

No, it ain't a question, not even an issue  
Nobody knows you like I know ya  
You grew up on Queen Street  
Your dad is a gangsta but he's gettin' older  
You was in love with the street life  
Used to seein' niggas, tuckin' the heat right  
Loud parties and street fights  
Hangin' with the players, got caught in the game  
Now you're in need of seating, but ain't we all the same  
I thought if we make it out alive  
You might kiss up on my side, yeah (My side, my side)  
Guess we'll have to wait and see  
If you'll find your way to me

La Lisa  
La Lisa  
La Lisa  
I need ya

Right, I'ma stack these up right  
That's my cuz, so he gangbang  
But I don't claim shit, nah, no baggage, not even a briefcase  
You more street than me, but (Nah)  
Don't leave me strung out this way  
Get a little ratchet, stay over color, your box  
Don't tell your daddy, he might go Crayola  
(I heard the nigga just got out)  
Hurry up and come outside  
I got the whip parked, it's 'bout to get dark  
I'm talkin' Wesley, and we out West, you know it be  
Sit these niggas on your block  
And I came through dolo this time, on a solo this time  
Like CeCe Winans, not whinin', but  
Not finna play with you, I'm tryna skate with you  
Like T.I. in the Louis on the couch late at night like Fallon  
I fall in, she got used to them scripts, yeah, all written  
Darlin', Miss Lisa, she a moaner  
So bad, put your ass in the moment  
Yes, put that on my mama  
Pour Moët, it's a moment  
She finally sent to my house  
Hit the weed and act like a geese, it made me speak Portuguese  
Didn't even know I could  
Been wantin' this for a while  
We keep it between you and me, capisce, ah, Lisa

La Lisa  
La Lisa  
La Lisa  
I need ya

I can't believe this nigga ain't call me back  
Ol' Chief Keef head ass, Mekhi Phifer of "8 Mile" lookin' head ass  
He ain't call me back? (I can't believe this)  
I bet he don't even write his songs  
Talkin' 'bout, talkin' 'bout he the king of R&B  
That nigga can't even move like Usher

Ain't Chris workin' on something? (He trippin')  
Mm-hmm, pssh I thought we had a good time  
Well I had a good time, that weed was fire bro