

## Frankie Laine

### "Glory \*"

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\* originally known as "It's Only Love" and cut from "Heist of the Century"

[Intro: La the Darkman]

Word up, it's La  
It's rough out here God, you know?  
Word up, yea..

[Chorus 2X: La the Darkman]

It's only love, doin this thing, pa  
It's only love that I'm givin

[La the Darkman]

Yo, Earths are cryin, as they see their son's dyin  
In the streets, bitches are burnin like the bottom of an  
iron  
Negativity is all that brothers see in my environment  
I don't work for the white man, cuz cocaine is hirin

My times is expirin, but I don't care  
All I do is buy sneakers, new cars and beer  
When I need to buy estates, 'fore it get too late  
But furnished basements, have my all crew, liftin  
weights  
Drinkin liquor, see the real picture, your life is too short  
Will you make that million dollars, pa, before you get  
caught?  
Between stick-up kids and jakes, you got to make your  
own fate  
It was another kid's beef, my son got caught by a stray  
And he passed on in a flash from a four-five shell  
And I gotta believe in Heaven cuz the ghetto is Hell  
What is reality, and the lifestyle of all men?  
I need a mansion, twins, Heineken's and skins  
I don't drink Gin to sin, leave that to raw-dick Kim  
Cuz he too light to fight, so he shoot to win in the end

[Chorus 2X]

[La the Darkman]

Madmen disappear here over the years

Accept collect calls from my penitentiary peers  
It's locked down for snow, I wanna live a better life  
Know mad niggas caught by the Germans and drugs  
twice  
Now they behind bars, told when to eat, sleep and shit  
Transformed a three-year to a eight-year bid  
Cuz he jooked a kid, peace to Mena, Big E, now Wayne  
You'll be home son, sportin fly Air ones  
But in the world, yea there's still shorties buggin  
On a block at night bustin off guns for nothin  
I've done that, I'm tryin to escape that, black  
Little Mike just came back from doin four years flat  
He was a hostage, trapped in a four-corner room  
Shipped far upstate, seen light to the moon  
Never snitched, that's why he's doin six plus six  
While half y'all cats'll go to court, singin like a bitch  
These are the true facts of it, either hate it or love it  
Stash your toast in my whip, in the wood grain, covered  
But it's peace, cuz I'ma fuck up cats with no grease  
This track is for the niggas locked down and deceased  
R.I.P., R.I.P

[Chorus 4X]

[Outro: La the Darkman \*during chorus\*]

Word up, Parada  
Liz, Big Gus, all my maniacs  
Tracks, cousin Facts  
Word up, Mena, Slow Joe  
You know? Word up  
All mine, yaknowlmean?  
Gotti, word up  
Salasie, knowl'msayin? Word up  
You know? My man King, Ced Demon  
King Gunner, word up  
Knowl'msayin? Ugh!

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