

## Rasco

### "No Love"

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"What the worrrld needs now, is looove sweet looove  
It's the only thing, that there's just, too little of"  
{\*echoes to fade\*}

[Rasco]  
Yeah, uhh, show 'em no love

[Intro]  
When these brothers try to get out of line  
When these brothers try to take your shine, show 'em  
no love  
When these brothers try to test your crew  
When these niggaz try to shit on you, show 'em no love  
We show 'em no love, we show 'em no love  
When they try to get down, show 'em no love

[Rasco]  
Aiyyo it's Dick Swan' back in the flesh, back to win  
Now where a track stand, it lead in the PAC-10 (ha)  
You can tell by the look in my eye  
Dudes better not give it a try, here's why  
I (what) bump the hardest, dump your garbage  
If your tracks ain't tight I make 'em bump regardless  
It's the marksman, hittin your targets  
Give 'em one shot clean in places that's unseen (blaow)  
What's wrong with the world today?  
I just want my little girl to play, let her find her way  
That's why I'm on the grind today  
Never havin no time to play, a brother got rhymes to  
say  
(Yeah) I got bills to pay  
I know you cats wanna know why I feel this way  
Cause the man got us locked down, we gotta put it to a  
stop now  
Hey let's burn this whole place down

[Chorus]  
When these brothers try to get out of line  
When these brothers try to take your shine, show 'em  
no love  
When these brothers try to test your crew

When these niggaz try to shit on you, show 'em no love  
When these brothers really get off track  
Try to talk shit behind your back, show 'em no love  
We show 'em no love, we show 'em no love  
When they try to get down, show 'em no love

[Rasco]

Yo, I rock heavy handed  
Go to your face at a pace with the intent to do heavy  
damage  
They just couldn't stand it, man they had to test  
But you niggaz never had to press  
Nobody knows who your clique is, but I tell you what the  
trick is  
(What?) Ride the next nigga dick kid  
See if these cats can sell your name  
With enough pub maybe they can swell your brain  
To hell with fame (yeah) that was never the need  
At my own pace settin the speed, checkin the feed  
Give me one second to breathe, man I have your whole  
mouth taped up  
Paralyzed from the waist up  
But I gotta stay laced up, with the fresh gear  
Guess you gotta get it next year  
Get it clear man, this is never a joke  
I know cats still sellin the smoke, ayyo

[Chorus]

[Rasco]

I give 'em nothin they can cling to  
Like fastballs on the swing-through; ayyo I didn't really  
mean to  
Most have known I'm postin strong  
'Til cats had to ask what the fuck is wrong  
Fuck your song (damn!) Man your bars is weak  
I'll be out givin scars to cheeks, hard to speak  
Bring me the hardest beats, start settlin in  
Watch Ras start wearin 'em thin  
Like, melted ice you felt it twice  
Bet a joint like this never felt this nice  
I paid the price (yeah) spent a lot of time lookin for  
chips  
Still cookin up marvelous shit  
Yo, peace to A's, we flipped the page  
Have you run around yellin out "Jesus saves," yeah  
Look above, you dudes is scrubs  
When these niggaz really try to get down show 'em no  
love

[Chorus]

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