

# Gangsta Boo, Love Don't Live Here Anymore

(Chorus)

You abandoned me  
Love don't live here anymore  
Just a vacancy  
Love don't live here anymore

(Talking)

This is dedicated to all of my ladies in relations  
Peep this out

(Verse 1)

I'm a lady who be keepin it real, you don't care  
Take time out, see how I feel  
When I be ridin in the SUV, I'm thinkin of you  
When I be rollin up a fat one, boy I'm thinkin of you  
You got me goin like uuuuuhhhh  
I'm feelin the rush, I like to f\*\*k  
Let's get buck in the back of the truck, so boy what's up?  
It's whatever when it comes down to you  
Well it was, until you made it clear that I ain't for you  
You just abandoned me, you left me strandedly  
Heart broke, constantly  
Hearin love songs on the radio, that remind me of you  
They say a gangsta ain't 'posed to cry  
But I'm sheddin tears and I'm a gangsta until I die  
I'm tellin you boy, they say no pain then no gain  
Now they call me playa because you teachin me all yo game  
I say I ain't change, but then again just peep me out

(Talking)

Ay yo, I don't think this shit is gonna work...  
I'm ready to leave you, get out

Repeat Chorus

(Verse 2)

Just be a man about it, you don't have to lie to me  
Nigga leave my house, you can get the f\*\*k away from me  
Take yo' f\*\*kin car keys, get yo' f\*\*kin clothes too

Nigga this mah credit card, hold up that's my bank book  
Why you out here cheatin on me, I'm gettin my own creepin on  
(Nigga talkin') Ay girl, why you ain't answer that god damn phone?  
Uhh why nigga, I was gone  
Nigga bout my ??? hea, pay my own light bill  
I don't need you, got my own fingers for my sex thrill  
Shit, I'm a mack, playa you ain't heard my real name?  
Mrs. Pimpin Thang, pussy power to the f\*\*kin brain  
If you wanna play, get in the shower stroke yo'self  
I ain't the one to be messed with, pimpin to my death  
Slip in and slip out, remember how that used to be?  
I would get so wet when you put yo' love inside of me  
But that's the past now, no more freaky tail nights  
No more poppin X, or sex asshole tight

Repeat Chorus

(Verse 3)

I ain't tryina get caught up in yo games  
Personally, I think that shit is lame  
Whachu doin err' now and then when you wanna hit  
I ain't givin yo ass shit, you'll be just another trick  
On my list of busta's, diamond clusters  
Rings, old game used to be so not told

With yo' frozen heart, boy you tore my soul apart  
My XX plot, about a nigga from the ???  
With yo' seven inch cock, give it to me don't you stop  
I keep fallin for you, hypnotized doubt you get my props  
But now I'm single, pussy bad tight  
I ain't f\*\*kin with no giggalos, niggaz ain't right  
They wanna cut now, they wanna cut later  
They ain't call yo ass then, they ain't call yo ass later  
That's how it goes, I'm out the door, holla back  
Hit me on my 2 Way when you ready  
That's that on that

Repeat Chorus