

Yukmouth, Hi Maintenance

(Lil' Mo)

L-I-L M-O

Yo shorty can I live

Since you always wanna lay- up on something

Touch something

Then you gotta pay-up on something

Come off that playa

Quit tryin to hold an event

All this love aint for free nigga what you think?

Like I'ma work for some tips while you cruisin your six

You gon' take me to the mall and you'll flood out my wrist

Think I'ma let you hit for you put chairs up in this bitch

Think I'ma have them kids and I aint seeing 'bout a grip

Shit I don't know what you heard

But that dough do matter

I wanna be so icy I break the Wind-chill Factor

I wanna be up at the Grammy's next to Jada and Will

And when they peep out my shine yo they both catch chill

I wanna ball with the ballers

Wanna play with the players

Make my best friend see me and she turn into a hater

I'm high maintenance

Endorse me with no fake money

Real niggas make money

Real women take money

[Chorus]

You gotta spend the dough you see

If you wanna be with me

My hair my clothes my nails my feet

Aint nothin' over here for free

You gotta spend the dough you see

If you wanna be with me

[Yukmouth]

Playboy you buy that broad gators

You payin' car payments

Playboy you buy that broad bracelets

They all high maintenance

Start with the basics

All bitches suck dick

All bitches aint shit

All bitches pussy stank

Shit all bitches high maintenance

Ya 'll pussy aint worth gators and tennis bracelets

When they keep pictures of niggas they take it in the basement

You give her paper

Take her to Vegas (that's high maintenance)

You payin' Navigator car payments (that's high maintenance)

Nigga you keep her draped with stupid jewels and loot to play with

Thinkin you a player when you really losin papers

On exotic vacations

Nights at crustaceans

Crack (?) take off the cape its mistaken

You remind me of them broad playas that date Caucasians

Fuck they millions off and don't (?)

But playa patna

Go buy her Prada (?) even Estada

Not knowing she just fucked your best patna

You still put baguettes on her collar

And get engaged with a bitch who aint shit

That broad high maintenance

Chorus

[Lil' Mo]

Nigga don't flip over that trip to Nevada

Only reason that I went was to trick yo dollars

Sip Colada
Oh yeah let me remind ya
If you was circumcised I wouldn't have hit you patna
Cause all girls want niggas to know (we high maintenance)
And all niggas better give us the dough (so just face it)
And since you payin for my car, my crib, my hair, my gear, my clothes
You tell me who's really the ho nigga
[Yukmouth]
I aint the one
The one that get played like a pooper-scooper
These chicken heads in my Coupe with the roof up
I get in between the sheets like a Ku Klux
Bust two nuts (then do what?)
Fuck everybody in yo crew that knew ya (then do what?)
Scramble through your purse and steal your credit cards (do what?)
Do doughnuts in yo shit until I wreck the car (do what?)
Disrespect my broad
Check my broad
Sex her
Squirt it in one eye
Still won't get my broad
Fuck naw...
[Chorus]