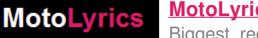
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Vixen "Heart of the City"

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Uh, uhh, listen First the Fat Boys break up, now every day I wake up Somebody got a problem with Hov' Whassup y'all niggaz all fed up cause I got a little cheddar and my records movin out the sto'? Young fucks spittin at me, young rappers gettin at me My nigga Big predicted the shit exactly "Mo' Money, Mo' Problems" - gotta move carefully Cause faggots hate when you gettin money like athletes Yung'uns ice-grillin me, ohh - you not feelin me? Fine; it cost you nothin - pay me no mind Look, I'm on my grind cousin, ain't got time for frontin Sensitive thugs, y'all all need hugs Damn though mans I'm just tryin do me If the record's two mill' I'm just tryin move three Get a couple of chicks, get 'em to try to do E Hopefully they'll menage before I reach my garage I don't want much, fuck I drove every car Some nice cooked food, some nice clean drawers Bird-ass niggaz I don't mean to ruffle y'all I know you waitin in the wing but I'm doin my thing Where's the love? "Ain't no love, in the heart of the city.." I said where's the love? "Ain't no love, in the heart of town.." Yeah. And then the Fugees gon' break up, now everyday I wake up Somebody got somethin to say What's all the fuckin fussin for? Because I'm grubbin more and I pack heat like I'm the oven door? Niggaz pray and pray on my downfall But everytime I hit the ground I bounce up like

- roundball
- Now I don't wanna have to kill sound bar

Don't wanna have to cock back the four pound bar Look scrapper I got nephews to look after I'm not lookin at you dudes, I'm lookin past ya I thought I told you characters I'm not a rapper Can I live? I told you in ninety-six that I came to take this shit and I did, handle my biz I scramble like Randall with his Cunning-ham but the only thing runnin is numbers fam Jigga held you down six summers; damn, where's the love?

"Ain't no love, in the heart of the city.." Niggaz, where's the love? "Ain't no love, in the heart of town.." Holla at me!! "Ain't no love" (take 'em to church) "in the heart of the city.." Uh, uh, uh - my nigga where's the love? "Ain't no love, in the heart of town.."

Fuck

Then Richard Pryor go and burn up, and Ike and Tina Turner break up

Then I wake up to more bullshit

You knew me before records, you never disrespected me

Now that I'm successful you'll pull this shit Nigga I'll step on your porch, step to your boss Let's end the speculation, I'm talkin to alla y'all Males shouldn't be jealous that's a female trait Whatchu mad cause you push dimes and he sell weight?

Y'all don't know my expenses, I gotta buy a bigger place

Hehehe, and more baggies, why you all aggie? Nigga respect the game, that should be it What you eat don't make me shit - where's the love?

Where's the love?

"Ain't no love, in the heart of the city.." "Ain't no love, in the heart of town.." "Ain't no love, in the heart of the city.." "Ain't no love, in the heart of town.." "Ain't no love, in the heart of the city.."

"Ain't no love.."

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