

Wu-Tang Clan, Claudine (feat. Method Man, Gho

You ever feel that pain, when you lose someone
So much dear in your heart
Knowing that you never get those moments back
Wishin' you could bring'em back
Just to hug'em and just hold'em
And kiss'em one time
(Mathematics, Mathematics)

Uh it's done, I forgot to see what's real
Living in this pink ink mind mine
(You didn't find love) (Unified love)
You think its fine to play with all what I have left
It's a cold world out there and I can't take this silence
See all the things I'm going through
I don't know why
But I know that you
Are you with me?
And that's all that matters now
If I got you, oh, you got me, you see

I got one for the lovers, two for the ones we loss
I know, I know, I know
We gotta keep it up, yeah
We'd now losing us
Three for the summers, four the nights we cry
I know, I know, I know
We keep tryin'
Keep fallin' for our love

I only love her when she mad at me
She mass crappy
That make up sex be mad nasty
Our heads be bumping like bad (acting)
Sad actually
She turned the back to get back at me
And bang tracked me, but we happy
Just take it back and unbackstab me
"and that's my story and I'm sticking to it" I'm not taggy
If she the mama, I'd be the papi no need to ask me
If she attract me I'd blow'er back and she need a nappy
In a feed up position like in a womb
You're not feeling I given that much, you be feeling it soon
Just assume another chick could never fit in your loose
She just tryna be the dish that runaway with the spoon, nah
If we Gon clean house, gotta start in our room
One broom and I get clean out, never start with a goon
Leave it up to boomer we always stop with a boom
I got time that they straight up, and we started at noon

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I reflect on the scriptures and old pictures
Staring at my mama in the kitchen doing dishes
Despite how she was living who am I to judge
But what've learned, if your mama is alive show her love
The pain that I experienced overthrough the fame
Carry me for not much she pushed, then I came

That's why the seed is so attracted to they mom on this plane
To never hear her voice again, it'd never be the same
When the dead is free set, you feel like your soul is sold
Then sadness, you find yourself crying in the open
Her face was cold, she felt my tearz in the casquette
And every drop that fell in the cheek, I cry acid
Beat you every photos and flowers over the cemetery
And cries just like the end of Cooley High
Mama come back we miss you
Come back for a couple of days so I can just hug you and kiss you

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