

# R. Kelly, A Woman's Threat

My time, my patience, my love  
My blood, my sweat, my tears  
My burdens, my drama, my pain  
My car, my money, my home  
My ups, my downs, my fears  
And my hours, my work, my strength  
My fault, my this, my that  
Nigga please

If you don't stop  
(This is a warning)  
Someone's gonna lay in your bed  
(This is a warning)  
And someone's gonna eat your food  
(This is a warning)  
And someone's gonna wear your clothes  
(This is a warning)  
And someone's gonna fit your shoes  
(This is a warning)  
And someone's gonna get your keys  
(This is a warning)  
And someone's gonna open your doors  
(This is a warning)  
Someone's gonna get your check  
(This is a warning)  
This is a woman's threat  
Baby, this is a woman's threat

My shakin', my sleep, my stress  
My days, my night, my rest  
My do's, my don'ts, my dares  
And my church, my pastor, my prayers  
My all, my faith, my powers  
And my kitchen, my sink, my towels  
My joy, my sad, my hate  
And my sister, my cousin, my friends  
My lights, my gas, my bills  
My role, my way, my will  
My hollerin', my fussin', my fights  
Nigga please

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Baby

My future, my hopes, my dreams  
My panties, my socks, my things  
My flowers, my dress, my ring  
My man, my lover, my king

My live, my chance, my fault  
And my guts, my courage, my wounds  
My fence, my neighbors, my yard  
My chains, my lock, my guards  
My win, my lose, my gain  
And my credit, my card, my name  
Myself, my freedom, my roof  
Nigga please

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Listen  
(Whoa, whoa...)  
Have you ever heard the story  
About the three little bears  
See they papa was gone  
For a long, long, long, long time  
When he returned  
To his sweet little home  
He had come to find  
That all of his porridge was gone

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