

## **Toni Braxton**

### **"No More Love"**

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Oh, oh, no  
A thousand excuses from you, boy, I've had enough  
And I just want you to stop [Murder, Inc.]  
No more love

What you b\*\*\*\*es want from a n\*\*\*\*  
Jumpin' in the truck that's rimmed out with a Boss  
with bucks  
But my mind's on my figures  
'Cause once I give you a nut, you get the cut once I  
toss you up  
Huh, your name who, whatever, I'm Gotti  
A made n\*\*\*\* with killers and big bodies  
All I got for a trick is the slum  
I could make a b\*\*\*\* rich from a song

I don't appreciate the way that you've been actin'  
lately  
I can't believe that you would turn around and try to  
play me  
I know about that chick you met last night at club  
Nikki's  
And then you had the nerve to come home late and try  
to sex me

Oh, oh, no (Oh, no, oh, no, oh, no)  
A thousand excuses from you, boy, I've had enough  
(Oh,  
I've had enough)  
And I just want you to stop (Baby)  
No more love

I know it hurt me when you said, "The next time I'll  
be leavin'"  
You think your game is so tight, you wouldn't get  
caught out there creepin'  
I'm not your freak, don't play me cheap, I'm tellin'  
you it's over  
And when you see me on the streets, don't speak to  
me,  
it's over

Oh, oh, no (Oh, no, oh, no, no, oh)  
A thousand excuses from you, boy, I've had enough  
(Oh,  
I've had enough, yeah, yeah)  
And I just want you to stop (Baby)  
No more love

All my ladies say {F\*\*\* you, Gotti}  
F\*\*\* y'all too  
I'm tired of lyin', I'm tired of denyin'  
I'm tired of trying, I'm tired of the games  
And I ain't playin', y'all know what I'm sayin'  
If y'all buyin', man, I'm lyin'  
Every single word, man, this is true  
And what I'll do to you, what I'll do to you  
I'll run through you, that's what I'll do  
And that's from the heart  
I won't stop till the devil do us part  
'Cause he is I and I am him  
And man, I don't wear no motherf\*\*\*in' brims  
What's my motherf\*\*\*in' name, fool  
I.G. is oh...oh...oh...

Oh, oh, no (Oh, no, oh, no, no, no)  
A thousand excuses from you, boy, I've had enough  
(Had  
enough, had enough)  
And I just want you to stop (Baby)  
No more love

You have just experienced  
Another Murder, Inc. banger (No more love)  
T.B.  
And that n\*\*\*\* I.G.  
F\*\*\* wit' it

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