

La The Darkman "It's Only Love"

Visit "[It's Only Love](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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!

Visit [La The Darkman](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.