

Heart Of The City (Ain't No Love)

Jay-Z

Uh, uhh, listen
First the Fat Boys break up, now every day I wake up
Somebody got a problem with Hov'
Whassup y'all niggaz all fed up 'cause I got a little cheddar
And my records movin' out the sto'? Young fucks spittin' at me, young rappers gettin' at me
My nigga Big predicted the shit exactly
"Mo' Money, Mo' Problems", gotta move carefully
'Cause faggots hate when you gettin' money like athletes Yung'uns ice-grillin' me, ohh, you not feelin' me?
Fine, it cost you nothin', pay me no mind
Look, I'm on my grind cousin, ain't got time for frontin'
Sensitive thugs, y'all all need hugs Damn though mans I'm just tryin' do me
If the record's two mill' I'm just tryin' move three
Get a couple of chicks, get 'em to try to do E
Hopefully they'll menage before I reach my garage I don't want much, fuck I drove every car
Some nice cooked food, some nice clean drawers
Bird-ass niggaz I don't mean to ruffle y'all
I know you waitin' in the wing but I'm doin' my thing
Where's the love? (Ain't no love, in the heart of the city)
I said, where's the love?
(Ain't no love, in the heart of town)
Yeah And then the Fugees gon' break up, now everyday I wake up
Somebody got somethin' to say
What's all the fuckin' fussin' for? Because I'm grubbin' more
And I pack heat like I'm the oven door Niggaz pray and pray on my downfall
But everytime I hit the ground I bounce up like round ball
Now I don't wanna have to kill sound bar
Don't wanna have to cock back the four pound bar Look scrapper I got nephews to look after
I'm not lookin' at you dudes, I'm lookin' past ya
I thought I told you characters I'm not a rapper
Can I live? I told you in ninety-six
That I came to take this shit and I did, handle my biz I scramble like Randall with his
Cunning-ham but the only thing runnin' is numbers fam
Jigga held you down six summers, damn, where's the love? (Ain't no love, in the heart of the city)
Niggaz, where's the love?
(Ain't no love, in the heart of town)
Holla at me (Ain't no love in the heart of the city)
(Take 'em to church)
Uh, uh, uh, my nigga where's the love?
(Ain't no love, in the heart of town)

FuckThen Richard Pryor go and burn up, and Ike and Tina Turner break up
Then I wake up to more bullshit
You knew me before records, you never disrespected me
Now that I'm successful you'll pull this shitNigga I'll step on your porch, step to your boss
Let's end the speculation, I'm talkin to alla y'all
Males shouldn't be jealous that's a female trait
Whatchu mad cause you push dimes and he sell weight?Y'all don't know my expenses, I gotta buy a bigger
place
Hehehe, and more baggies, why you all aggie?
Nigga respect the game, that should be it
What you eat don't make me shit, where's the love?
Where's the love?Ain't no love, in the heart of the city
Ain't no love, in the heart of town
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Ain't no love

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