

I m Leaving

Gudda Gudda

Oh I love the way,
That you carry yourself
Even love the way,
You wear your hair
And I'm loving you
That's cool, but um

Ok, I met you on the other side of town
The word around town is that you known to get around
I ain't trippin, no,
I'm tryina put you in the leg lock, 54
Legs behind your head, make your bed rock, hit it slow,
Young gigolo, call me Deuce Bigallow
Never satisfied with one dime, you gotta give me more
So, I ride clean through the city slow
Looking for a cute face, fat ass, pretty toes
Know some diddy hoes, that's the worst type
Type that ask you for a purse on the first night
Type to turn a great date to a worst night
Love pack them bags up, you on the first flight home
Then it's on to the next one
Never know the next one, might be the best one
Fresh off the jet, fly like Elroy Jetson
Treat a dog hoe like a step son,

I'm leaving
That's right, I'm leaving
Yep that's right, I'm leaving
Ok, I'm leaving

Ok, I met her at the gallery, I was in a Louie store
Buying up a bunch of shit, attracting all the groupie hoes
Sippin on the purple punch, you know it got me moving slow
So I entertain them bitches like I'm in a movie role
Take her out to eat, Rose, plate of sushi roll
She got a pretty face, golden hair like dooky roll
I'm thinking, this one might be a keeper
Bring her to the hood and let all my niggas meet her
Showin love, my homies say she look real familiar
Something like this chick named Patricia
I'm like whoa, every other city we go
Pac said he best man, we see the same hoes
Every other video, every other show
You could bet your last dollar they be in the first row
They just tryina get paid, who are they to blame?
It's all about the might dollar, bright lights and fame

So I'm leaving
That's right, I'm leaving