

## Dj Quik "Trigga Gots No Heart"

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I'm sick up in this game, I'll take no secondary shorts  
And slam dunk these riddles up in yo' chest like Jordan  
Menace II Society mad man killer just call me the East  
Bay Gangsta  
Neighborhood drug dealer Quik to make decisions  
A I'm quick to get my blast on

Do a 187 with this bloody Jason mask on  
Rollin' up out the cut deeper than Atlantis  
Tore his chest apart left his heart on the canvas  
Now I gots mo' mayo than the rest of the pushers  
Rat a tat tat came my Tec from the bushes

I blast with no heart 'cause I'm heartless in nine-trey  
A-K blast on that ass if in my way, gangsta  
Slangin' 'Cola since the very very start  
Much love for this game so the trigga gots no heart

Ain't no love trick  
The trigga gots no heart

Release the trigga as I blast on a nigga  
Nina put a cease on his Timex ticker  
And uh playas he can't give me no love  
'Cause I'm stuck on the corna in the ghetto

Slangin' dub sacks and I duck when they fly by  
'Cause Killa Cali' is the state for the drive-by  
Caps peel from the gangstas in my hood  
Ya better use that Nina

'Cause that deuce-deuce ain't no good  
And um I'm taking up a hobby  
Maniac murderin' doin' massacre robbery  
I'm twenty-two and I'm still slangin' dub sacks

I gives the fiend some love but ain't no love back  
Much love in this game ain't no love gangsta  
187 is a art 'cause the trigga gots no heart

Ain't no love trick  
The trigga gots no heart

Ain't no love trick

Me shootin' him up, me shootin' him up  
If he no give my pay  
Ain't no love trick

The triggas gots no heart and I'll be damned if I'm broke  
old  
Pushin' on a shoppin' cart they blast on a friend of me  
Another sad case of a mistaken identity  
12 O' clock and my 'hood's dubbin' pay back

I sat and watched them shoot my homey seen his face  
crack  
Uzi's spray like Raid on these cockroaches  
A dropped bomb full of 187 soldiers  
Doin' dirt 'cause we dirty when the triggas pull

Seventeen in his body left the boy full  
Of hollow tips so I know he won't be comin' back  
I let my hair plat and let my mail stack  
But my sweet sweet Sunday had to turn tart  
His posse came and they triggas had no heart

Me kill all man say kill all man say  
Kill 'em all, man kill 'em all with me glock glock  
Kill all man say kill all man say  
Kill 'em all, man kill 'em all with me glock glock  
Kill all man say kill all man say  
Kill 'em all, man kill 'em all with me glock glock

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