

# She Say She Loves Me (feat. 8 Ball & Bun B)

## E-40

[CHORUS]

She say she love me  
she she say (she love me)  
she say she love but,  
all we do now is fucking fight  
[repeat 3x][E-40]  
if i ask u rob that bank  
with me would u do it?  
would do ya time like  
martha stwert? would bust a  
nine would ya go back would  
ya put ya life on the line  
with me hit the dough track?  
(dough track) is ya down well ya beat a coch down? if a pimp couldnt  
swim would ya let a pimp drown?  
could stop naggin me about last night two wrongs dont make a right, all we do is fucking fight  
kiss and make up lay up all night, now bend over why i lay this  
pipe, while i beat the coochie  
up till the borad day light,  
she say she love me but  
when im in the studio she be  
gettin all lova (she say she love me) but i could get fuck bout cause  
im bout my money, bently cumma ridin jumma, money loans like cqcumbas, got that twig  
pushin fees  
frankisin do two three (two three) im bout my money hangin out  
the window throwing up the play  
boy bunny, aint never phony ima  
keep it moving man cause im always  
hungry lil mama what it is tell what it be? do u need a lil kim to  
a lil qulity time a lil bumpin an grind a lil wine and dime a lil movie, a lil money, some time a lil  
dochi kanbe, cheri, lou vatin a lil jewlery, why u mad why u always  
take it out on me why u always  
showing out in front company?  
[CHORUS][8 Ball]  
man aint never seen one look like u cutie DAMN!  
5'2 with a nice round booty u was just my type and  
i could see it in yo eyes and i knew that from day one stayin  
up all night just chillin talkin  
bout what we going name our son,  
24/7 hustlin the object to not  
being broke again, let me get yawhole pay check one time when i  
couldnt pay the rent, now look at

ya baby benz with the lil tv and  
the crazy rims, big rocks on ya  
hand tell ya friends big daddy  
brought them, now on the otha hand here we go talkin bout where  
the fuck u been always in at the studio in another time zone tryin  
to to get rich, get u? niggas mad  
u on my team cause they how u move  
them things, come home be a mama and a wife a freak in the bed  
baby, im trying to work why u gotta call 100 times like u craza  
dont play when the time is right we can go up in the air and go play  
wanna go play and stay here and  
love me everyday  
[CHORUS][Bun B]  
now theres a stranger in my house and my bed fucking up my life  
and bread, playin mind games all  
in my head, sometimes i swear u wrost then the feds, u love a nigga  
then hate a nigga then u love  
again this shits confusin, in the  
streets hittin licks im winnin come home fucking with u and im  
losin, im bulit for drama but  
not this kind been slid befor but  
not this time, these years of viting this year hustlin u cant be fucking up this grind, now u been  
doing to much campin, bumpin ya gums  
and yapin and again in grown folk  
business and baby girl i just cant  
let that happen, i been out here  
spitin ths blood fuckin with cut  
throats to get this cake, but it  
swear it seem like the more i give  
ya u try to take my heart and my  
back ya tryin break, i aint crazy  
i see the signs, trying steal my  
light and my shine, u must be outta  
yo fucking mind, i just wanted to  
spoil ya ass and i guess i succeed,  
but now ya just to fucking concede if this is love i dont  
need it, you acting like you the  
pimp and im the hoe (hell no), man  
i swear the god if yo pussy want  
the bomb i would have left a long  
time ago BITCH!

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>