

## Tru Life

### "I Don't Need Love"

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Cool and Dre,  
Dear Love I can't stand you,  
I think you related to pain,  
I don't wanna see you around here no more,  
Please go, please please, yeah

[Tru Life:]

Dear Love I hate you I hope you never come back,  
Loved so many things that never loved me back  
I loved my pops but he was lovin' the drugs,  
I loved my girl but she was lovin' the clubs,  
I used to love my hall just being a G  
Than a hall when they call the cops on me  
Then my friends wanna pull a pac on me  
Get me in an elevator and lick shots on me  
Used to love rap, staying up watching hot tracks,  
Now I hate these rappers they ain't got hot tracks  
Love you don't love anybody not here,  
Runaway love go hate and disappear,  
Used to love my uncle when and gave him a pack,  
But for the love of the money he never came back,  
Please run away love I don't need you,  
Love you couldn't exist if my feelings don't feed you,

[Chrous: Keri Hilson]

Love's my enemy,  
I don't need love anymore,  
I had love I gave it back,  
Love ain't never had my back  
Ohhhh,  
All I need is me,  
I don't need love anymore,  
I had love I gave it back  
Love you never had my back

[Tru Life:]

I know rich drug dealers who wouldn't stop,  
Said they did it for the love sitting on the top  
Man is love really worth a hundred years in the box?,  
My niâ–a said it all the time, man I love my gun  
Left it in arms reach, now he can't love his son,

Fu-k love, I hate love, I don't even wanna make love,  
I just wanna screw, I don't love these hoes,  
Who said love don't cost a thing niâ-a, yeah right,  
Love of the thug life cost mikey grand his life,  
Why we love the hood so much but don't love christ,  
Where I'm from niâ-as tell chicken heads they love em,  
See their son on the stoop but won't kiss em and hug  
em,  
Feans loved the pipe so much he murdered his mother  
because she wouldn't give him money for another hit,  
Man this ghetto love here is some other sh-t,  
I'm sick of you love I think I had enough of this,

[Chorus:]

I used to love new york when it was innovative,  
Now I hate what's going on we ain't creative,  
I used to love the knicks but oakley got traded  
I had a thing for boxing watching trinidad  
Till quit and gave up and made the ricans look bad,  
Had a friend used to tell me he love sex,  
Then he started bare backing then he caught the virus,  
Used to love to chill hearing r kelly songs,  
Til I heard he like watching little girls in thongs,  
Used to love the jets till [? ] fu-ked up his arm,  
I can't believe big and pac died for loving the game,  
Now I don't love no rappers it ain't the same,

[Chorus]

[Talking over chorus: Tru Life]

I remember when I used to love rap music  
Man, just a bunch of bullsh-t  
Love you deceiving muthafu-ker you  
You ain't never had my back  
Tru life  
Sing for me baby girl  
Please please

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