

**Marz****"Got a Lot of Love"**

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Verse One: {Lil' Slim}

Growin' up in the hood thinkin' everything  
Gonna be all right but it's the nine to the four and  
Brothers takin' yo life I'm pourin' brew on the curve  
For my hommies my nerve  
They gettin' popped with the gat so I guess they got  
served  
Now slippin' in the hood is a no no thing  
Now way back in the game they used to slang and  
hang  
So let's forget that past I can't dwell on old days  
If you show a brother weakness you bond to get  
sprayed  
Stuck in the hood front me dope I wish you would  
My hommies showed me love so I know it's all good  
Back and forth to the bank no I ain't gon hurt  
I rather struggle with my hommies in the hood and  
Put in work if ya weak ya beat on the N.O. streets  
If you can't play the game you can't compete  
With the hustlers and the hoodlums that packin' the  
gats  
You got to walk the set and be fully strapped  
The drug dealers steady makin' the ends  
My nigga got popped doin' time in the pin a  
Mac ten is a man's best friend  
When I blast that ass another killin' again  
But look here a fuckin' gangster ain't no time  
Gettin' lok the lower my game is to  
Smoke or to get smoked  
I'm still Lil' Slim no I ain't gone change  
I'm showin' love to my hood plus I'm true to the game

Verse Two: {Pimp Daddy}

Throw up a peace to my niggas when I walk in the club  
Givin' dap to my boys because I got much love  
My hug a few gee's that I knew from the game  
Cuz I'm a ghetto ass nigga ain't a fuckin' thing  
changed  
I got to give it up to these motherfuckin' projects

I got mine so get yours and put away the gat black  
Cuz I'm tired of seein' you motherfuckers face down  
Six feet deep, yeah or either locked down  
So I got to give it up to my niggas  
Who got me off the streets and took my finger off the  
trigger  
You made my mother proud of me that's why I got to  
give it up  
You turned my life around that's why I got much love

Verse Three: {Lady KK}

I got love for them hoes who don't like me  
Talk behind my back and said that shit about me  
But I'm the type of girl that has to get mine  
Strap to dress with my killer platted nine  
I hear people say love one another  
That's why I give love to the Ca\$ Money Brothers

Verse Four: {Mr. Ivan}

Early in my time I used to be the nigga  
The gangsta a lunatic killer and a  
Cocaine slanger  
I'm givin' a lot of love to my niggas that are dead  
Like my nigga the mac totter doin' life up in the pin  
Sometime I feel the need to bust caps at the cops  
Jettin' up the block it wasn't long to see the body drop  
Started sellin' rocks a youngster comin' up real fast  
Makin' boo-koo cash back up on that ass with  
My hockey mask doin' it real smooth  
Movin' quater keys at speed  
Givin' them motherfuckers what they want  
I'm givin' 'em what they need dick  
The dope game was gettin' played to the left  
I had to do somethin' because there wasn't to much  
time left  
I went to robbin' car jackin' kidnappin'  
I snatched a few plates motherfucka I was always  
packin'  
I'm gettin' to old for this delinquent ass shit  
It took some o pp to get me straight  
So I'm able to get them niggas at Ca\$ Money  
Gave me chance to redeem myself  
Slangin' dope lyrics doin' shows makin' a lot of wealth  
Baby and Slim I'm givin' love to them niggas  
Showed me the right direction and pull me from  
Behind the trigger comin' strong up on that ass man  
Cotton killer so I'm bangin' a lot of cash chea!  
In the studio me and my niggas lite a dub  
Cuz niggas from the nine Ca\$ Money

Givin' much love

Verse Five: {PxMxWx}

I'm givin' much love for them niggas in the crew  
If you don't like that then nigga fuck you  
I got it goin' on with that five eight "o"  
Much love much respect now let me flow  
Niggas be talkin' bullshit playin' with that hoe shit  
Touch a nut pull a gat cuz I'm a pull some more shit  
Say what, here I come again the same o'l nigga  
Drinkin' gin and smokin' stiffs again  
When ya weak ya beat I thought you knew fool  
Seen you at my show and you want to test my cool  
I think you want to be like me damn it feels good bein' a  
BI to the G let me tell you since you try'na stay above  
No matter what you do nigga I get's much love

Verse Six: {Yella Boy}

In the hood it stays the same I could  
Never me lame to the game  
Yes it's off the hook I'm more mature I'm a man  
Reminisce all the time back in the days we had some  
fun  
Bitches all up in my shit try'na catch my fuckin' cum  
Boo-koo hot rods on my Daisy we used to blow and hit  
the pool  
Pussy like another 'J' (I got yo lighter)  
But it's cool , you know we down for one and one for all  
You know we stay mobbed up (They said you tried to  
test my nuts)  
Or your bond to get fuck up  
Send a shout out to my fans  
Y'all keep on kickin' that fuckin' dance  
Like I said before won't ya take another chance  
My boys they got my back we tighter then a pair of  
gloves  
Best believe my mind's at age because I know I got  
much love

Verse Seven: {Lady KK}

My boy Tec, yes he got much love  
My nigga Mannie, yes he got much love  
Suga Slim, I know you got much love  
My boy Baby, I know you got much love  
Ya Fat, I know you got much love  
Lil' Slim, I know you got much love  
My boy Mike, I know you got much love

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