

## **Benzino**

### **"Love"**

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[Benzino]:

'Zino, uh  
Young Yellow  
Old star  
From Boston to NY

We do it for the  
(Love)

Purple haze, Philly blunts, niggas on the corner  
Semi-auto weapons, with the red scope on it  
Niggas don't want it, my dawgs we do it for the  
(Love)

Fly bitches, ponytails, jeans fit just right  
Get brains on the nine o' clock flight  
That this is for them niggas up in Walpole  
Norfolk, Nashua, South Bay, shit  
You know them niggas get  
(Love)

For them Hang Man 3, cause they got love for me  
I rap for them, they do the same for me  
I got (love) for them hustlers that be throwin' them dice  
All my hood rich niggas on the block with ice  
I got (love) for the deceased that died for the cause  
For everybody in the jailhouse locked behind bars  
I got (love) for them ladies in Victoria thongs  
That ain't afraid to hold me down with the shit go  
wrong

See it's like (love) when I be blazin' up a ounce a hyro  
Ride through the projects and there's no five-o  
That's (love) sittin' in the court with a grin on my face  
Hundred thousand dollars put up so I can beat this  
case  
You know that's (love) niggas workin' with the Feds,  
that's trife  
Got ya man twenty-five to life motherfucker  
That be -- (love)

--I got -- for the blunt smokers, the wood smokers  
Dutch smokers, even you green leaf rollers

I got (love) for my Timberland boots, Burberry suits  
Plenty of loot, topless coupes  
I got (love) for my grandmom's, my little brother  
For the youth in the struggle, together we'll get tougher

(Love) All my niggas get  
(Love) All my bitches get  
(Love) Scream  
(Love) L-O (Love) 'Zino (Love, love)

We got (love) for them bastard children  
Stealin' them buildin's, postin' the block, tryin' to touch  
a million  
That's (love)

For my people, workin' hard at night  
Run the graveyard shift, gotta get that money, right  
You know it's (love) when I send my boy commensary  
A Playboy magazine and picture of Halle Berry  
That's (love) when I let you hold my nine, bring it back  
Chicks where you at, you ain't gotta be a diamond  
stack

We got (love) for them baby mama strippers  
Cause baby dad ain't in the picture, don't worry we  
there with ya  
It's all (love) when the 'dro is lit  
We got everybody laughin', chokin' and shit  
Now that's (...love)

This is for my niggas who ain't here  
Pour the Remi out, she'd light, on incarcerated tears  
Who got (love)

For the Juvi's in detention halls  
Just hit me collect and I'm exceptin' the call  
Cause that's (love)

From these Boston, Mass bandits  
Haters can't stand it, and that's exactly how we  
planned it  
Show me (love)

All my hoods get (love)

C'mon

All my peoples get (love)  
(Love, love, love, love)

Holla

Yo, all my niggas get (love)  
All my bitches get (love)  
Show us love (love, love...)  
Show us love (love, love..)  
'Zino (love, love...)  
Our family get (love)  
All the world get, show us love (love, love...)  
Scream (love, love...)  
Holla (love, love...  
Show us love (love, love...)

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