

No Heart No Love

Juicy J

Once again, you do wrong, wrong will follow (always, always)
That's real shit, real spit nigga, you know the business

The trigger ain't got no heart, the nigga behind it ain't got no love (Mafia)
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Yea, I tell you one time, don't play with my bread (nope)
Nigga, you do, they gon' find yo ass dead (yup)
Body in trunk, hands tied to yo legs (yup)
Tape on yo mouth, a hole in yo head (bluu)

Fronted some dope, now the nigga in debt (ho!)
How you gon' pay that? Nigga don't sweat
Goons on deck you know what's next (what)
Send 'em to yo house, now it's time to collect (get it)

Now you in a box, nigga 'cause and effect (bitch!)
Hollow points and buck shots, all in your neck (bitch!)
Told ya 'bout playin' with a nigga like that (don't play!)
Now your fam gon' visit you, payin' they respects (you gone!)

Tell ya one time, don't play with my money
Sold all my dope, now you run around stuntin'
All in the mall, spendin' money on ya woman (trick!)
Nigga must think he don't owe me nothin' (trick!)

Nigga must think I forgot about mine
He pressed ignore when I called his line (hell nawh)
I'ma play it cool like everythin' fine
Catch him comin' home, lay him down with the nine

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Yo, bang bang, shoot 'em up, Memphis niggas don't give a fuck (never)
Run up on ya in broad day, pull them guns out, shoot ya up

Loose ya life over light green, (uh huh)
Kill a nigga over soft white (uh huh)
You ain't from here, don't come here (nope)
And if you do, better walk light (light!)

Out here is a nightmare (mare)
Homicides, not Freddy Krueger (Krueger)
Niggas ain't got shit to lose (lose)
Shoot it out like a Western movie

The trigger ain't got no heart
The nigga behind it ain't got no love (no love!)
These niggas ain't wearin' no mask
And these niggas ain't wearin' no glove (no glove!)

These niggas don't, fight no more
Fuck takin' the high road
Lil' homie 'bout sixteen
Bust a gun with his eyes closed

Fuck with all that gangsta talk
Know you ain't bout that life!
Pull that heater on your ass
Bet you come up off that ice (ho!)

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(North Memphis, North Memphis, North Memphis, North Memphis
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Fifty shots clear this bitch out like a tornado
Two choppas who identical call 'em Cain and Abel
Very fatal, dippin' in stash like a soup ladle
Rolled up on him, shot him in his head busted tomato

You niggas get high on this shit
Like the ho, ya nuts (okay, okay, okay)
Shotgun blast to ya stomach, bitch, on ya guts (for real)

You say you gang affiliated, extra clips tough (tch tch)
And when the bullets get to poppin' they don't give no fuck (fuck)
Money rules everything and we got the cash
Pay yo homies one bag (one!) to blow up yo ass (pow pow)

Kidnap ya from ya residence, no mask no lie
F.B.I. found ya body in Project dumpster, BFI (ooh, ooh)

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