

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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