If You Got Love

Non Phixion

{*Pete Rock scratches various samples at the beginning*}
[Verse One]
I used to be a piece of shit 'til I dropped it, (?) convict
Straight projects, prophets, that's the object
Hunger pains spit the beef out, I kick the teeth out
We Non Phixion, up in the club with heaters out
No doubt, insanity the motive, I'm never broke
Body strapped with explosives, suicide bat ya team poseurs
Teenybops rock Tachini tops and arm holsters
Lookin like feds in posters, devils and brokers
I got a lot of love, but if you want hate, I got a lot of guns
You want crack? I got a lot of drugs, it's kinda bugged
the way the world can make a righteous man turn savage
I try to be peaceful but the world prefer madness
And I'm a business man, supply and demand
Make you feel like when your fam get in a shootout and your man die in your hands
Most dangerous rap group, any question that I ask you
Thug be the answer to the question that's the truth
[Chorus]
If you got love for your mom - that's Non Phixion
If you got love for your dogs - that's Non Phixion
If you got love for the Gods - that's Non Phixion
What? That's Non Phixion - What? That's Non Phixion
If you got love for your peice - that's Non Phixion
If you got love for your seeds - that's Non Phixion
If you got love for the streets - that's Non Phixion
What? That's Non Phixion - What? That's Non Phixion
[Verse Two]
BK to Mount Vernon, money-earnin non-stop
I lost a lot of people, I "Reminisce" with Pete Rock
Gunnin through public housing, some brothers never get out
I got love for my dawgs, now it's time to break the fuck out
We pealed out, that's when I dumb out, three on the hip
I don't kick bars, I spit scars, shit that I live
And all you platinum cats, I'm about to run in ya fridge
We all about food, belly up, two in ya ribs
Ain't doin a bid; nah I'd rather hang from a sheet
It's all love son, prove and let my man speak
Truth is, you never know when it's your time to go

We all famous and we got files, lettin you know
[Chorus]
[Verse Three]
Aiyyo I seen it all from what the truth should be to what the truth is
I think America been tryin to kill me for two years
But I'm still alive, arrive under heavy surveillance
Eyes be some ol' tel-lie-vision cameras, platinum gangster anthems
Make the world wanna grab the magnum and BUST
All we got is us, our family's the only one we trust
Chronic and coke, smoke spearmints, study pyramids
Dope in the heroin syringe when you hearin this
I'm like a near death experience
I open up your eyes and your minds to the lies they be givin us
If we don't kill them, they killin us
And I'm ready to die, but they still can't kill the love
[Chorus]
{*Pete Rock scratches to end*}

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