

Jürgens Udo

"Nothing But Love"

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Uh, get ya mind right (get ya mind right)
What, Southsive for live Westcoast nigga...

[Chorus]

Coming straight from the heart, cause I got nothing but
love

Man it really hurt, cause we done lost another thug - 2x
Would you ride for your dog, would you die for your
dog

Staying side by side, prepare to lose it all - 2x

[Lil' Keke]

I'm living life on the run, this is hot pursuit
Niggas lying homies dying, better strap on your boots
I'm the young don, you know I do what I do
One of the first ones in the click, since the year 9-2
Yeah me and Screw, the click you know we started that
It was a three-headed monster with my boy Fat Pat
We was the throwdest the coldest, on this side of town
And all them rookies speaking up, you know they had
to bow down
We was profiling, freestyling, buck-wilding
Making money, had a player smiling
Keeping it crunk, bringing the funk, popping the trunk
Smoking the skunk, a player don't front
Fore' I lay down to sleep, you know I gots to pray
Cause this life ain't been the same, since we lost P-A
Sometimes I pick it up, just to make a call
Cause my right-hand to God, man I miss my dog

[Chorus]

[Lil' Keke]

Would you swang and swoop, in a brand new Coupe
This Commission Muzic Group, we hotter than chicken
soup
Would you kill for your homie, would you steal for your
homie
Be ready to bust a shot, when they try to run up on me
Would you ride for a thug, would you die for a thug
Be ready to pump a slug, when you see a nigga blood

H-Town to Oakland, the highway smoking
Puffing on something green, that'll bust your chest
open
Or trip in a zone, for my homies that's gone
DJ Screw you the king, baby sit on that throne
Mafio, Big Steve don't worry, I got it rocking
Just for P-A-T, I'ma keep a top dropping
Long live the name, forever in the game
Letting you boys know, until you feel my pain
Southside for life, baby a player got pride
East to West Coast, real dogs gon ride

[Chorus]

[Lil' Keke]

Pressure bust the pipes, so that's what I like
Had to master the game, like it's riding a bike
I lost some people man, you know this world is a trip
It got me paranoid, riding with a glock and a clip
I know a lot of people saying, you the last one left
That's why I'm studio, buying keeping some on the
shelf
I mash on the gas, with no time to play
Me, Pokey and Carleone, plus the H-A-W-K
Tell Poetic just don't sweat it, I'm out dropping my hit
Do it straight from the heart, because I love the click
I got the heart of a hustler, the mind of a G
Dedicating this song to Screw and P-A-T
I'ma hold it down, until I make it that way
On the last sixteen, with so much to say
No giving up, this is life on the run
All respect due, from Lil' Keke the Don

[Chorus]

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