

Gangstas Need Love

Master P

Yo, Boo, uh, I know I ain't never told you this before
But, uh, I was just trying to get my hustle on
But you know what? I just need you to be there for me
B'cuz, uh, gangstas need love too Since you've been away I've been down and lonely
Since you've been away I've been thinking of you
Trying to understand the reason you left me
What were you going through? I'm missing you
(Gangstas need love too)
Tell me where the road turns
(Tell me where the road turns) Uh, I got you livin' in mansions jumpin' out of Benzes
DKNY clothes but get fake president's Rolex watches
You used to wear Swatches, done took you out the ghetto
Now your name is Miss Versace, Alligator purses
Met with your Reeses, Hershey Miss Revlon when your lips an' hair an' toes
On Tuesdays and Thursdays
Even though I'm livin' wrong, tryin' to get my hustle on
I want you in your birthday suit when I make it home
So I can uh then squeeze you, tease you
You wanna rub me? Let the Ice Cream Man please you I ain't got no nine to five, hustle just to stay alive
Keep you on your game give you a pistol with your cute .45
Heifers deceive you, 'cuz they wanna be you
Tell you I'm a thug and they can't wait till I leave you
So think about what I say and fuck what them hoes say I'm missin' you
Tell me where the road turns
(Tell me where the road turns)
(Gangstas need love too) You was a high school queen met me sellin' ice cream
On the corner went double-up servin', fiend
Even though I'm a thug, you love me
If sex was a game, we'd a play rugby I got you flyin' first classes on planes jumpin' off a trains
Takin' cruises on boats, sippin' champagne
Rollin' out the red carpet when they see you 10,000 dollar mink coat
That's why them hoes wanna be you, but they can't
Taking trips in Land Cruisers droppin' off cash to the bank But they don't know what you done see the shit I
done
Put you through [Incomprehensible]
You done take for you, Boo,
The Feds harass you, the lies you don't told for me
And when I went to jail you found a way to visit me
Runnin' up your phone bill

Sometimes the kids didn't even have a decent meal
It ain't no limit to this ghetto love
Even though I mighta slangin' drugs
You still showed me love
That's why I'm here for you, Boo
But just remember that gangstas need love too
I'm missin' you
Tell me where the road turns
(Tell me where the road turns)
(Gangstas need love too)
I got a [Incomprehensible] and I wonder why
And I wonder what she in me and man, I can't lie
'Cuz I'll be hustlin', hangin' with my homies all night, ch'all
And I'll be hustlin' from the morning to the night fall, aight ch'all?
It's kinda hard tryna to stay clean, tryna to chase dreams
Tryna to make it happen but this rap ain't what it seems
Know what I mean? Now through thick and thin you stood beside me
When I was on the run, you help me on the real
I'm tryin' to make a mil but on the real that's tight
But a little money can't buy me I need someone
Who could be trusted take this hundred G's
In case a nigga like me get busted you blame it on my mom's lifestyle
My thuggish-ruggish friends you keep tellin' me
My fine lifestyle gonna have to come to an end
You gotta realize I ain't tryin' to be no broke fart
I'm takin' the chances now 'cuz it's gonna be hard for
Our future sons and daughters I'm tryin' to take trips to Reno
Cash chips like casinos live life as a high roller
Silkk the Shocker make moves like Valentino
I only got one chance, so I got to take it
If you could just be patient down for the silent 20 just for waitin'
Your mom think I'm a thug she still don't like me
Your friends think I'm a ghetto thug but this is ghetto love
That they can't see, G I know when it rains it pours
One day I gotta stop and when I do I'ma be sittin' on top
And gonna be sippin' champagne on yachts
Cars and tennis bracelets just a thang, meanwhile
I'll be home tonight so keep it tight for this gangsta
Tell me where the road turns

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