

# Tha Liks, My Dear

(feat. Defari)

[Chorus x2: Tha Liks - overlaps "Passin' Me By" sample first line]

My dear my dear my dear  
you do not know me but I know you very well  
So let me tell you bout the feelings I have for you

[Tash]

Listen - it was a quarter past, one - the lights went, low  
Everybody know the Likwid Crew's about to flow  
At an Alkaholiks everybody go bananas  
Niggaz slammin in the pit, bitches poppin off the cameras  
Any mic you hand us Likwid niggaz make us killers  
So we rock the motherfucker now we back stage - ILLIN  
Still in, my wet ass clothes, strikin a pose  
Niggaz askin who's [?] nigga, mind yo' rolls  
I'm peepin out the hoes turnin up a forty ounce  
All y'all women y'all can stay but all y'all niggaz gotta bounce  
I looked across the room and seen this girl about to leave  
Pretty face big titties weave hangin to her sleeve  
Please believe I rushed her, Tash he on attack  
Gave that bitch a oo-OOP, the bitch looked back  
I let her hit my cognac, she got buzzed and started wobblin  
I asked her what she do, she said videos and modelin

[Chorus x2]

[Defari]

You don't know me, I bone you send you home feelin lonely  
You always say, "Defari - how come you never hold me? (How come)  
How come we don't go out so I can be your best homie?"  
Cause I just wanna FUCK; you too god damn nosey  
Play your position, no games, no pretendin  
Don't act like you on top when you not badder than these women (nope)  
Think you a Queen, when you really my (?)  
Always listen to you talk, but me, never sharing  
And if I'm sharing never vital information  
cause you'd probably snitch you bitch in a vital situation  
Now you want my government to floss when you runnin with  
your homegirls - stupid, it's a cold world  
I'ma keep it pimpin like Goldie and that nigga Slim  
Alkaholiks, J-Ro, Tash, E-Swift be them  
But you don't know me yet and still you wanna blow me  
Bust a nut, uh-huh, okay, whassup? Shut up!

[Chorus x2]

[J-Ro]

You don't know me you don't know me you don't own me always on me  
Tellin me to drop my forty when I'm chillin with my brodie  
While I got the mic I'd like to tell you that you ain't my type  
Because my dear you don't, have the common sense to see the light  
My tastes vary; from rats to bitches niggaz wanna marry  
You won't share me but you say my baby you will carry  
You done went insane, callin me by my name; like  
"Whassup J?" Girl you oughta be shamed  
Call me J-Ro, or Daddy, you bad you mistaken  
if you thought you had me, twisted like a bad knee  
Type of cat that won't call you back, make you bring me cognac  
And a whole zone of that, hop yo' ass out my lap  
Fuck out, you gotta go, quit runnin yo' mouth  
You good for nothin but, layin yo' ass all on my couch  
It's cold outside, but you still gotta be out  
Get out my doorway girl, you lettin all my heat out

.. and that's real

[Pharcyde]

"My dear my dear my dear you do not know me but I know you very well  
Now let me tell you bout the feelings I have for you"

[Chorus x2]