

Pras

"For the Love of This"

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(Pras)

Uh, yeah

Yo, yo, yo it's so amazin how I be blazin

From the four seasons to you at the days in

Where you lay at on the cages?

I comin with a cannon, two guns blazin, purple hazin

My shine can be appraised, my tongue radiate

Orchard violent rays, why you stower in the off broke
and paid

Singin your heart out, oh happy days, I'm movin on up
Damn, I wish I had it made, ran on your parade

Make you exchange at the word trade

Dig son, your whole couldn't add up to my half
I'll count your funds yeah, like third grade math

Blast to your path every mornin I break flags

Dirty cash always find a way to get stash
From Italy to the deepest alley
Up to the highest mountains of the Himalayas

I put that on a stack of bibles so I stack a prayers

Yo democrat block, must get shot
Believe me not go ask Pac Prodock

Scream on the crew when you don't know how

Shiver liner got, rhymes in every single cloud, cause
what

(Chorus: Pras)

For the love of this, I give my life a diss

And for the love of this, I send my last wish

For the sake of hip-hop, will you never stop?

You see I will do anything but I won't do that

(Sniff Coke) won't do that (slang dope) can't do that

(Get out the car) shouldn't do that (take off your rope)
why do that?

(Feel the gun smoke blow!)

Do you hear me baby

(Pras)

Yo, I got no life to spare, no time to bear

No TL care, I'm single like a stair

I can feel it in the air comin everywhere

Twenty years from now, I'm gonna be a billionaire

Red for the on the island M-I sick underwear

Leavin all the BS elsewhere, I swear

Black you out make you see the boat like Noah

There's nothin here for y'all, glasses like Coca-Cola

Mix-a-Mack make em see there's not enough buildings

Not ever since when I drop by these flash un a peepin

No reef thugin more caffeine than tryin

Spread the love yeah to all my beloved

High speed chasin, low pro pursue

Black shoes important, soldiers come Bay Root

So look to my troops and the stolen Coupes

Here's the gun don't talk about it, just get up and shoot
(stop it)

Hold up son, let me set up the pace

I'm that cattle in the race on the Human Race

Don't call me Human, call me Lou-man
Like par, move your record company under ?You-Hah?

Family business FR to snitches

I'm down with M.O.B. yeah Money over Bitches

(Chorus: Pras)

For the love of this, I give my life a diss
And for the love of this, I send my last wish
For the sake of hip-hop, will you never stop?

You see I will do anything but I won't do that

(Pras)

For the love of this I'll paint myself green

Within myself in the Corrine, Pras Most Wanted

Last seen with Sister Morphine

Scuba Diving with the Navy Seals in the Yellow
Submarine

Headed for, the Philippines, microphone fiend with are
regain green

It burns when I eat tangerine, wash it down with a cup
of Gasoline

Burn into flames, like your actress said Ilene

Supreme Dream Team, musical machine, money makin
machine

Walk through the Desert butt-naked with a inch of
canteen
Slappin it, rapper'll be like nah mean?
Got nothin but a piggy in a tree, to what I shoot and
some washed out jeans

Headin for the stars word, word to God

Watchin every move placin all my cards

The game'll soon come like the aliens

Everybody runnin, sayin that's the one

(Chorus: Pras)

For the love of this, I give my life a diss

And for the love of this, I send my last wish

For the sake of hip-hop, will you never stop?

You see I will do anything but I won't do that

(I sell Crack) won't do that (peel on your back) can't do that

(Here comes the Gat) shouldn't do that (if you wanna lay flat) why do that?

(Pras)

Yo, come on, do you hear me baby (hear me baby)

Uh, uh, uh, Navy Seals y'all, Refugee Camp what, what

You better stop it, punk, stop it, stop it, stop it, stop it
HA!

98-99, yeah, yeah, (*Dirty said several times*) Cash
haha

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