

Twista

"No Love"

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Now when it comes to blowing dro you know i gots the bomb,
quick to dump these bullets up in your ass like le braun,
got me bustin' at these haters, i'm a motherfucking killer,
just call me the westside mobster, i'm your real ass nigga,
motherfuckers try to play me cause they know i get my cash on,
do a 187 with this motherfucking mask, jumpin up outta the truck,
deeper-est bass on this bomb b, **Dont know what he says** left his brains on the concrete,
Now I gets more paper then the rest of these ballers,
runnin tat for tat, the street sweeper from the corner,
Never catch me slippin, cause im gonna keep a trey pound, lay down,
blast on that ass cause im from K town,Nigga,

They hated since from the very start, so I shitted on the game,
thats why twista gots, no heart,(aint no love bitch)
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Better shoot a nigga up, Better shoot a nigga up if he dont wanna get me my pay-ah(aint no love bitch)
Kill a nigga for the dust, Kill a nigga for the dust, cause its the chi town way-ah(aint no love bitch)

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It's me and 22 twista, rollin, 6 fo, impala on gold, its top back, glock on my lap,
LAPD patrolin, ghetto bird over my shoulders, ima boss,
and i catch bullets in the field like randy moss, moss,
Im the face of L.A, got L.A on my face, hydrolics in the trunk, and the cake by the safe,

I dont bathing Apes, I got the reallers in jail,
I wear hoodies for real, you wear hoodies like pharrell,
pharrell, got pastell colours on him, i got a tv in the
range showing colours on it,
selling candy brain, its for lovers only, push coke til i
die put my dead brother on it,
as i ride with my gun and my vest, niggas in the chi call
me kanye west,
cause when im fresh outta henisey im buying the bar,
toast for my niggas, shining the pen.

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