

# No Love (feat. J-Dawg & Z-Ro)

## Slim Thug

Welcome to Houston, the bottom of the South  
If you ain't from round here  
You might not make it out  
I done seen it all, plenty balled then fall  
One day buying the mall  
next day lost it all  
Don't let the hype fool you  
Keep the tool close by  
These jackals will play cool then hit you with the four five  
Don't let dick riders confuse you, thinking we soft  
You gon' know, when the real street niggas out  
Homestead, Greenspoint, Fifth, Boyd, Acres home  
When I was coming up, that's the streets I roamed  
Old school with a glass set, paint whip  
Back when if your role slipped you had to have respect  
Been on the streets for a long time  
Never changed, from the bottom to the top  
Why you watch me?  
Never stop, I always stayed on grind  
And you can do the same if you just  
wait yo' time, huhWelcome to my city ain't no love, nigga  
Just automatic weapons and plenty drugs, nigga  
You might not even make it out the club, nigga  
When they get it poppin', you better duck, nigga  
Welcome to my city, ain't no love, nigga  
Drive here and have to go home on the bus, nigga  
Don't be on this gas shit looking for love, nigga  
These bitches want your money,  
they dont wanna fuck, nigga  
Know them ho's remain violent  
Everyday we sliding, controlling and profiling  
Yeah, on them phones acting like we never had shit  
All up on your card, nigga  
Grimy dirty dirt, nigga  
You spent the same shit you did for that foreign ho  
Have you ever seen a hundred thousand dollar leg before?  
Pert like that before?  
Well let me tell you about it  
Welcome to the homeless crew, H town verse everybodyAin't no fakes homey, this is no flex zone

Them country niggas starving, eat a hole through  
your neck bone

You best have your tour guide with ya'

He best be on point, like a bullseye, nigga

Little J said don't never let a nigga play

We from the Brookes so it's cut throat anyway

Shit, all I ever wanted was a cup of straight

You add a couple grams, I'll take a couple lanes, right You can call it what you want

Round here we call it life, some make it, most don't

But in the words of my OG pimp

You gonna respect someone round here, real talk

So niggas...Welcome to my city ain't no love, nigga

Just automatic weapons and plenty drugs, nigga

You might not even make it out the club, nigga

When they get it poppin', you better duck, nigga

Welcome to my city, ain't no love, nigga

Drive here and have to go home on the bus, nigga

Don't be on this gas shit looking for love, nigga

These bitches want your money,

they dont wanna fuck, nigga Ho city, mother fucker, that's where I'm from

Look me in the eyes, niggas talk that shit

and get shot in they tongue

When guns go off we walk away, we too cool to run

Every week them Ho heads be like:

Look what that damn fools damn done They mean them done shot up the block again

There was zero near

I don't trust pussy, i put on all three rubbers before I go in

It's superbowl, you know these ho's tryna hit a leak

And rap and rock niggas will kill your ass

they tryna get a brick, let it down

I'm tryna tell you, don't be parking on the back streets

Even though they know me they might still try to jack me

So I don't carry one weapon, I gotta pack three

Even HPD might catch you slipping, Bro it's that deep

You can still call the drank man and get some codeine

But call the wrong one and get a bottle full of no deine Welcome to Houston, my nigga

Where you can have a good time or you can die, nigga (Eh) Welcome to my city ain't no love, nigga

Just automatic weapons and plenty drugs, nigga

You might not even make it out the club, nigga

When they get it poppin', you better duck, nigga

Welcome to my city, ain't no love, nigga

Drive here and have to go home on the bus, nigga

Don't be on this gas shit looking for love, nigga

These bitches want your money,

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