# Ain't No Love

## Poohman

Now $hort! I know you didn't think that shit was over,
you little ugly ass nigga!Too $hort...
Nothin' can save ya
Ain't no love, $hort (4x)Now mickity mic down
Guns out, mothafuckas
Lowin' the holes
It's the kid from the gutter
Punks get on tapes
And they sound so real
But real niggas don't get in court and squeal
Yeah, regard all that punk ass Racia shit
Got on the stand and ran your mouth
Like a bitch, little snitch
Pooh-Man did it! Pooh-Man did it!
He made me with it!
Court is in session, $hort
And you've been indicted
Hoe trusta Oakland busta
And you gets no love from the gutter
See we remember when you had to have
A baserock cawy and a nice hot bath
Smokin' and chokin', Sir Too $hort
Just thinkin' about the day before
See you never shouldn't fuck
With the real killa
I goes deep on you dopefiend nigga
Got on the mic and called me a punk
And funk is what you wantSo there it is, junk
Dirty, tired, fucked around
And get my foot off in his ass
Let's hood ride, mob, fuck talkin' bad
No punk let's me check myself, partner
I ain't gonna bust ya
I rather ride up and drop ya
But the rappin' is weak shit
And I'm down with this street shit
And you aint shit but a weak bitch
The ugliest nigga in rap
Try to cap on the nigga

From the mothafuckin' hood
So when I see you it's all goodToo $hort...
Nothin' can save ya
Aint no love, $hort (4x)Ant Banks: read this...I boarded to your ass last year
But you didn't hear me dough
It's 94 and Banks need a little more
Lips lookin' hell of luscious
Digidy down goes my zipper
Nigga, you can suck this
And you must like slurpin' dicks
Because you ridin' on $hort's tip
Like a jockin' little bitch
Ridin' around in your too-$hort-hand-me-down
I left the Dangerous Crew
And that's why you're clownin' now
The bigidy Banksta ain't no gigidy gigidy gangsta
When the truth comes out you aint shit but a pranksta
Try to hang in my hood lookin' out of place
With that blank ass look on your face:
(What should I do? What should I do?)
Now get in where you fit in, chunk
Can't hang on the block
Cause you aint shit but a punk
So I ain't givin' no rule
To assume you want some mothafuckin' funk
Then bring it to the crew
So bring it on if your ass wanna trip
And to this hollow-tip, bitch
Blast that ass, yes I would
Cause on the streets, nigga, it's all goodToo $hort...
Nothin' can save ya
Ain't no love, $hortBeep, beep, beep
Oh, there goes my pager
And it's your bitch, yo, I think I best to fade her
Took her to the motel parking lot
Little light skinned bitch got just a little too hot
it's goin' down, pannies comin' off
Another tramp bitch got automatically toasted
I think you found out and got jealous
Cause I was diggin' your bitch
And runnin' back tellin' all the fellas
But you took her home
And wanted to marry the bitch
I would dig her in this, mister
And bury the bitch

Stop spendin' all your cash and fix your teeth
$hort Dog must like bein' ugly
Came at a nigga wrong
Little cavity creep walkin' around with Nikes on
Bitch ass nigga ain't got no heart
Be ready to finish anythin' your punk ass started
Cause I did funk with the best
So when you ridin' in your lexus
Nigga, put on the vest
And stay the fuck out my hood
Cause death is a factor and it's all goodToo $hort...
Nothin' can save ya
Ain't no love, $hort (4x)

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