

Good Ol Love

Masta Ace

Give me some of that good ol' love
Oh, let me make you, you
Give me some of that good ol' love
Whoa, oh "Put your hands together and show your love for the
One and only!" Hey yo, the world gon' show me some love, listen
And I'm not talkin' 'bout the fakes hugs and kissin'
Fifteen years, a lot of love is missin'
I done already showed I'm not above the dissin'
I'ma take what I'm owed, won' wait 'til I'm old
The game got rules and y'all breakin' the code
Y'all don't really think I can be hot in the club
Y'all think I'm washed up like I got in the tub but
I'm keepin' it poppin', the streets watchin'
I'm keepin' 'em locked and the beat knockin'
Hear me comin' with this song that I brung in
Daddy-O told me this when I was still a young'un
"Ain't nothin' like hip hop music
That's why we choose it and the world just can't refuse it"
This shit is underground like a gopher
Show a little love 'fore it's over Give me some of that good ol' love
Oh, let me make you, you
Give me some of that good ol' love
Whoa, oh Got to be the real thing
Something you feel thing
Come on, let me make you sing
"Gimme that good ol' love"
Got to be the real thing
Something you feel thing
Come on, let me make you sing Let me put y'all on like a bulb in the socket
In the club niggaz knock it wit' a dub in the pocket
They walk in the store, I love when they cop it
Make you other rappers struggle to top it
But this man flow with the greatest ease
Never did care about the haters, please
He done paid his dues, paid his fees
He done stayed overseas, made his G's
But now I got a wife and she bad as Halle
Her moms is a militant, dad is rowdy
The fans kind of act like they glad I'm outtie

But they prolly sittin' at home sad and pouty
You show me some love, I'ma show it right back
I know a tight track so I throw it like that
My limo driver's white, my attorney black
"Show me some love" like I'm Bernie Mac Give me some of that good ol' love
Oh, let me make you, you
Give me some of that good ol' love
Whoa, oh Got to be the real thing
Something you feel thing
Come on, let me make you sing
"Gimme that good ol' love"
Got to be the real thing
Something you feel thing
Come on, let me make you sing This is for my Shaolin shooters and my Brooklyn teens
Uptown Bronx and them crooks in Queens
I work like a maid when she cooks and cleans
'Cause it's about to be a wrap from the looks of things
The game is changed, the game is strange
The game is lame and it ain't the same
But that's how it is, you can ask Iz
You can ask Biz, we did it for the kids
Listen here, this is different here
If you got an eye for detail and efficient ear
I won't disappear, I'ma keep on givin'
I'ma keep on livin', I'ma keep bein' driven
I'm down to earth and I'm close to ground
And spit shit better than most around
This how hip hop is supposed to sound
Tear them other cats' posters down now Give me some of that good ol' love
Oh, let me make you, you
Give me some of that good ol' love
Whoa, oh Got to be the real thing
Something you feel thing
Come on, let me make you sing
"Gimme that good ol' love"
Got to be the real thing
Something you feel thing
Come on, let me make you sing Give me some of that good ol' love
Oh, let me make you, you
Give me some of that good ol' love
Whoa, oh New York, New Jersey, Philly, D.C., Virginia
Chi-Town, St. Louis, Houston, Atlanta
Los Angeles, San Francisco
England, Scotland, Germany, Austria
Sweden, Switzerland, France, Italy

Croatia, Spain, Slovenia, Japan
Austria, Africa, show me love"Show me some love motherfucker, show me some love"

Songwriters

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