

Westside Connection

"So Many Rappers In Love"

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Aquarius

And my name is Larry

There's so many rappers in love

On the radio

There's so many fake ass thugs

On the radio

Listen up mothafuckas

This is Mack one o, to all these niggas

On the radio simpin' to these hoes

What happened to the thugs, drugs and G hits

Talkin' all the soft shit just to please a Biz-Nitch

And some of all is street

And know the gangsta mode

It's like this, fuck a bitch

And that's the G code

We used to sell raw kill and give toe tag

Now ever since 9-1-1 rappers waving white flags

But me I keeps it gutter, just like before

I'mma warrior so I stay prepared for war

Ain't nuttin' wrong wit spoilin' a bitch

Especially if you got it

Her suckin' you, you fuckin' her

Gettin' freaky and erotic

But if it ain't ruff, it ain't me

And I refuse to turn R-A-P, in R and B

You went from Hardcore to pop

Just to be on top

I give Cool J his props and thats where it stops

Connect Gang Nigga

There's so many rappers in love

On the radio

There's so many fake ass thugs

On the radio

There's so many rappers in love

On the radio
There's so many fake ass thugs
On the radio

The pussy gets cream
Real niggas ain't simpin', oh no
I'm sick of niggas, trick niggas
Throw my radio in a ditch, nigga
'Cause all I hear is bitch niggas

Fake ass R&B thugs in hot as sweaters
Wit bull shit messages and tite ass vests
Fuck hip hop, y'all needa call it simp hop
Sock that bitch in the back of her head and take the
cock

Hoe shut up, I'm bout to load the fuck up
And if I hear another nigga in love I'm throwin' up
Load it up, pick the gun up
I'm fed up, cause radio wit wimp bitch men
I'mma fuck you snuff heads up

Soft niggas get the gay channel
When I slap an R and B thug off his mothafuckin' piano
DJ's need to let the ghetto back in the club
Theres too many fake ass thugs, too many rappers in
love
Mothafuckas stiff pussys

There's so many rappers in love
On the radio
There's so many fake ass thugs
On the radio

There's so many rappers in love
On the radio
There's so many fake ass thugs
On the radio

You used to be hardcore
What the fuck you lookin' hard for nigga
Standin' on the golf course
Wit yo golf club rappers
Get off drugs, xtasy is turnin' niggas into soft thugs

Wit all these promises, showin' straight
Bitches where yo mama live
I know what time it is
I'm the game lord, here to punish you
For lyin' to every bitch that your runnin' to

Tryna show every hoe how fly you are
You's a mothafuckin' fool if you buy the bar
I'm buyin' two drinks, fuck you skanks
Both of 'em mine, what chu think

I gets full of liquor, and pound a stripper
You gets drunk nigga, pull up wit her
Drivin' yo shit, like it's her shit
Under the surface, you like her bitch
Make a nigga sick to his stomach

There's so many rappers in love
On the radio
There's so many fake ass thugs
On the radio

There's so many rappers in love
On the radio
There's so many fake ass thugs
On the radio

Hey baby, I used to be a gangster rapper
But right now, I like flowers
I love watchin' birds in the park
I love takin' long walks in the park

I just love you
I love watchin' yo kids
I love, I just love poetry
I love you

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