

Blue Scholars

"Still Got Love"

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[Sampled Recording]

Is it love, that I feel?

What I'm feeling inside

[Geologic Intro]

Uh, Yea

It's a love song, for everybody

Everybody man, everybody

Me, Sabzi, your mom, your mom's mom

Everybody

Nobody in particular, everybody in general

If we need to be specific, you can get at me

I'll get at you, whatever's good, ya know

[Verse 1]

Yo, I don't really got no rhymes y'all I got a couple of problems

And the reason that I'm telling y'all is that I'm looking to solve them

And furthermore, you heard it before, you probably got them

So now it's time for us to settle the score and air the laundry

But not before I preface this song

And say I still got love for you

It's been a minute since we talked

And I heard it through the bamboo

Telegraph the half-truths of cash rules

Then please consider the payment past due

In fact you smear appearance to your mutual friends

Will make you wonder why some daps and hugs would start to turn limp

Did you volunteer your secrets?

Did you snitch out your people

To get cool with some fools that we used to have some beef with?

And he said that she said that they went and did somebody dirty

And you heard it and now you're no longer friends

I don't operate on that sort of level

I'm face to face

No fake Kobe Bryant and Shaquille O'Neal types of
handshakes
Got a problem with me? Try diplomacy
Instead of side talk on sidewalks
And pretending that you don't notice me
Or telling people that you're worried about me
And saying nothing when you see a brother walkin'
around
To nobody in particular and everybody in general
Don't take this either personal, emotional or literal
'Cause if we both about similar sets of principals
Then check me and I'll check you, like we're supposed
to do

[Chorus]

Everybody get hurt, everybody cries
Everybody falls down, not everybody rise
Not everybody talks, but everybody lies
Not everybody lives, but everybody dies

You might have owed me cash
Or put my shit on blast
And talk behind my back
But I still got love

You never held me close
When I needed it most
How can I call you my folks
When you ain't got no love?

You might have owed me cash
Or put my shit on blast
Or talk behind my back
And I still got love

You never held me close
When I needed it most
How can I call you my folks
When you ain't got no love?

[Verse 2]

And I still got no rhymes y'all, got a couple of problems
And the reason that I'm telling y'all, is that I'm looking
to solve them
And furthermore, you heard it before, you probably got
them
And now it's time for us to settle the score and air the
laundry
But not before I finish this song
And say I still got love for the Barkada
Y'all the reason that I still rock

We separated through geographic locations
And we steadily walked along
You taught me loyalty and patience
And I never meant to flake
It's just my calendar's stacked now
'93 until infinity, let's take it back now
From car trips around the South of the sound
From B-town to downtown
And back clownin' out loud
Out at 15, keep it in tact and never fractured
Sometimes I wish that I can travel back so I can capture
The laughter, the waterfront, the ball courts, the tracks
Tiltin' Carlo Rossi back in the summer of 2000
Kicked it in the North before I bounced to the South and
Holdin' down the Heist every night was like a Saturday
And now when, I see you in the crowd
I get reminded how we came about the shadows of this
military town
And for those still there, I hold your names close
And though I'm never in the church no more, I hold you
in my prayers
And I only hope our paths will cross each other more
often
Without you first believing in me, I'd still be lost 'cause

[Chorus]

Everybody get hurt, everybody cries
Everybody falls down, and not everybody rise
Not everybody talks, but everybody lies
Not everybody lives, but everybody dies

You might have owed me cash
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You never held me close
When I needed it most
How can I call you my folks
When you ain't got no love?

[Outro]

...Nice here for hours

(Someone talking in the background)

Talk all types of shit?

I mean like, let's talk about these nigga's shoes

Niggas be hatin' 'cause I be havin ill tight shoes

And they buy the exact same pair of Nikes

Like, naw, I'm sayin', know what I mean? sayin', I'm sayin'

Fools, say that they still make notes right?

Cats be actin' like they know me better than I know myself

Based off of some Nike too low shit, know what I'm sayin'?

5 or 6 years ago I come back and nigga's was tellin' me

"Oh I know who he is." And ain't tryin' to let me be me

You know, I'm tryin' to branch out and make the music I wanna make

And like niggas wanted me to fuckin'

You know what I'm sayin'?

Like what is this?

I gotta have a Jheri Curl and shit

You know what I'm sayin'?

Talkin' about eatin' babies

They want me to be like the Seattle Brother Ling

I'm tryin' to be Q-Tip

And they're like, "Nah, Nah, Nah"

It's cool, I still got love for you though baby

It's all good (laughter)

It's all good (laughter)

You know that blue shit

[Trumpet Outro]

Bleh!

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