

## 2 Cents

Mapei

I don't mind, it don't even make 2 cents  
Chop chop, you're cutting off the loose ends  
Don't mind, it don't even make 2 cents  
Get off of my  
I don't mind, it don't even make 2 cents  
Chop chop, you're cutting off the loose ends  
Don't mind, it don't even make 2 cents

All I can really do is run  
Pay you no mind and make you wonder  
If I was really the one  
Ain't that a shame, yeah, what a bummer  
Don't wanna waste another summer  
Let it be, what it be  
I'm growing up and having fun  
Don't play with me, yeah

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When you're money spent

Got my arms wide open for you  
Oh, ooooooh  
With the champagne popping for you  
Oh, ooooooh

Yeah I'm finito, I'm done  
Just give me time to recover  
It takes a muscle to get though  
Some say it takes another lover  
Don't want another re-run  
I've been selling all that I have  
So Imma run, Imma run run  
Don't gotta chase me again

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Sitting here, drunk by myself, like it's good for my health, celebrating with the ghost of you

And if you ain't dead to me yet then I gotta make sure that them goose put some ice on you  
Hey, f\*ck [?], what's going on  
No pity, just daddy let me f\*ck around  
And my [?]  
No mercy on this shit I'm shitting on  
Moved on fast, yeah I trust  
Yo, I don't even wanna fuss  
Now we are [?] up to no good  
Cause we're so hood, we're so hood

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