

XTC**"U Gotta Love It"**

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Real conversation for that ass

(It's what they want) Huh
(It's what they want) What you said, can't hear you man
(It's what they want) Speak the fuck up
(It's what they want) Word (Its what they want)

[Nas]

Nastradamus, skama lit, know when I rep
Flow when I'm set, got the chips to a lotus my whip
Gold on my neck was once a code of respect
For high rollers and vets
Now it's loads of baguettes, prefer a mack-10 over a
tech
No matter sober or wet, I smack soldiers, cadets
Trees that might eject my hype back
Famous phrase "Nigga light that"
Hoes you fuck, ask you where your ice at, dunn
It's all about playboys, when we was young
Can only get tongue, then finally we can cum
Busting in hoes, guzzling 4's
Crack blitz, '86, you turn hustling pro
From bottles, to seven in your hand
To fake pepsi's to get to the crack, unscrew the can
Gleam blunted, seeing 100's, stacks of boy with a lean
on it
We 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 its ice work, I'm gonna truck it
You gotta love it, you gotta love it

[Chorus]

(It's what they want) fuck it
(It's what they want) you gotta love it
(It's what they want) fuck it
(It's what they want) you gotta love it
(It's what they want) fuck it
(It's what they want) you gotta love it
(It's what they want) (it's what they want) (it's what they
want)

[Nas]

Some girls get too emotional, fanatic extremist
Get pulsive with malice insentitives, the foulest of
bitches
Hung up my riches, her childest wishes
Be suspicious of those sleeping with fishes, them hoes
Conspicuous and it shows, tricking this dough
Kicking this flow, slip in a new fo'
So when your click roll, I let my clips go, Niggas on
opposite polls
I got that confident soul, for those locked in a hole
Inhuman, living hostile opposed
To living on the streets, proper from my top to my toes
Aeropostale my clothes, Vernon niggas in suburbans
with liquor
Preposterous foes, finicky foul niggas
See niggas and blacks, there goes a loud difference
Coke sniffing, tapping 13 year old chickens
You can't be a kingpin when you snitching
Regardless, we still make you a target
We shoot you and chill, chrome objects
Hit you in your projects, its street anomics
This rhyme is edited, credited through ebonics
Miserable cats, hunger painting
Get off your ass, stop complaining
My crew be in Montego Bay margariting
While you home, waiting your arraignment
This thug life you claimed it, I make millions from
entertainment
Now back in the hood, certain cats they wanna kill me
They ice grill me, but on the low, niggas feel me
You gotta love it, you gotta love it

[Chorus]

(It's what they want) fuck it
(It's what they want) you gotta love it
(It's what they want) fuck it
(It's what they want) you gotta love it
(It's what they want) (it's what they want) (it's what they
want)

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