

Where's The Love (ft. Cocaine 80s)

Nas

At times I window watch at the Wynn hotel
Lots of thinking happens in life, will I win or fail?
Mind of a shooter, CFO also
Ethiopian food flown in, it's unlawful
Money is attractive, honey dress strapless
Agent Provocateur underwear: she's classic
Stroll up in the party: titanium black car
Romanian ladies like Casablanca, Casbah
'Cept we in the VIP area, that's ours
You know the real rap gods, typical trap star turned rap star
These old heads got stories, the days they was kings
I pray secret indictments don't take away their dreams
You 16, you could do 20, come home young
Catch 20 years when you 40? Holmes, you're done
What have we become? Rap stars from trap stars
Black gods to Ansars to Sunnis back to goonies
A 360 in the streets real grizzly
Shooters is cold, kid, the old shit was learning
Student enrollment to focus, yet hooligans roll with
Toasters to pop your medullas off of your shoulders
This ain't the Truman Show; it's the human show
Ask the F.B.I. agent at his cubicle
Chewing on his pencil eraser with intents to erase you
It's U.S.A. against the gangsta, where's the love?[Chorus]
Love, I'll trade you love
I've traded fire with you long enough
Is that all you brung? It's not love
That's fucked up, but I saved your soul
Roll that up Sometimes I sit on the bench just to watch the game
Feet on cement, there ain't a mobster living I could name
Who made it out rich, in his absence I do not proclaim
To not have a heart like wild animals not tamed
Maybe just a typical thug nigga was my rank
'Cept I had a vision above niggas, what I think
It's crazy how many brothers come where I come from
Some made it out big, some dead, some unsung
Shots for soldiers on 23 hours lock-up
Younger generation, they want to mimic and mock us
Laughing, separating themselves like they not us, like

"Cops'll look at you like they look at me? That's preposterous"
Ain't it gangsta how your man made it? I'm humble
One gun, one crazy ass nigga, that's jungle
Now we having babies, cause growing up it was just us
No uncles or cousins to fight with us, we was fucked up
But still it was beautiful, the love is mutual
Even though me and Jung ain't show up to your funeral
I hold your son hand, tell him he the man, we love you
Your pops was king, you have a whole lot to live up to
The G is in your genes, already you tuck
Inherit your dad's swag, it's George Jefferson's strut
Stay flyest, they gon' want to know what in your diet
Don't be surprised if they want to check your shit and your vomit
Tell them you let it marinate, they swear you made them a promise
No matter what they do, you just stay a man of honor
I'm a street corner nigga, New York Knicks loyalist
Corona sipper, pass it out, might blow it with you
It ain't the Truman show, it's the human show
Ask the F.B.I. agent at his cubicle
Chews on his pencil eraser with intents to erase you
Young brother go and get your paper, I got love[Chorus]

Songwriters

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