

## **The Wreckshop Family**

### **"I Got Love"**

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(\*talking\*)

Huh huh, this goes out to all the real niggaz  
Locked up, niggaz in the street hustling to feed they  
family  
Know I'm tal'n bout, it's real Noke D

[Hook: Noke D]

I got love, for niggaz hustling the streets  
Trying to stay up on they feet, trying to make they ends  
meet  
I got love, for my niggaz doing time  
Locked down but they can find, with so much up on  
they mind

[Noke D]

I got love, for all my niggaz in the street  
Packing the heat, maintaining staying on feet  
I'm number one in the ratings, that nigga from BMT  
And all those that hate me, I've been praying for you  
lately

[D-Reck]

I got L-O-V-E, for young and O.G.'s  
Who run in controlled streets, sell dope just to eat  
Born misunderstood, torn between bad and good  
Raised up in the hood, trying to get paid like they  
should

[Noke D]

You can't fade me with reality shit, I live I love it  
I push it I shove it, I grip it I hug it  
It's tug of war, with this Southern superstar  
About to let the whole wide world, know who we are

[D-Reck]

Dirty 3rd movie stars, country boys making noise  
On a mission with a cause, what you hear came from  
God  
You can hear it in my heart, see a soldier play his part  
Each one teach one what he's taught, keep his son  
from getting caught

[Noke D]

Man it's a movement, we choose to use music to do it  
And if that's too confusing, show love and gon Screw it

[Hook]

I got love, for niggaz hustling the streets  
Trying to stay up on they feet, trying to make they ends  
meet  
I got love, for my niggaz doing time  
Locked down but they can find, with so much up on  
they mind  
I got love, for my niggaz on the block  
Where the hustle never stop, ducking dodging the cops  
I got love, for my niggaz in the hood  
My niggaz doing bad, and my niggaz doing good

[D-Reck]

I'm bout to reveal to you motherfuckers, the definition  
of real  
It's when a nigga refuse to face defeat, no matter how  
steep the hill  
When a nigga deal with responsibility, it come with  
getting older  
Like carrying his friends his family, and the community  
on his shoulders  
Cause he who get the paper, but never forget from  
where he came  
That leave a lil' something behind, for his kids not just  
his name  
It's he who learn to love, even the ones that hate  
And he who knows to forgive, is to be forgiven for his  
mistakes

[Hook]

[A3]

For niggaz up on the cut, hustling hard to make a buck  
Jackers bust real niggaz do duck, not trying to see they  
life destruct  
Some of these boys don't give a fuck, some of these  
niggaz out here is stuck  
I'm grabbing the green and holding it up, inhale the  
smoke then dump the but  
For all my niggaz who up in the Penn, twirling they life  
in 5 to 10  
No need to pretend I'm pouring up Gin, when niggaz  
turn fake I blunted they chin  
9 to 5 be on that job, 24/7 he praising the Lord  
A lot of these niggaz is scan'lous and fraud, but fuck  
what they say up on the teflon

Who is you to judge a G, where were you at when we  
needed to eat  
Where were you when we were scared to sleep, but  
now you come trick beat your feet  
I put my faith in G-O-D, and cats that put they faith in  
me  
See lately the world is changing, prophecy's told and  
falsly claiming  
Lyrically aiming for my dogs, I'm the light up in the fog  
Up in this game I be's a hog, no time to stall they bound  
to fall  
I'm moving a round that's made of brick, I told you this  
that shit that stick  
I love my niggaz my niggaz is it, I got the ball so set the  
pick

[Hook]

(\*D-Gotti talking\*)

Yeah mayn, this for my niggaz that had it hard  
Them boys holding down a job, know I'm saying  
Niggaz in the gutter living like the mob man  
We still getting it man, Wreckshop to the G-R-A-V-E  
baby  
This Young Gott-O man, come on with it baby

(\*A3 talking\*)

For real mayn, this your boy A3 baby up in here mayn  
We putting it down for all my niggaz locked up behind  
them bars  
You know I'm saying, my niggaz on the corner  
Trying to put food on the table, know I'm saying  
This go out to them praying grandmothers and  
mothers mayn  
Them fathers that do what they gotta do, keep ya head  
up baby  
We got love for all y'all, get your bread

[Hook]

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