

Williams Brothers % Stevie Nicks

"No Love"

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[JT the Bigga Figga]

Man I devour emcees, spittin verses over trees
Have a motherfucker lookin for me overseas
Turnin G's to millions, the millions into billions
Cuz I'm tryna make this shit happen for my children
The twins, got me on the hustle after ends
All in the wind and keep far from the pen
Here we go again (go again) the Hen' got a nigga tilted
Bent like L-Bone so the competition quilted
I spilt it, worldwide to all the newses
Fuckin with this, ya loose it - get a verbal bruise
You know pursuin the paper, treat my destiny
so if ya next to me ya better be about it
To put yourself in jepordy cuz shit done got crowded
I can't allow it, mob shit bitch can't live without it
Somehow found it unbelievable to be unbeatable
In my eyes, facin competition we unseeable
I'm finna see a bid so please
Man we can see the final finishes
My team; a lot like acid, leavin shit sizzlin
Rockin straight jean suits and Timberlands
With a hollow for you, penalty for disrespectin
Even then get a testin, my westcoast connection
We rippin fleshies, tearin intestines out of chestes
Bitch! (bitch!) bitch.. (bitch) ya know

[Hook] - 2X

We live the life of thugs; slangin drugs and duckin
slugs
On the block collectin knots - it ain't no love
We tryna flip somethin; like a drop Benz, sittin on dubs
Ridin low, flippin on bitches, blowin on bud

[The Commisiona]

Yeah
I just got off the private plane, doin a show with the Big
and Tel
Tired as hell, we happy to be back in Pimp City
Thinkin about the night before at the show
We had the whole party Get Low on the flo'
Happy to ball, ghetto stars, the other side of the globe

gettin jiggy, makin the crowd astonished the way we
minglin
Got it locked now, keepin it locked down
Niggaz lookin at us like we some suckas from outta
town
I didn't trip though, till I seen one of them niggaz
slip this other nigga a pistol
I called my kin, told them to bring the bulletproof camel
with the black revolver - they lookin at us like we shyvie
outta towners glass ballers, and I guess some of these
niggaz flawless
He said, "No problem, I'll be there in less than five
whole minutes"
Time is timid, so bring the bulletproof vest too
After I got off the stage, niggaz were scarin hoes with a
penis
Nigga believe this, I ain't lyin, man that's it we film it

[Hook] - 2X

[Guce]
Slidin in my two-thousand Caddy
Sweepin up the change from the block
When the glock shot, it's all day everyday - we bang
E-B-K, get yo' wig pushed from the cake
We ride southside, westcoast on mind
Kiss the motherfuckin fo' five
Hit him up Mobbalotti, runnin from the one time
Get Paid Mafia, shinin like diamonds
The Cardier make a hoe stare
Dick bustin through yo' pussy hair
Ghetto celebrity, thuggin till the death of me
Drinkin bullies with the gang, westcoast connect mayne
Blow a tree to maintain, do assault for petty change
Money over bitches, ridin on dubs, these bitches
From Highgrove to hittin switches
Get Paid, all about the cheddar, square-ass nigga
Hatin on a playa - the mob gon' getcha
Split ya, rippin yo' pockets on the regular
I'm that nigga that you scared of!

[Hook] - 2X

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