

So Many Rappers In Love

Westside Connection

Aquarius

And my name is Larry There's so many rappers in love

On the radio

There's so many fake ass thugs

On the radio Listen up mothafuckas

This is Mack one o, to all these niggas

On the radio simpin' to these hoes

What happened to the thugs, drugs and G hits

Talkin' all the soft shit just to please a Biz-Nitch And some of all is street

And know the gangsta mode

It's like this, fuck a bitch

And that's the G code We used to sell raw kill and give toe tag

Now ever since 9-1-1 rappers waving white flags

But me I keeps it gutter, just like before

I'mma warrior so I stay prepared for war Ain't nuttin' wrong wit spoilin' a bitch

Especially if you got it

Her suckin' you, you fuckin' her

Gettin' freaky and erotic But if it ain't ruff, it ain't me

And I refuse to turn R-A-P, in R and B

You went from Hardcore to pop

Just to be on top

I give Cool J his props and that's where it stops

Connect Gang Nigga There's so many rappers in love

On the radio

There's so many fake ass thugs

On the radio There's so many rappers in love

On the radio

There's so many fake ass thugs

On the radio The pussy gets cream

Real niggas ain't simpin', oh no

I'm sick of niggas, trick niggas

Throw my radio in a ditch, nigga

'Cause all I hear is bitch niggas Fake ass R&B thugs in hot as sweaters

Wit bull shit messages and tite ass vests

Fuck hip hop, y'all needa call it simp hop

Sock that bitch in the back of her head and take the cock Hoe shut up, I'm bout to load the fuck up

And if I hear another nigga in love I'm throwin' up

Load it up, pick the gun up

I'm fed up, cause radio wit wimp bitch men

I'mma fuck you snuff heads upSoft niggas get the gay channel
When I slap an R and B thug off his mothafuckin' piano
DJ's need to let the ghetto back in the club
Theres too many fake ass thugs, too many rappers in love
Mothafuckas stiff pussysThere's so many rappers in love
On the radio
There's so many fake ass thugs
On the radioThere's so many rappers in love
On the radio
There's so many fake ass thugs
On the radioYou used to be hardcore
What the fuck you lookin' hard for nigga
Standin' on the golf course
Wit yo golf club rappers
Get off drugs, xtasy is turnin' niggas into soft thugsWit all these promises, showin' straight
Bitches where yo mama live
I know what time it is
I'm the game lord, here to punish you
For lyin' to every bitch that your runnin' toTryna show every hoe how fly you are
You's a mothafuckin' fool if you buy the bar
I'm buyin' two drinks, fuck you skanks
Both of 'em mine, what chu thinkI gets full of liquor, and pound a stripper
You gets drunk nigga, pull up wit her
Drivin' yo shit, like it's her shit
Under the surface, you like her bitch
Make a nigga sick to his stomachThere's so many rappers in love
On the radio
There's so many fake ass thugs
On the radioThere's so many rappers in love
On the radio
There's so many fake ass thugs
On the radioHey baby, I used to be a gangster rapper
But right now, I like flowers
I love watchin' birds in the park
I love takin' long walks in the parkI just love you
I love watchin' yo kids
I love, I just love poetry
I love you