

Someone To Love

Mike Will Made-It

(2x):

I had to give these hoes
I had to give these hoes someone to love
I said I had to give these hoes
I had to give these hoes someone to love
This what I'm doin'
This what I'm doin', it's easier than drugs
I said this what I'm doin'
This what I'm doin', it's easier than drugs

From a P in the pot
Type of nigga, used to sleep on a cot
Type of nigga, used to get it and go
You the type that sold a ki to a cop
Type of nigga, have your bitch in my spot
I'm the type to tie her feet in a knot
Type of nigga, turned a dream to a G
Type of nigga, turned that G to a drop
Turn around and take a P on the lot
Used to say, "Give me codeine on the rocks"
Used to say, "Kiss it one time" cause that coochie was stankin'
I sprayed some Febreze on the box, weed in my socks
Picture of me with a block on the block
Picture me rollin'
If I get gunned down today
Your picture they gon' be holdin'
Pick up the paper, custodian
Your bitch about to get stolen, now it is a wrap
Talkin' aluminum foil
Tat-tat-tat-tat, what the fuck? Shoot a nigga playin' tough
Show me a bitch that is loyal
I could sell her desert soil
Love me or love me not
You cannot go to my mama's spot

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I'm the type to put the ki on the block
I'm the type to be the king of the spot
Push button, ain't no key for the drop
Tatted my body, I think that I'm Pac
Got these bitches fallin' through to give me the box
Bet you niggas wonder how I did it
Fell in love with sellin' drugs and then I went and got a plug
And I made a little bit of money, spendin' hundred thousand limits
I had to give these hoes
I had to give these hoes someone to love
Took them 5s and 10s and 20s, added it up
Took them 50s, 100s, then I went to the club

They can see what I'm doin'
See what I'm doin', it's easier than drugs
In the kitchen water whippin', flippin' pigeons
Double the digits, the blue money come
Got the Forgiatto on that new Gallardo
Blowin' avocado, ridin' through Chicago
Got the double cup and lean in baby bottle
Got the shooters with me, black Mercedes follow
Shoe cost a bando
Rest in peace 'Nando
My bitch came from Cuba, the weed from Cali
But my plug Mexicano

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I do this shit for my people now
They say young Skay got the ether now
I'm sellin' this shit like illegal now
I'm comin' back to the teacher now
We're not the same, I'm a creature now
Came a long way from them Regals now
How he hop out of two seaters now?
That's what them bitches be sayin'
That's what them niggas be sayin'
But hate is an ugly trait
You want somethin' salty go shit in your hand
Shout out to Cap and his bitch
He got me whippin' my wrist in a Glad
Look like I'm whippin' my wrist in a Glad
All yellow Rollie, is piss on my hand
I never listen to man
God told me "give 'em the truth", I've just been spittin' the truth
That shit you're spittin' ain't true
I'm just a product, can prove
I'm somethin' ill in the booth
I'm known to kill in the booth, I'm known to spill in the booth
See I keep it better, I'll never talk to a pillar
And I cannot talk to these niggas, so

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