

Judy Torres

"No One's"

Visit "[No One's](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

'Member Mossy, 'member the sweet dreams
'Member the cocoa leaves, 'member Sega Gene-sis
Now we live in love like Genovese, stash twenty G's
ease
Crib in Belize please, forever cheese
Crib all fresh high-tech nigga, art deco
In the villa room, sippin Demi Sec, ohh?
Seperate the classiest from the nastiest
bugs, on some ninety-six ill shit
Niggaz used to rock Swatches and style 'member?
Now they 'bezle on the Rolexes chips like December
in Havana, the Cabana, Copa
Now Fox is flippin more chips than Oprah
Lizard skin sofa, ice flooded Don
like Imelda Marcos, the Donnese, I be the peron
pure precon foot action Tone
like the Brax-ton, Fox nigga get your smash on

sung chorus

No one's gonna love you, the way I do
Nobody, I can love you better
No one's gonna love you, the way I do
Nobody, baby your best bet is me

It was the floss thang, for them niggaz to thug walk
thang
and for the chips, Reebokses and New York thang
Small thang, and to the hottest, Goddess
Caramel skin-tel, try this, and die the hardest
Heartless, it was cool to shoot skully
He's remind me, something like R. Kelly
Back in the days, maxes and cresses
Now it's 6's with chrome rellies, and BBSes
Undress this, no deal, no skills off this
and from where I was holdin, before this
Bad chick before all this, peep the wrist action
Fendi sell ices around the bezelle
No sale, suited up in Bendel, Boogie
Oh well, could tell, I floss well, uhh
Peep the hustle, steamed shrimps and mussels
Lampin, in the Hamptons, quarter mile from Russell's

chorus

If we was all Don like DeMarco, runnin crazy
niggaz, won't be haters, ballin, like briqueze
Presedential suites at Ramada, in Nevada
Cheese like Ricotta nigga, bet I'm droppin
twenty G's on roulette, playa, what you bet?
The Cris have a nigga trippin wet, uhhhh
Seven figs on a bet, 84 be 48
Five on the plate, high stake, indo
Bet they went from Pujos to pushin Benz-o's
Dippin on a van whip with the dipped Lorenzo's
The sassiest, mahogany Brown
Switch from, rockin lottoes to coppin movados
Peep the mix like mulatto, feel on
Tryin to chill on the ville sit back and get these mill-ions
Yeah, now you ballin, please
Your stash wasn't swollen till my dough started rollin

chorus

Visit [Judy Torres](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.