when you was startin
This ain't a world tour, no more trips to this apartment
I want your ass to be ghost
And now, all of a sudden you wanna get close, huh

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Umm, get your clothes, use common sense
I don't sell pantyhose, I don't got time for non +Nonsense+
Kindly pack up your shit
Remember you're not down with the olympics, so don't try to flip!
I'll reach for the glock, aim for your snotbox
The neighbor hear the shots, the neighbor call the cops
But I won't do a date upstate
I just perform that old Mike Tyson play and cry out RAPE
Before you burst, gimme my keys, stop pleadin for please
This ain't church, get off your fuckin knees
I'm not lookin for no blow job, you better get a real job
so we can have some dough Hobbes
I won't FRONT, I used to love it when we'd HUMP
You're not my STUNT, tomorrow's the first of the MONTH
You don't have half the rent, I'm knockin cuttin nose flat
Girlfriend I got your bags packed

Huh, I got your bags packed
You gotta leave you gotta leave, I got your bags packed, SEE-YA
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Umm, wipe up them cryin tears
Cause like an automatic car, you don't got no gear
Get ready to put an end to that Cinderella book
Throw out them Jordache jeans, cause it wasn't seem

to givin you the LOOK, that you've been searchin for
And plus I heard you're not with, baggin up shit
at no grocery store -- it just makes your furious
As if you got shot in the butt cause now you're dead-ass serious
Don't know what to do, nowhere to go
But no haps over here, cause this ain't, the Welcome Back Kotter show
Forget all the nights you spent
cause ain't nothin goin on, but my rent, huh
SHIT, you better take a good look
at the road cause that's you're bout to hit
And it ain't no comin back
Girlfriend, I got your bags packed

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You gotta leave you gotta leave, I got your bags packed, SEE-YA
I got your bags packed
You gotta leave you gotta leave I gotta go, check it

Aiyyo baby I'm not