

Limahl**"Still Got Love 4 Um"**

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(My nigga)
(That's right)

[VERSE 1]

Now I look back, and I can remember
Growin up po, waitin fo December
25th, when a gift was all I wanted (Yup)
And I didn't have a care in the world, just fun
With all the homeboys around my age
Wasn't no complaints about life in the first stages
The pages turned, and we learned us a lesson today
To keep them girls and switches away
All play, and no work checks
For raisin animals and catchin insects
It was a everyday thang to see the homeboys and me
Raidin somebody's fruit tree
Little nappy-head nature boys
In a concrete jungle, so wherever one go
The others'll follow him like a lost dove
(What's up, loc?) And till this day I still got love
For em, though I don't know em like I used to
They still my family, now ask me who's who
And I can tell you about some dirt, or soap-like gossip
But why should I trip?
Because we all got skeletons dwellin in the closet
So I wonder how is it
People be forgettin about they homies?
When they make ends, meet let them roam streets
After all y'all done been through
Yo, to put them up is the least you can do
But now I see just how niggas act
Yo, y'all can turn y'all back
But I still got love for em

(Homie that I went to school with)
(Got mo' love for me here)
I still got love for em
(My nigga)

[VERSE 2]

I used to be able to walk through

Anybody's neighborhood that I wanted to talk to
And see how they was livin, how they life was lookin
(Wassup?) Got they sisters, and ate they mamas'
cookin
Young and innocent, the good old days
We started to grow apart, and go our seperate ways
Steady competin for the most attention
Up at the school house, hours of sittin
That they had to find somethig else to fade me
Cause they ain't have a letter high enough to grade me
Maybe then some people got jealous
Thought they was smart, and got crushed like relish
So birds of a feather ran together in cliques
Nerds, jocks, and tricks
And the ones just kickin it in between
Gang-related, you know who I mean
I got love for em

(Homie that I went to school with)
(Got mo' love for me here)
I still got love for em
(My nigga)

[VERSE 3]

And we used to get into it every now and then
Tryin to prove a point in front of the little women
(Wassup?) Showin out like movie ushers
We rat-packed them, and then they rushed us
Goin back and forth, it seemed like forever
Was unpredictable like L.A. weather
The object was just a reputation
(Or some) Or some kinda ovation
That is, until money came into the picture
Now it was on from dust to dawn
And everything jumped to a whole new level
Gettin kicks, comin up off licks
The devil in disguise, but it was so easy
Affordin all the shit that we seen on tv
So whatever it takes, we gotta make them ends
Even if it mean jackin friends
So I went my way, and they went theirs
Stayin out of each other's affairs
Some life was lost, smoked out, and on fat
And after all that
I still got love for em

(Homie that I went to school with)
(Got mo' love for me here)
I still got love for em
(My nigga)

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