

Shabaam Sahdeeq

"I Still Love Her"

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Hip Hop

Don't know what I'd do without you

Common said he used to love her but I love her still
She got a couple of my peoples a house on the hill
And when I'm the club she all I wanna hear
My crew all here smell that draw in the air
And it been that way for 'bout 15 years
She took me through pain, sweat and lots of tears
She change like chameleon
One week she got her head wrapped, next week she
got Prada on
She took niggaz out the hood
Got 'em eating good, got 'em feeling good, got 'em
living good
The first time I met her, she came through the door
with Rakim
She had me doing the wop
Hoping that feeling won't stop
Sometime I caught her on a conscious tip
But most times she want to yap about diamonds and
whips
But she universal, she got all that with her
Loving her body I couldn't wait to hit her
Got with her had to get her in my clutch and thrust
'Cos I love to lust, and lust to love
That's how I feel, she international, shores can't hold
her
Sometimes she be in the hand of fake promoters

[Chorus]

That's why I love you
Hip hop I don't know what you do to me
But I love you
I heard some say they lost careers
But all I know is I love you
Hip hop I don't know what you do to me
But I love you
That's hip hop, hip hop, hip hop, hip hop, hip hop

She took me around the world, explored the globe

She took me through highs and lows that's all I know
She ride in the whip with me on full blast
I love it when she boost that bass that fat ass
She flirt with guitar strings
Pianos and things
Been hitting it for years
Not a one night fling
She be in the west with Snoop, the east with Jay
In the south with Ludacris, midwest with Nelly
And the studio's the telly where I bust on her belly
Even though she a ho, I'm a pimp for sho
She got a lot of niggaz pussy whipped
She got lot of kids brainwashed runnin' round with
pistols and shit
Pac died in '96 straight freaking that chick
Big went to heaven '97 loving that chick
And I spend a lot of time with her in my room alone
Blaze her back to back like I be doin' them stokes

[Chorus]

If I had to die for her I would, it's love for sho
It's love for rhymes, it's love for beats, it's love for
dough
And when I kiss her and hug her I'm off into another
zone
Thinkin' 'bout the times with her alone
Thinkin' 'bout the times when we rocked the crowd
Think about the times when we scraped up dimes to
get smoke
And I love her just the same whether she Blood or Loc,
Vice Lord or Folk
Got me happy like a new leather coat
Got me hype like I'm sniffin' lines of coke
With the mic choked in the studio droppin' em quotes
She got me hooked like fiends with vials of crack
Over and over, back and forth, keep coming back
And she made me cry when she told me Pun and L was
gone
Rest in peace but they'll live forever in song, forever in
song
Word, word rest in peace

[Chorus in background with S.S. talking over it]

Biggie, Biggie Smalls, rest in peace
Tupac, Tupac Shakur, rest in peace
Freaky Tah, Freaky Tah, Lost Boyz
Pig Pun, Big Punisher
Big L, Harlem, Scott La Rock
Big P, Trouble T-Roy, yeah, word

All my fallen soldiers, yeah
God forgive em, got love for this game, got love for
this game, uh huh
I don't hate on no forms of hip hop, love it all
Like King Sun once said to me and shit, hip hop like a
library
You go in that library, you pick the book that you want,
yeah, pick that book
Take that home and you read that, love all kind of
forms, flavours
We got the hardcore, we got the commercial, all kind
of flavours
We got all that, we got the underground
Go in the library you pick the book you want
No doubt, I love all the flavours, soak that up, soak that
up
Love all the shit right here, hip hop
Been doin it since '87, love it
Young cat, now it's time to put the crew on the map
Sinister Sounds, Sinister Sounds

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