

# U Gotta Love It

Nas

Real conversation for that  
(It's what they want)  
Huh  
(It's what they want)  
What you say, can't hear you man  
(It's what they want)  
Speak the fuck up  
(It's what they want)  
What?  
(It's what they want)Nostradamus, [Incomprehensible], know when I rep  
Flow when I'm set, I got the chips to make a lotus my whip  
Gold on my neck was once a code of respect  
For high rollers and vetsNow it's loads of baguettes, prefer over  
No matter sober or wet, I smack soldiers, cadets  
Trees that might eject my hype back  
Famous phrase "Like that"You've ask you where your ice at, dun  
It's all about playboys, when we was young  
Can only get tongue, then finally we can could come  
Busting in, guzzling 4sBlitz, '86, you turn hustling pro  
From bottles to seven in your hand  
To fake Pepsi's to get to the, unscrew the can  
Gleam, seeing 100s, stacks of boy with a lean on itWe've got it if the fiends want it  
The whole block singing the same theme "Don it"  
Fuck it, too many crabs in the bucket  
If it's ice work, I'm gonna truck it, you gotta love it(It's what they want)  
(It's what they want)  
You gotta love it  
(It's what they want)  
(It's what they want)  
You gotta love it(It's what they want)  
(It's what they want)  
You gotta love it  
(It's what they want)  
(It's what they want)  
(It's what they want)Some girls get too emotional, fanatic extremist  
Get pulsive with malice insentitives, the foulest of  
Hung up my riches, her childest wishes  
Be suspicious of those sleeping with fishes, themConspicuous and it shows  
Tricking this dough

Kicking this flow, slip in a new fo'  
So when your click roll, I let my goOn opposite polls  
I got that confident soul  
For those locked in a hole  
Inhumane, living hostile opposedTo living on the streets  
Proper from my top to my toes  
Aeropostale my clothes  
Vernon in suburbans with liquorPreposterous foes, frantically foul  
See in blast, there goes a loud difference  
Sniffing, tapping 13 year old chickens  
You can't be a kingpin when you snitchingRegardless, we still make you a target  
We shoot you and chill, chrome objects  
Hit you in your own projects, it's street anomics  
This rhyme is edited, credited through ebonicsMiserable cats, hunger painting  
Get off your ass, stop complaining  
My crew be in Montego Bay margariting, marinating  
While you home, waiting your arraignmentThis thug life you claimed it  
I make millions from entertainment  
Now back in the hood, certain cats they wanna me  
They ice grill me, but on the low, just feel me, you gotta love it(It's what they want)  
You gotta love it  
(It's what they want)  
(It's what they want)  
You gotta love it(It's what they want)  
(It's what they want)  
You gotta love it  
(It's what they want)  
(It's what they want)  
(It's what they want)It's what they want  
It's what they want  
It's what they want  
It's what they want

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