

Elaine Paige & Barbara Dickson**"Drunk Man Talkin'"**

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"Ain't no love"

"Ain't no love"

[1st Verse]

Why the fuck do I wake up with a beer in my hand
and burnt finger tips from the roach that I had
It's a mad world, more cash, more worries
I got my mom's house and made it three stories
I'm tryin' to live life like I'm supposed to be, but don't
Don't stand so close to me
I'm a Lone Star Rida, I ride alone
If he test me, I fuck off that maricon
It's the SPM, see more pussy than lesbian
Still a killa from my skin to my skeleton
Jealous men, ya'll softer than gelatin
I sip medicine wit more lead than Zeppelin
I fight for the ones, that's standin' in prison
They say I got a big head, must've saw me pissin'
Here come the police, but this time they ain't knockin'
This is verse one of a drunk man talkin'

[Chorus] x 2

"Ain't no love"

[Russell Lee]

In the heart of the city

[SPM]

For a drunk man talkin'

"Ain't no love"

[Russell Lee]

In the heart of the city

[womans voice]

Hey! (echoes & fades out)

[2nd Verse]

I feel happy for the happy
And sad for the sad
I'm a member of the club that never had no dad
No money, no food, I got room for dessert, mom
And by the way, the beans and rice were the bomb
So we made it mom

I'm so glad that you proud of me
Sorry, for throwing that bitch over the balcony
I promise not to do no stupid shit no more
But I've shook the hands of men that want me six below
Bein' Brown ain't easy mom, I'm losin' my mind
The only niggas I got beef wit is my own fuckin' kind
I know you happy that I ain't sellin' dope no more
And that these crackheads ain't knockin' at our door no
more
And that I don't walk around with a gun no more
And that the neighbors ain't talkin' bout your son no
more
You showed me it's the little things that make life
beautiful
Only God knows the shit that I put you through

(Chorus) x 2

[3rd Verse]

I can't forget about the day, I buried my friend
I couldn't believe how quick his bitch got married again
We went from playin' freeze tag
To playin' toe tag
Throw gats
Blow hats
Old shacks
With more rats
Than a little bit
Fuck money, cuz it ain't shit
You need enough for a 40 and a cigarette
I sit here in this candy truck
With that 8 mixed wit grape and my Stanley Cup
Ain't no love and ain't no peace bro
I'm just tryin' to get my slice of the pizza
Maan, like Martin Luther King
I got a dream, I just wanna see the fuckin' Wet Back on
T.V.
Like ABC, or NBC, or CBS, or fuckin' MTV
I ain't nobody special man, I'm just like you
All I do is blow big and bang Dj Screw (Dj Screw)
I love you my nigga

[Russell Lee]

No love...

No love...

"Ain't no love"

[SPM]

I'm just a drunk man talkin'

[Russell Lee]
"Ain't no love" Ain't no love...
Ain't no love...
"Ain't no love" Ain't no love...

[Russell Lee]
"Ain't no love" Ain't no love...
Ain't no love...
"Ain't no love" Ain't no love...

"Ain't no love"

"Ain't no love"

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