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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