

# I'll Be Damned

## D12

(Intro - Proof)

Yeeeah! This is DJ Seven Deuce, live at  
Club Runyan, where all girls with burgundy hair get in free  
G-Unit in da house! What up baby  
Performin' live tonight live on stage. .Captain Save-A-Hoe  
and the fabulous Case y'all, stick 'em out y'all  
All my Detroit players, let's go!(Chorus - Kon Artis)  
I ain't set the stroke and I ain't for games  
I just came to fuck and maybe get some brain  
I got a woman at the crib so I ain't your man  
I'll be damned, I'll be damned, I'll be damned  
You know all I really wanna do is fuck. I ain't  
gon' let a money hungry women set me up  
And if you think I'm that stupid you done pressed your luck  
I'll be damned, I'll be damned, I'll be damned

(Kon Artis)

You gave right, yes I love menage-a-trois  
And I got drawers as big as guys's big "wah"  
I'm a Trick Daddy nigga, so bitch how you figure  
that I wouldn't turn my niggaz on to you when I hit ya  
I probably could forget ya if I hadn't been drunk  
but choke a dunkadunk, keep my mind on hump  
When my mind's on hump to me my .9's in the trunk  
and Denaun got a line for every fine bitch I hunt  
Not once, twice, but three times the lover  
that your man is, and I'm a freak undercover  
I got plans for you, trick, I don't need a baby mother  
I got five of them motherfuckers tryin' to smother me already  
We can't go steady, but you can give me head  
Give me that, get the hell out my bed, and leave the shit  
My chap lips will cut nipples when breast fed  
and on the way, leave the bread with Achman(?)  
I'd love for you to stay but I got another date  
with a fat chick that eat cake on playskates  
She rubbed my funky ass feet and feed me grace  
plus my man in the closet ran out of videotape  
(Chorus)(Swift)

I'ma make this one thing clear  
Ain't no woman hear gon' ruin my career  
All the hell you doin' is pursuin' a dream  
that's when you find out that life ain't truly what it seems  
All these hoes be lyin', bullshittin' each other

And why the hell Kobe Bryant didn't wear a rubber  
He might as well have went and told the hoe that he love her  
I'm sure as hell ain't gonna go to court for my mother  
or my wife, and my sisters. So motherfuck a mistress  
They signin' a contract before these bitches hit this  
Never will a woman take me out that way  
I keep a RCA camera in there motherfuckin' face(Chorus)(Bizarre)  
What's your name again? It doesn't matter  
My name is Bizzy, a bodygaurd for Mr. Mathers  
Sit down girl. Let me get you a drink  
I'ma buy you a mink, and rape you in the sink  
From day one, I knew you was a hoe  
I put a rubber on my toe and fucked you some mo'  
Turn around, let me see your nasty ass  
Put on a Jason mask while I take off your maxi pads(Kuniva)  
These hoes be on some bullshit. Always tryin' to pull shit  
outta they ass. Get mad and put you on blast  
Tell 'em bitches how she fucked you  
sucked you, put it on you, boned you  
Yappin' off with they mouth sayin' she loved you  
All on your dick, callin' your phone, spazzin' and shit  
Havin' a fit until you feel like callin' it quits  
Then she starts callin' your chick  
wantin' to fight. Everytime you show up at a gig  
she front row with her friends. Flippin' you off  
Follow you to the bar, the bathroom  
the parkin' lot, to the car, pissin' you off  
Until you blackout, now you and the hoe is havin a scrapout  
You get locked up for assault and now you asked out(Chorus)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>