

Vixen

"Heart of the City"

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[Jay-Z]

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, in the heart of town.."

"Ain't no love.."

