

Psychopathic Rydas

"No Love"

Visit "[No Love](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I got N-O-L-O-V-E for MTV
You cant see me in the locs in a black beemy
Got no love for cops not even a teeny weeny
...bit, shit
My black truck got the phat kit

So what you though you stupid little bitch?
That Full Clip gave up on all this rydin' shit?
What love I had left I done shot it
and what hater put out muthafucka well, you got it

Check this out dog I don't give a fuck
That's why I'm bombin' on you bitches I don't got no
love
This whole world is insane and psycho listen to the
thug-ism
Only bodies fallin' is the ones with the love in them

Representin' the Rydas because were mashin' and
thuggin'
Ain't got no love for yall buggin' thinking were wildin'
for nothing
If in your face its for something my windows down my
truck bumpin'
My fifty speakers are thumpin' and I'm about to start
dumpin'

I got no love for the government (fuck that shit)
They upset cause I'm clockin' more skrilla then the
muthafuckin' president
Then have it all sent to accounts in Swiss banks
Then all the rest chillin' in my baby mama name

I got no love for innocent people caught in the way
Between a Ryda and his pay, ain't no way, not today
It's been a long time and I been waitin' on this chance
So when my bullets advance, I'm putting shit in your
pants

I'm comin' straight from the murder glove I got no love
My styles underground but still so much above

You can try and shove me I still wont budge
And a thousand years from now I still be holdin' a
grudge

All these punk bitch ass muthafuckas runnin around
Claimin' to ride get chopped the fuck down
You can even know me run up and give a dap
The second you turn around your catchin' one in the
back

Man please, there's so many out here frontin'
Beatty eyed muthafuckas always lookin' for something
That why I never did and never would have any love
For the simple fact I hate to love, bitch what

Ain't got no love for yall bitches yall pussy as your only
asset
Lets put that ass in a skirt and see where pimpin' can
get
Don't be a customer getting buck for all your cheddar
Once a John twice a trick should of known better, it ain't
no love

For punks who pack unloaded pistols
Then keep it plane and simple you soft as Shirley
Temple
I take the gat from you and bust your whole shit out
And leave you where you lay with blood spillin' out you
mouth

They call my doctor loveless ain't got no love for no
other
then for your head with hot lead about to make love to
one another
I'm lovin' no one if you ain't a Ryda bullets inside ya
And David Copper-fuck couldn't hide you... from the
slugs

Caps spit off fly hoes suck dick
I got no love if you ain't tryna fuck, bitch
Trick another muthafucka
I got no love for radio DJ's ma's a dick sucker

I got a full clip of these heat seekin' bullets with your
name
Your about to have a cryin' mama with a body to claim
I already got front page news paper fame
Plus this drink got me on this anti love thing

Only love I got is this gat in your back
When I'm jackin' your tractor make it 10 times more fat

What makes you think anybody was feelin' you?
Shit every time I see your ass I think about killin' you

I got no love for you side your side don't got no love
back
Ain't got no love for the haters mad cause I'm holdin' a
gat
Ain't got no time for that chatter man you can kill all
that mess
I'm aiming straight for your face so fuck your Teflon
vest

There ain't no love for the dust nose addicted to my
crack
There layin' on their death bed I'm still getting' my
money back
No love for the family and fuck all there friends
Best believe I'm getting my cheddar back in the end

Black trucks, we let you no we coming with bumps
And don't increase your chances no way when the
shotgun pumps
I blow the life out your body, and bust at your ghost
My hollow points will have you dead and cooked like
fuck ass pot roast

Cause you a fuck ass (punk ass fuck ass)
In the fuckin' way of my cash (In the way of my MONEY)
So it's, you I blast (Ain't no love for no fuck ass)
You a fuck ass in the fuckin' way of my cash (no love
muthafucka)
So it's, you I blast (I'll bullet hole ya, I'll funeral ya)
You a fuck ass (cover your nuts bitch)
In the fuckin' way of my cash (stay away from my
cheddar)
So it's, you I blast (you better get down and lay down
muthafucka)
You a fuck ass (bring it)
In the fuckin' way of my cash (you done fucked up now)
So its, you I blast (whatever's whatever, Rydas don't
love)

Visit [Psychopathic Rydas](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.