

# Amore

## Young Dro

Chrous :

and you tought me to love you to the music

verse 1 :

Rough life let me explain , i got some shit on my brain . If ion smoke it probably make me insane , i can feel the blood race through my vains while im selling these drugs im sittin up in the staircase with lil jane say his uncle caught a K to the brains & his brother skipped court & child support steddy taking his change hood niggas using aince names i told pray up to god but he ion belive me shawty athince dane fuck the cops cause they hate me the same in the pigs one on boulevard when tia got raped in the range ion no whats gone take for this change and we stuck on the block 40 glocks every day we remain young dro .

Chrous :

and you tought me to love you to the music that's what ya told me baby

Verse 2 :

Motherfuckers asking for war , we gotta pasion for cars , bullets flying while we passing cigares . We sell blocks aint no motherfuckers asking for jars . I'm here to stay for the momment , nigga that's a fassage . niggas creep up in the back of yo' yard , lay yo' auntie down , and hit yo' granny with the back of the toys , trap and get hard , mama get sicker she need a liver , and niggas get missing till you fish em' out of the river hate killer . they was up under me , they aint conquer me , sting em' like bumble bee's role up on em' like tumble weave , stunna G . Holding my rifle i fired snip o . My cousin loss her life in the ghetto i cried light though DRO

Chrous :

and you tought me to love you to the music

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