

# 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)