

**Elite****"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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