

Jim Jones

"Love Me No More"

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Now how you gon' tell me, you don't love me no more?
(How you gon' tell me that?)
'Cause I'm out here getting this bread
(You hating on this paper chase)
Tryna get my Momma a crib
(Shit don't even sound right)
Tryna get up out the ghetto

Now how the hood talking 'bout they don't need me no
more
(What'chu want me stuck in the ghetto, listen I'm a get
out)
'Cause a mothafucka push that GT
(Then you what, I'm a come back for the niggas need to
be reached for)
It's a problem tryna take that from me
(You niggas is slipping)
'Cause I'm packing heavy metal uh, huh

I hear the streets talking funny
(Shit)
So I laugh, tell 'em keep talking funny
(Keep talking funny)
I'm a keep talking money
(Yup)
And all different types
(What?)
The yens and the pounds
(Pounds)

Nigga just for spite push, the Bentley 'round town
(Sparrows)
Triping in ice I still be up town
(Harlem)
I hear 'em kicking up dirt on my name
(So what?)
But I could clean 'em up like detergent on a stain
Or I'll beam 'em up, we got birdies on the chain
(Easy)

Respect my mind or respect my grind
('Cause what?)

Gone to the bank when it's cheque signing time
(Okay)
It's Tito Borough when it's jet flying time
(Clear port)
And we so thorough we the set fly or die
(Dip Set)

The bitches funny, I'm talking 'bout life
(Yup)
It was Sunday to Sunday on New York's chilly nights
(That's right)
And we was hungry nauseas for a bite
But if the world's apple pie of course you want a slice
(Yup)

Now how you gon' tell me you don't love me no more ?
(How you gon' tell me that?)
'Cause I'm out here getting this bread
(You hatin on this paper chase)
Tryna get my Momma a crib
Tryna get up out the ghetto

How the Hood talking 'bout they don't need me no
more
'Cause a mothafucka push that GT
It's a problem tryna take that from me
Cause I'm packing heavy metal uh, huh
(Jones)

Heard somebody speak my name but death was next
to it
(Pray for me)
My next breath was let's do it
(Kid)
Got me running through the game with my vest and my
best shooters
(Who's next?)
Best of event VVS and best yo' jewelers
(New year)

Nigga outta lame yo' shit, gets chewed up
(Get 'em)
And I'm tryna kill the pain with like two sluts
(What's up, baby?)
Use to say money ain't a thang to I blew up
(What?)
Then money's everything but that thang can break your
crew up
(True stills)

Where did love go?

(Where?)
And where does that leave us?
(Where we at?)
They holding grudges on how they receive us
(Fa sho)
And show the judges on how they perceive us

Hate to see a thug nigga whip the foreign features
(Balling)
Secretary's that Condoleza
(Yup)
Cash first, secondary we use the visa
Blast first, never worry about police cuffs
(Nope)
You either leave us or you free us, I need money

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How the hood talking 'bout they don't need me no more
'Cause a mothafucka push that GT
It's a problem tryna take that from me
'Cause I'm packing heavy metal

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