

**Eve F/ Missy Elliott****"No Love"**

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[JT the Bigga Figga]

Man I devour emcees, spittin verses over trees  
Have a motherfucker lookin for me overseas  
Turnin G's to millions, the millions into billions  
Cuz I'm tryna make this shit happen for my children  
The twins, got me on the hustle after ends  
All in the wind and keep far from the pen  
Here we go again (go again) the Hen' got a nigga tilted  
Bent like L-Bone so the competition quilted  
I spilt it, worldwide to all the newses  
Fuckin with this, ya loose it - get a verbal bruise  
You know pursuin the paper, treat my destiny  
so if ya next to me ya better be about it  
To put yourself in jepordy cuz shit done got crowded  
I can't allow it, mob shit bitch can't live without it  
Somehow found it unbelievable to be unbeatable  
In my eyes, facin competition we unseeable  
I'm finna see a bid so please  
Man we can see the final finishes  
My team; a lot like acid, leavin shit sizzlin  
Rockin straight jean suits and Timberlands  
With a hollow for you, penalty for disrespectin  
Even then get a testin, my westcoast connection  
We rippin fleshies, tearin intestines out of chestes  
Bitch! (bitch!) bitch.. (bitch) ya know

[Hook] - 2X

We live the life of thugs; slangin drugs and duckin  
slugs  
On the block collectin knots - it ain't no love  
We tryna flip somethin; like a drop Benz, sittin on dubs  
Ridin low, flippin on bitches, blowin on bud

[The Commisiona]

Yeah  
I just got off the private plane, doin a show with the Big  
and Tel  
Tired as hell, we happy to be back in Pimp City  
Thinkin about the night before at the show  
We had the whole party Get Low on the flo'  
Happy to ball, ghetto stars, the other side of the globe

gettin jiggy, makin the crowd astonished the way we  
minglin  
Got it locked now, keepin it locked down  
Niggaz lookin at us like we some suckas from outta  
town  
I didn't trip though, till I seen one of them niggaz  
slip this other nigga a pistol  
I called my kin, told them to bring the bulletproof camel  
with the black revolver - they lookin at us like we shyvie  
outta towners glass ballers, and I guess some of these  
niggaz flawless  
He said, "No problem, I'll be there in less than five  
whole minutes"  
Time is timid, so bring the bulletproof vest too  
After I got off the stage, niggaz were scarin hoes with a  
penis  
Nigga believe this, I ain't lyin, man that's it we film it

[Hook] - 2X

[Guce]  
Slidin in my two-thousand Caddy  
Sweepin up the change from the block  
When the glock shot, it's all day everyday - we bang  
E-B-K, get yo' wig pushed from the cake  
We ride southside, westcoast on mind  
Kiss the motherfuckin fo' five  
Hit him up Mobbalotti, runnin from the one time  
Get Paid Mafia, shinin like diamonds  
The Cardier make a hoe stare  
Dick bustin through yo' pussy hair  
Ghetto celebrity, thuggin till the death of me  
Drinkin bullies with the gang, westcoast connect mayne  
Blow a tree to maintain, do assault for petty change  
Money over bitches, ridin on dubs, these bitches  
From Highgrove to hittin switches  
Get Paid, all about the cheddar, square-ass nigga  
Hatin on a playa - the mob gon' getcha  
Split ya, rippin yo' pockets on the regular  
I'm that nigga that you scared of!

[Hook] - 2X

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