

411**"You Gonna Love Me"**Visit "[You Gonna Love Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Talking]

I promise, g'eah I love this shit man
You gotta love me man, you gon love me after this one
Man that's a promise man I love you, the boy

[Yung Ro]

I wanna make you love me, but that's an im-possible
task
Down that road there's a possible crash, could end up
in the hospital fast
I bust shots when I'm mad, I bust shots when I'm sad
And when I'm happy I bust shots, reminding niggaz I
can get mad
Can get agg'd, can call Cham can scoop 50
Can get Rasaq, Cat, Hatta, J-Mack, Lil E will shoot with
me
Plus Boogie will shoot any blank space, don't matter the
same
Don't believe me sign on the dotted line, and don't
forge your name
The Boy's the name record the pain, Pac spit the same
shit
Pass me his shoes comfortable, what do you know the
same fit
I let the flames rip, got the key to the game dick
It's going down like your main bitch, Ro suffered pain
thick remain sick
My brain's quick, fly talking till the brain quit
Mami say that my brain's quick, I'm flattered bu the
mission's to get
Brains quick
Get brain switched, same bitch lame bitch
She say don't share she's not the hoe my bad, would
you rather me call you
Dame bitch
I'm on the same shit, that got my nigga put away
But I can't seem to put away, the fact they wanted to
put me away
But I saw good in J, made me an offer I couldn't say
No to man talk with a purpose, condiment I think he
stood this way

His thumb on his chin, while rubbing his goa-tee
Squincing his eyes like a wise man, so proud that he
chose me
That very thought froze me, I knew I had a mission
And through that with faith in God, I could attacked this
mission
I don't just rap I'm living, this hood stuff sonny
Street wisdom no books homie, take in many tip from
me
Wanna see me look up dummy, not on my level you
should done in
It seems like since I look at money the way I do, they all
want a hook-up
From me
But tell 'em I'm not a fool, so go ask Barthalemuell
A lot of tools get shot at you, no time for a ditch
backyard or pool
I'll make you road kill, get crushed like them possums
do
Shouldn't of been running in traffic, dumb shit like
them possums do
B. Booker coming back from the Penn, he say I got 'em
through
And L. Dogg peeping my pad, while we writing trying to
see what I'm jotting
New
I'm talking to my money now, honey how are you fine I
hope
Just kidding fine I know, grinding mo' fuck shining yo
Cause I don't shine I glow, not man made can't cop it
fool
And I hear dudes out there mocking who, Nobody
come on stop it dude
Unless you want a shot at you, boom-boom blocker you
M-m got him good, Ambulance vroom-vroom gotta
move
Gotta do what I gotta do, it's all bidness watch it dude
Cause the real ones cross mixed attempt don't it, and I
don't know what you
Got to prove
Now look what Ro has blossomed to, money got niggaz
watching you
You watching him he watching you, they watching you
you watching who
Got you boom now you doomed, shot in the leg and
hopping too
Streets hot as hell shoot the block ain't cool, kids listen
up this what
Rocks will do
We bake good cakes the hood make em, without
chopping dude

X-O, drank, dro, wet that's what's popping dude
Ooh what's popping boo, she like ooh you're not you're
who
I'm like take a guess, star struck she like you're-you're
you
Yep I'm that boy in the flesh, no imposter boo
She like I'm from Ohio, and I'm starting to hear a lot
from you
I'm like I got you boo, understood my thought we
through
Her's different kept going, I'm like hey I got you boo
So you can stop it boo, she kept talking Rasaq is cool
Koopas mean, 50's real and as for me Chopped and
Screwed
Ain't nothing I can't do, plus rolling with a cocky crew
For the patrol we hauling the road, set up a road block
or two
The best of both worlds, dope music glad I got you too
Treat both games like kids child's play, now watch what
poppa do
I go and cop the shoes, fuck it it's nothing cop the
crews
Should see the smile on Jacob, when me and
Chamillion cop the jewels
Carnoble my nigga, he show you what that boxing do
I'm coming down your chimney like Santa, don't want
them stockings dude
I'm at the top, and you listen for me to tell you stop and
move
You need to slow your speed, like when you do when
them laws clocking you

[Talking]

G'eah Yung Ro, you gon love me or else

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