

No Love (Prod. By Just Blaze)

Eminem

Love, love
Love, love,
Don't hurt me, don't hurt me, no more
Young Money yeah uhAh, throw dirt on me and grow a wildflower
But it's "fuck the world", get a child out her
Yeah, my life a bitch, but you know nothing about her
Been to hell and back, I can show you vouchers
I'm rolling sweets, I'm smoking sour
Married to the game but she broke her vows
That's why my bars are full of broken bottles
And my night stands are full of open Bibles uh
I think about more than I forget
But I don't go around fire expecting not to sweat
And these niggas know I lay them down, make them beg
Bitches try to kick me while I'm down, I'll break your leg
Money outweighing problems on a triple beam
I'm sticking to the script, you niggas skipping scenes, uh
Be good or be good at it
Fucking right I've got my gun, semi-Cartermatic
Yeah, put a dick in their mouth, so I guess it's fuck what they say
I'm high as a bitch up, up and away, man, I come down in a couple of days
OK, you want me up in a cage, then I'll come out in beast mode
I got this world stuck in the safe, combination is the G-code
It's Weezy motherfucker, blood gang and I'm in bleed mode
All about my dough but I don't even check the peephole
So you can keep knocking but won't knock me down
No love lost,
No love foundIt's a little too late to say that you're sorry now (Yeah)
You kicked me when I was down, but what you say, just (Don't hurt me)
That's right (It don't hurt me) I don need you (No more)
Don't wanna see you (No more)
Ha bitch you get (No love) You showed me nothing but hate
You ran me into the ground, but what comes around goes around (Yeah)
(And you don't hurt me)
That's right (You don't hurt me) and I don't need you (No more)
Don't want to see you, (No more)
Ha bitch you get no love
No love
No love

No love, ha
Bitch you get no love
No love
No love, and I don't need you (No more)
Get 'em I'm alive again
More alive than I have been in my whole entire life I can
See these people's ears perk up as I begin to spaz with the pen,
I'm a little bit sicker than most,
Shit's gonna get thick again, they say the
Competition is stiff, but I get a hard dick from this shit, now stick it in
I ain't never giving in again
Caution to the wind, complete freedom,
Look at these rappers, how I treat them so why the fuck would I join 'em when I beat 'em yeah
They call me a freak 'cause I like to spit on these pussies 'fore I eat them
Man get these whack cocksuckers off stage, where the fuck is Kanye when you need him?
Snatch the mic from him, bitch I'mma let you finish in a minute,
Yeah that rap was tight, but I'm 'bout to spit the greatest verse of all time
So you might want to go back to the lab tonight and um
Scribble out them rhymes you were gonna spit and start over from scratch and write new ones
But I'm afraid that it ain't gonna make no difference
When I rip this stage and tear it in half tonight
It's an adrenaline rush to feel the bass thump in the place
All the way to the parking lot, fellow
Set fire to the mic and ignite the crowd
You can see the sparks from hot metal
Cold-hearted from the day I Bogarted the game I so started
To rock fellow, when I'm not even in my harshest
You can still get roasted 'cause Marsh is not mellow
'Til I'm toppling from the top I'm not going to stop, I'm standing on my Monopoly board
That means I'm on top of my game and it don't stop, 'til my hip don't hop anymore
When you're so good that you can't say it 'cause it ain't even cool for you to sound cocky anymore
People just get sick 'cause you spit, these fools can't drool or dribble a drop anymore
And you can never break my stride,
You never slow the momentum at any moment I'm about to blow
You'll never take my pride, killing the flow, slow venom and the opponent is getting no
Mercy, mark my words, ain't letting up, relentless I smell blood,
I don't give a fuck, keep giving them hell
Where was you when I fell and needed help up? You get no love

Songwriters

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