

Young Dro "Amore"

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Chrous :

and you taught me to love you to the music

verse 1 :

Rough life let me explain , i got some shit on my brain .
If ion smoke it probably make me insane , i can feel the
blood race through my vains while im selling these
drugs im sittin up in the staircase with lil jane say his
uncle caught a K to the brains & his brother skipped
court & child support stedly taking his change hood
niggas using aince names i told pray up to god but he
ion belive me shawty athince dane fuck the cops cause
they hate me the same in the pigs one on boulevard
when tia got raped in the range ion no whats gone take
for this change and we stuck on the block 40 glocks
every day we remain young dro .

Chrous :

and you taught me to love you to the music

thats what ya told me baby

Verse 2 :

Motherfuckers asking for war , we gotta pasion for cars
, bullets flying while we passing cigares . We sell blocks
aint no motherfuckers asking for jars . I'm here to stay
for the momment , nigga thats a fassage . niggas
creep up in the back of yo' yard , lay yo' auntie down ,
and hit yo' granny with the back of the toys , trap and
get hard , mama get sicker she need a liver , and
niggas get missing till you fish em' out of the river hate
killer . they was up under me , they aint conquer me ,
sting em' like bumble bee's role up on em' like tumble
weave , stunna G . Holding my rifle i fired snip o . My
cousin loss her life in the ghetto i cried light though
DRO

Chrous :

and you taught me to love you to the music

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