

Paris

"Ain't No Love"

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Yeah, this is another story of famous dogs
Where the dog that don't keep it real is a bitch
These are rappin' dogs, soldier dogs
Harmonic dogs
House dogs, street dogs
Dogs of the world unite...

(Paris)

Bye, bye shitty luck, skinny ducats
High side, many bucks, titty fuckin'
Smash on these Corleones, snatchin' fetti
Westside niggas roam, but y'all ain't ready

Every city, every borough, every town
Every ghetto comin' through, we touchin' down
When I spit they all scatter, battle cry
Worldwide, it don't matter - who wanna ride?

Return of the street pros, kill our foes
Expose what you need to know, Guerrilla flows
Still on that same shit, same time
Still from that same clique, same side

Real niggas ain't impressed by the stories they bring
When it's all said and done y'all remember my name
Fuck a Corleone, nigga, we grown, now what you
sayin'?
It's all about the chedda but beware what you claimin'

(Kam)

Y'all niggas really wanna see us dead, huh? We too
militant
Always on that pro-black crackajack killin' shit
I picked up a few cuts, scrapes and raw abrasions
Collectin' my cheese and checkin' these caucasians

'Cause when you killin' niggas on a record then you
goin' places
But talk about killin' these crackas, you racist, that's
why
Crackas and flies, I do despise

The more I see these crackas, the more I like flies

Look into my eyes before I pull this trigger, I don't know
what's worse

A black cracka or a white nigga, who should I do first?
I write a verse an' have 'em runnin' scared, turnin' red,
protestin'

I just be blastin', don't be askin' no questions, holmes

'Till the smoke clear, 'cause folks here know
The difference between a G and some Hollywierdo
What you in fear fo'? Your life or your money?
All these coward-ass fake thugs, a/k/a/ Bugs Bunnies

(Break)

Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in (8x)

(Paris)

So I fiend for the days when the funk was king
'Fore these pop sluts shitted on my video screen
'Fore these Bow Wow Wow Yippee Yos and hoes
Before niggas street clothes turned to platinum and
gold

Before videos made 'em all fantasy macks
'Fore blingin' we was singin' what it mean to be black
Now these bitchy bitchy boy bands causin' a fuss
And every nigga rappin' thinkin' thuggin' is us

I'm bustin' pro-black, comin' with rough raps, I catch
these
Hollywood shuffles by they motherfuckin' ruffles
And rough 'em up, see, and fuck them tricks
'Comin' phony, all them cowards know is blingin' and
Kris

But this poolside fantasy lovin'-ass wannabe
Record label Superfly nigga, eat shit and die
State-of-mind mentality is blind to me
See I'd die 'fore I live on my knees, believe...

(Break)

You know it ain't no love, no love for these
You know it ain't no love, no love for these
You know it ain't no love, no love for these
Don't you know it ain't no...(repeat 'till fade)

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