

Love Me No More (feat. The Game)

Jim Jones

Now how you gon tell me you don't love me no more (how you gon' tell me that?)
'Cause I'm out here getting this bread (you hatin' on this paper chase?)
Tryna get my momma a crib (shit don't even sound right)
Tryna get up out the ghetto
Now how the hood talkin' 'bout they don't need me no more
'Cause a mu'fucka push that GT
It's a problem tryna take that from me
'Cause I'm packin' heavy metal uhuhI hear the streets talking funny (shit)
So I laugh (haha) tell 'em keep talking funny (keep talking funny)
I'ma keep talking money (yup)
And all different types (what)
The yens and the pounds (pounds)
Nigga just for spite push, the Bentley round town (sparrows)
Drippin' in ice I still be up town (Harlem)
I hear em kicking up dirt on my name (so what)
But I could clean em up like detergent on a stain
Or I'll beam 'em up we got birdies on the chain (easy)
Respect my mind or respect my grind (cause what)
Gone to the bank when its cheque signing time (okay)
Its Tito Borough when it's jet flying time (clear-port)
And we so thorough we the set fly or die (Dip Set)
The bitches funny I'm talking bout life (yup)
It was Sunday to Sunday on New York's chilly nights (that's right)
And we was hungry nauseas for a bite
But if the world's apple pie of course you want a slice (yup)Now how you gon tell me you don't love me no
more (how you gon' tell me that?)
'Cause I'm out here getting this bread (you hatin' on this paper chase?)
Tryna get my momma a crib (shit don't even sound right)
Tryna get up out the ghetto
Now how the hood talkin' 'bout they don't need me no more
'Cause a mu'fucka push that GT
It's a problem tryna take that from me
'Cause I'm packin' heavy metal uhuhHeard somebody speak my name, but death was next to it (pray for me)
My next breath was let's do it (kid)
Got me runnin' through the game with my vest and my best shooters (who's next)
Best of event VVS and best ya jewelers (new year)
Nigga outta lame ya shit, gets chewed up (get em)
And I'm tryna kill the pain with like two sluts (what's up baby)
Use to say money ain't a thang to I blew up (what)

Then money's everything, but that thang can break your crew up (true stills)

Where did love go? (where)

And where does that leave us? (where we at)

They holdin' grudges on how they receive us (fa sho')

And show the judges on how they perceive us

Hate to see a thug nigga whip the foreign features (ballin')

Secretary's that Condoleza (yup)

Cash first, secondary we use the visa (uh huh)

Blast first, never worry about police cuffs (nope)

Ya either leave us or you free us

I need money!

Songwriters

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