No Love

Lloyd Banks

hand full of haters
know wen i stop em surviver of close calls though im feelin like deaths knockin
insides numb
thank god for music my heads rockin
wasnt for that id be lost now racen against the clock
n i can see it in your smile you dont mean it, livin foul is your secret
want me down on the cement talent found ima keep it
my brothers keeper
keepin my head above the water
lifes a bitch beggin but i got nothin for her
slaughter, bitches outta orderr from my ora
i need my angel to come when i call her and save the baller
rock sporter gimme floor space, imma need a stupid flip
theres money cars bitches n jewels to get, lets do this shitt
look how my music hits, i got that loud on
sour diesel in a cloud gone get ya style torn
heart crosses for body losses
stay in a better place probably bosses w ferrari horses
im just as nice as anyone that wore the crown
livin my dream keep wat u think, dont spoil it now
i can sense the hate before the frown ya born a clown
droppin all em bricks off toilet bound n watered down
i got the anger to set it off ya feather soft
in and out the b tracks intercourse through metaphors
the mac bridge she get across i met her jaws
5 star flaws n better tours n chedda toss
my work bodies like a shotti let off in the party
pardon my partner he pumped and ready to hurt somebody
yu send ya bitch to line me yu gon lose ya bonnie
he no/know rude awakening yu find me w the ruger round mer i p my nigga ima see ya wen i see ya
im holden it down here n niggas still tryna be ya but
but theyll never be another crew like us
bottles in the air gettin high all i do is crush
and till the day im done
theyll be no love
no love
no love
they aint no more leftdam pops i miss yu ill see yu wen iget there
wish i can tell u yu were right kuz u aint missin shit here

fans turned on me never thought itd be this weird
guess they thought i wouldnt keep up look how i switch gears
swung the last ten imma kill em the next 6 years
tryna block the pain w the liquor my nigga sick scared
r i p to roster, salute w the choppuh
remember us young boys too loose of the vodka
smoken like i smoke now, now its part of my intro
same shit that we used to brush offs hard on my mental
beast mode they led me to snap target my pencil
they been borrowin a while now, countin the years i lent yu
i got the block poppin, big ass rock coppin
g throwin and top droppin, jus know wen the cops watchen
these niggas will not stop him, struggle to find a way
from birds eye jockin im puffin a dime a day

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