

Ransom

"Love Me"

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Featuring 3D Natee

(Intro)

Don't you leave me
Baby you gotta love me

(Verse 1)

Street nigga talk yes, quiet on the set
You would swear it was a fuggle how we probably know
the jet
Diamonds on my neck I'm looking like a star
And if you looking for 'em you ain't gotta look far
I ain't your favourite rapper, that's 'cause I ain't a
rapper
See me hopping out the Lex looking like a famous actor
Blair underwood ,Morris chestnut nigga
Spend a hundred racks and lift my neck up nigga
I'm next up nigga, these bitches going locco
For women like that you use your head like ocho
But it's beyond that jojo tales from the hood in an all
black ghost
Scarface palace, keys out in Dallas
You can call me a pusher I do it without malice
Baby how could you judge me
I'm a king so baby you gotta love me

(Hook)

(Don't love me)
Baby you gotta love me
(Don't you love me no more)
Don't you leave me
(Don't love me)
Baby you gotta love me
(Don't you love me no more)

(Verse 2: 3D Natee)

You gotta love me baby you can't deny me
I'm ballin' that shit's a habit my squadron they stick
beside me
Learn to get paper before I learn go use the potty
Next body and now I'm by it a queen respect their holly

You can find me in the pool, no ride me
Sipping mojitos I'm live though I'm no Leo
You can find me in the guido ballin' out like I'm the
Rose
All from moving their ceo can't eat no coke zero
Then I jag the mic from these weak hoes
The female mic jagger rap niggas teedoes
I'm a pick you niggas solos
You lost nigga I'm winning, fuck it look at my photos
I ain't talking about instagram I'm talking about
mugshots
In and out jail shit I used to play the bus stop
Now I sip bacardi in the party doing bus stop
I made it from the bottom, you gotta show me love now

(Hook)
(Don't love me)
Baby you gotta love me
(Don't you love me no more)
Don't you leave me
(Don't love me)
Baby you gotta love me
(Don't you love me no more)

(Verse 3)
Baby you gotta love me, put no one above me
Champagne wishes while we sipping out a bubbly
Haters can't touch me why would they try to budge me
Pull out the crag mat when the situation's ugly
And my pocket's really puffy
Nigga tryin' to shine when them boys came and cuff
me
No biggie, buck with a slow diddy
Bob out the block I brought me some dough with me
Esteban fresh check the arm wrist
Big money getting glory the Estefan cheques
Louie Vuitton vest looking like a model
Sipping black pearl ,fuck the world is the motto!
Fuck the world is the motto if I don't see the paper
If I ain't in the drop top playing the need a baker
If I sit in corside waiting to see the lakers
Then we gon' have some problems and you gon' have
to solve them

(Hook)
(Don't love me)
Baby you gotta love me
(Don't you love me no more)
Don't you leave me
(Don't love me)
Baby you gotta love me

(Don't you love me no more)

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