

Break Ups 2 Make Ups (feat. D'Angelo)

Method Man

(Method Man) You and I, 'til the day we die. (day we die.) Yo, yo Ex-girlfriend, how you been?

I see you still
tryin to fuck with other women men, remember when
I first met you in my cousin's house, a week later
we was fuckin on your momma couch, now it's been said
that big girls they don't cry, but they damn sure lie
Look you in the eye, sayin you they only
You and I, til the day we die, said you'd never
leave me lonely, fly tenderoni but you phony
Shoulda listened when my momma told me, soon as I
turn my back you try to fuck my homies, that was then
this is now I got a new friend, ever since
I cut them loose ends you wanna bone me
Add strife to my life, pussy that'll make me think twice
about leavin the wife even, picture that
You ain't want me when you had me, now you on
your third baby daddy, and you hate to see a nigga happy
So you tryin mad ways to trap me, lookin at my girl nasty
Tryin to throw the pussy at me
"Now look at this bitch over here tryin to act like me"
"Uh-huh, fuck that bitch, she must like leftovers" (D'Angelo)
I'm still in love with babe (8X) (Method Man)
Yo yo It's always you and your crusty ass crew, be actin new
Let me find out that you fuckin with Boo, and y'all gon' feel it
Waitin for the day that you front, and catch a lump
from my black butterfly, that don't pack a lullaby
Sleep on her, she said you bitches tried to creep on her
in the mall and didn't know she had the reach on her
Pearl-handled twenty-two, my Boo
She go ahead and walk her dogs, and represent Wu
to the fullest, you and hon can shoot the fair one
I'll bring the bullets, know that I'm sayin? Stop playin
You and them dyke lookin bitches
Actin like y'all jumpin somethin, go 'head with that bullshit
(D'Angelo)
I'm still in love with babe (8X)
(Method Man)
Got tired of the games, the lies, the feeble alibis
Now you fuckin with the next guy, a Thug Nigga
Derelict be actin bugged nigga, show this nigga
mad love but get no love nigga? Stupid ass
Plus I heard that he be beatin on you, I seen him

at the club cheatin on you, witcha best friend, got you stressin
And used up, pull your shoes up, all you need's affection
but you're headed in the wrong direction
Tryin to make this nigga jealous, with other fellas
All up in my face actin overzealous
Like you want somethin from Meth, I hope it ain't love girl
Cause I ain't got none left for you, plus you miserable
Misery Love Company, shit I'm livin comfortably, don't need no
nigga huntin me down for fuckin round, with his kitty
Talk to him, before my brother put a spark through him
Won't be pretty, the situation got my whole attitude shitty
And got you actin high saditty with your slut committee
You know I know; so go find another sucker yo, I been there
and been done that befo', and don't need it no mo'
That's, my, word! So go to your own with that there, word up
and tell that bighead nigga you run with that you was insane(D'Angelo)
I'm still in love with babe (8X)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>