

She Say She Loves Me (Featuring 8 Ball & Bun B)

E-40

[CHORUS]

She say she love me
she she say (she love me)
she say she love but,
all we do now is fucking fight
[repeat 3x][E-40]
if i ask u rob that bank
with me would u do it?
would do ya time like
martha stwert? would bust a
nine would ya go back would
ya put ya life on the line
with me hit the dough track?
(dough track) is ya down well ya beat a coch down? if a pimp couldnt
swim would ya let a pimp drown?
could stop naggin me about last night two wrongs dont make a right, all we do is fucking fight
kiss and make up lay up all night, now bend over why i lay this
pipe, while i beat the coochie
up till the borad day light,
she say she love me but
when im in the studio she be
gettin all lova (she say she love me) but i could get fuck bout cause
im bout my money, bently cumma ridin jumma, money loans like cqcumbas, got that twig
pushin fees
frankisin do two three (two three) im bout my money hangin out
the window throwing up the play
boy bunny, aint never phony ima
keep it moving man cause im always
hungry lil mama what it is tell what it be? do u need a lil kim to
a lil qulity time a lil bumpin an grind a lil wine and dime a lil movie, a lil money, some time a lil
dochi kanbe, cheri, lou vatin a lil jewlery, why u mad why u always
take it out on me why u always
showing out in front company?
[CHORUS][8 Ball]
man aint never seen one look like u cutie DAMN!
5'2 with a nice round booty u was just my type and
i could see it in yo eyes and i knew that from day one stayin
up all night just chillin talkin
bout what we going name our son,
24/7 hustlin the object to not

being broke again, let me get yawhole pay check one time when i
couldnt pay the rent, now look at
ya baby benz with the lil tv and
the crazy rims, big rocks on ya
hand tell ya friends big daddy
brought them, now on the otha hand here we go talkin bout where
the fuck u been always in at the studio in another time zone tryin
to to get rich, get u? niggas mad
u on my team cause they how u move
them things, come home be a mama and a wife a freak in the bed
baby, im trying to work why u gotta call 100 times like u craza
dont play when the time is right we can go up in the air and go play
wanna go play and stay here and
love me everyday
[CHORUS][Bun B]
now theres a stranger in my house and my bed fucking up my life
and bread, playin mind games all
in my head, sometimes i swear u wrost then the feds, u love a nigga
then hate a nigga then u love
again this shits confusin, in the
streets hittin licks im winnin come home fucking with u and im
losin, im bulit for drama but
not this kind been slid befor but
not this time, these years of viting this year hustlin u cant be fucking up this grind, now u been
doing to much campin, bumpin ya gums
and yapin and again in grown folk
business and baby girl i just cant
let that happen, i been out here
spitin ths blood fuckin with cut
throats to get this cake, but it
swear it seem like the more i give
ya u try to take my heart and my
back ya tryin break, i aint crazy
i see the signs, trying steal my
light and my shine, u must be outta
yo fucking mind, i just wanted to
spoil ya ass and i guess i succeed,
but now ya just to fucking concede if this is love i dont
need it, you acting like you the
pimp and im the hoe (hell no), man
i swear the god if yo pussy want
the bomb i would have left a long
time ago BITCH!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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