

## B2K

### "No Love"

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Livin in the ghetto ain't nothin nice  
over dollar bets and dice niggas lose they life  
ain't that shife  
but shit thats how the ghetto is  
my uncle just got out served the whole 10 year bid  
little kids in the ghetto wit no shoes on  
goin to they friends house cause momma ain't got no  
food at home  
and they say that ???  
I felt UGK when they said one day you here and the  
next you gone  
this here for Mo man Sticky Wood and Zach  
cant forget about Shorty my cousin Maurice Tel Fair  
and Black  
ain't gonna bring em back  
slangin crack to eat  
sippin yay and blowin sweets  
jackin D-boy for they ain't gonna try to get on our feet  
now thats deep  
nah dawg thats just the way it is  
its too late to save us but we gotta save these kids  
I got niggas in the pen who ain't never comin home  
and I got niggas in the cemetery layin alone

[Chorus]

cause ain't no love in the ghetto (ain't no love in the  
ghetto)  
it ain't nothin but pain (ain't no love in the ghetto)  
I drink henn and blow jane (ain't no love in the ghetto)  
to keep from goin insane (ain't no love in the ghetto)

So much drama my own momma think I'm crazy  
I give her a hug and a kiss and tell her to pray for her  
baby  
cause when I walk out this door I don't know if I'm  
comin back  
cause these days people kill over crack  
you feel that  
these streets ain't safe man I ain't tellin no lie  
look at the news and you can see it wit your own 2 eyes  
these ghetto wars and these ghetto stars

got young niggas behind bars  
prayin to the lord  
dear lord could you help me in this situation  
niggas pull them shakes and other niggas bleed like  
they menestratin  
incarceration, playa hatin, money, hoes, drugs  
be the 5 reasons that we lose so many young thugs  
fightin in clubs  
killin each other over drugs  
and sometimes niggas lose they life just because  
so what  
we gota try to make a change  
rearrange the game  
take the strain off my mother fuckin brain

[Chorus]

These ghetto blocks be heated  
and these glocks be needed  
to try to deal wit the stress  
daddy I'm drunk and weeded  
my cousin locked up in a fed camp  
and they done cut his baby momma off for food  
stamps  
cause ain't no love it  
just crimes and drugs in it  
guns and thugs in it  
out there tryna get it  
they say that money is the root of all evil  
but the root of all evil is the only thing that feedin my  
people  
drug deals goin sour  
niggas takin blood showers  
rather have money and power  
than to live like a coward  
so we hustle  
gotta use our mind work out muscle  
try to make it through this mother fuckin struggle  
because the life we live is oh so crazy and shady  
our ladies havin abortions and they killin our babies  
but I can't blame em  
that no good nigga done left  
told lies to get between them thighs no he ain't there  
ain't no love

[Chorus]

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