

I'll Be Damned

D12

(Intro - Proof)

Yeeaah! This is DJ Seven Deuce, live at
Club Runyan, where all girls with burgundy hair get in free
G-Unit in da house! What up baby
Performin' live tonight live on stage. .Captain Save-A-Hoe
and the fabulous Case y'all, stick 'em out y'all
All my Detroit players, let's go!(Chorus - Kon Artis)
I ain't set the stroke and I ain't for games
I just came to fuck and maybe get some brain
I got a woman at the crib so I ain't your man
I'll be damned, I'll be damned, I'll be damned
You know all I really wanna do is fuck. I ain't
gon' let a money hungry women set me up
And if you think I'm that stupid you done pressed your luck
I'll be damned, I'll be damned, I'll be damned

(Kon Artis)

You gave right, yes I love menage-a-trois
And I got drawers as big as guys's big "wah"
I'm a Trick Daddy nigga, so bitch how you figure
that I wouldn't turn my niggaz on to you when I hit ya
I probably could forget ya if I hadn't been drunk
but choke a dunkadunk, keep my mind on hump
When my mind's on hump to me my .9's in the trunk
and Denaun got a line for every fine bitch I hunt
Not once, twice, but three times the lover
that your man is, and I'm a freak undercover
I got plans for you, trick, I don't need a baby mother
I got five of them motherfuckers tryin' to smother me already
We can't go steady, but you can give me head
Give me that, get the hell out my bed, and leave the shit
My chap lips will cut nipples when breast fed
and on the way, leave the bread with Achman(?)
I'd love for you to stay but I got another date
with a fat chick that eat cake on playskates
She rubbed my funky ass feet and feed me grace
plus my man in the closet ran out of videotape
(Chorus)(Swift)

I'ma make this one thing clear
Ain't no woman hear gon' ruin my career
All the hell you doin' is pursuin' a dream
that's when you find out that life ain't truly what it seems
All these hoes be lyin', bullshittin' each other

And why the hell Kobe Bryant didn't wear a rubber
He might as well have went and told the hoe that he love her
I'm sure as hell ain't gonna go to court for my mother
or my wife, and my sisters. So motherfuck a mistress
They signin' a contract before these bitches hit this
Never will a woman take me out that way
I keep a RCA camera in there motherfuckin' face(Chorus)(Bizarre)
What's your name again? It doesn't matter
My name is Bizzy, a bodygaurd for Mr. Mathers
Sit down girl. Let me get you a drink
I'ma buy you a mink, and rape you in the sink
From day one, I knew you was a hoe
I put a rubber on my toe and fucked you some mo'
Turn around, let me see your nasty ass
Put on a Jason mask while I take off your maxi pads(Kuniva)
These hoes be on some bullshit. Always tryin' to pull shit
outta they ass. Get mad and put you on blast
Tell 'em bitches how she fucked you
sucked you, put it on you, boned you
Yappin' off with they mouth sayin' she loved you
All on your dick, callin' your phone, spazzin' and shit
Havin' a fit until you feel like callin' it quits
Then she starts callin' your chick
wantin' to fight. Everytime you show up at a gig
she front row with her friends. Flippin' you off
Follow you to the bar, the bathroom
the parkin' lot, to the car, pissin' you off
Until you blackout, now you and the hoe is havin a scrapout
You get locked up for assault and now you asked out(Chorus)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>