

St. Lunatics, Love You So

(Cardan - talking through chorus)

You know I loved you right
I never, I never knew girl, you see
You know the pain right, you can feel my pain right?
Uh, to the gateway, now check it out, yo

(Chorus)

Ooh, I loved you so
But why I loved you, I'll never know
Ooh, the pain you put me through
You know you've killed, now I lust for you

(Cardan)

Now since I've came in the game, money and fame, I love it
But whoever thought I'd wake up one mornin with no budget
It's Cardi the golden kid with that older shit
I live, learn, learn to live, the older I get
And I remember Thursdays, hungry Thursdays
'Bout sixteen, seventee, um, Murphy age
But this rap game I love it, it's like I'm married to it
I proposed on Clue?, she said I'd be happy to do it
Gave her a kiss, mmmwwhha, she gave me fifty G's
Silly Cardi I spent it, now Cardi on his knees
Now I'm livin reality, a Biggie Smalls theme
Askin for one more chance to show her what I really mean
She said, you done seen a lotta things baby bro'
Even best friends turned and take out videos
I got with the 'tics, EI, still no deal
'Til Sugar said "chill baby, everything is Fo' Reel"
C'mon

(Chorus)

(Ali - talking through chorus)

Yeah, loved y'all punk ass nigga, showed y'all love
Never know that shit
How the fuck you gon' drop a group, and the got the number one shit on the
radio?
Dumb ass nigga, look at us now, Fo' Reel nigga, Fo' Reel

(Kyjuan)

Nineteen-ninety-six! (hurry up, sign right here), let's sign these papers
So we can get these papers and give these hoes the vapors
Double-dumb entertainment dropped "Gimme What You Got"
Off top, 'tics hot, even sent you a shot (Double-dumb nine sevennnnnnnn!)
Didn't want Nelly on it, said his verse didn't fit
Some ol' seperatin shit, ten percent ass bitch
Whole town love us, no one is above us
Treated you, no talent, knowin niggas like brothas
No street team, no promotion
Just woof tickets, raw fuckin, no lotion
One year later you decide to drop an EP
At the same time drop us, that confuse me
So like a bastard child, we on our own
Put out and left alone, y'all wont answer the phone
It took a little time, but we got it ourself
Five million records later, now y'all askin for wealth
(One, two, three, four, five), nigga please

(Chorus)

(Murphy Lee - talking during chorus)

You know what I'm sayin, life is crazy, you know what I'm sayin
You got choices in life

But bro' when you make 'em, you gotta make 'em and make 'em right
And if you ain't makin 'em right it's just crazy
You ain't got nobody else to blame, nobody but yourself
You know what I'm sayin, mad truth to that

(Murphy Lee)

Let me pretend that I'm a lawyer and explain the situation
Facin three-to-one five across state, humiliation
St. Louis set it off, phone calls was long distance
(Ay yo, it's four birdies in Houston), c'mon, send some one to get 'em
Who would do it for a grand?
Eighteen, only thing on our mind was that killer money
From Missouri to the T-E-X, A-S
Two cats strapped it tight, right up under her chest
One-way trip on Southwest but she didn't make it that far
Metal detectors went bizarre, one-way trip to the car
Your honor, she got a baby that'll drive my granny crazy
A long distance lawyer that keep on tellin us "maybe"
And we all raise her baby, takin curr (care) of her daily
This law shit is crazy, never cease to amaze me
It's different from the eighties, ninety-five to lately
They givin out time like dogs givin out rabies

(Free City)

(Chorus)