No One "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 low eating good, got low feeling good, got low

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,

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 its time to put the crew on the map Sinister Sounds, Sinister Sounds

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