

# Where's the Love? (feat. Cocaine 80s)

Nas

At times I window watch at the Wynn hotel  
Lots of thinking happens in life, will I win or fail?  
Mind of a shooter, CFO also  
Ethiopian food flown in, it's unlawful  
Money is attractive, honey dress strapless  
Agent Provocateur underwear: she's classic  
Stroll up in the party: titanium black car  
Romanian ladies like Casablanca, Casbah  
'Cept we in the VIP area, that's ours  
You know the real rap gods, typical trap star turned rap star  
These old heads got stories, the days they was kings  
I pray secret indictments don't take away their dreams  
You 16, you could do 20, come home young  
Catch 20 years when you 40? Holmes, you're done  
What have we become? Rap stars from trap stars  
Black gods to Ansars to Sunnis back to goonies  
A 360 in the streets real grizzly  
Shooters is cold, kid, the old shit was learning  
Student enrollment to focus, yet hooligans roll with  
Toasters to pop your medullas off of your shoulders  
This ain't the Truman Show  
It's the human show  
Ask the F.B.I. agent at his cubicle  
Chewing on his pencil eraser with intents to erase you  
It's U.S.A. against the gangsta, where's the love? Love, I'll trade you love  
I've traded fire with you long enough  
Is that all you brung? It's not love  
That's fucked up, but I saved your soul  
Roll that up Sometimes I sit on the bench just to watch the game  
Feet on cement, there ain't a mobster living I could name  
Who made it out rich, in his absence I do not proclaim  
To not have a heart like wild animals not tamed  
Maybe just a typical thug nigga was my rank  
'Cept I had a vision above niggas, what I think  
It's crazy how many brothers come from where I come from  
Some made it out big, some dead, some unsung  
Shots for soldiers on 23 hours lock-up  
Younger generation, they want to mimic and mock us  
Laughing, separating themselves like they not us, like

"Cops'll look at you like they look at me? That's preposterous"  
Ain't it gangsta how your man made it? I'm humble  
One gun, one crazy ass nigga, that's Jungle  
Now we having babies, cause growing up it was just us  
No uncles or cousins to fight with us, we was fucked up  
But still it was beautiful, the love is mutual  
Even though me and Jung ain't show up to your funeral  
I hold your son hand, tell him he the man, we love you  
Your pops was king, you have a whole lot to live up to  
The G is in your genes, already you tuck  
Inherit your dad's swag, it's George Jefferson's strut  
Stay flyest, they gon' want to know what in your diet  
Don't be surprised if they want to check your shit and your vomit  
Tell them you let it marinate, they swear you made them a promise  
No matter what they do, you just stay a man of honor  
I'm a street corner nigga, New York Knicks loyalist  
Corona sipper, pass it out, might blow it with you  
It ain't the Truman show  
It's the human show  
Ask the F.B.I. agent at his cubicle  
Chews on his pencil eraser with intents to erase you  
Young brother go and get your paper, I got loveLove, I'll trade you love  
I've traded fire with you long enough  
Is that all you brung? It's not love  
That's fucked up, but I saved your soul  
Roll that up  
Roll that up

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