

## **Too \$hort "No Love from Oakland"**

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Ain't no love in Oakland, bitch  
Niggas always talkin bout 'I love you'  
But ain't no love, bitch

Now it's a shame, I can't be saved by John the Pope  
I gotta be a pimp or sellin dope  
Cause in this town, it's goin on  
And brothers doin that can't live too long  
So what's my option, do it or not  
Break a hoe, sell a ki, just don't get caught  
Cause if I do, I'm goin to jail  
On a one-way ticket to a prison cell  
So why commit the crime? Don't ask me  
Went to school everyday, and I still can't read  
I count money like a champ, now ask me  
Why everyday does the task force jack me  
The story's been told one million times  
About a boy growin up to a life of crime  
I heard it before, you heard it too  
But now, homeboy, it's just me and you  
You see, people try to call us filthy trash  
Even though we live better and make mo' cash  
Than they do, I'm not a no-good thug  
Standin on the corner sellin drugs  
And just remember, this ain't multiple choice  
Without a college degree you only got your voice  
You gotta talk for yours, or get nothin at all  
This ain't the NBA, I ain't havin a ball  
Every day is a trip, but I ain't trippin  
Watch my back and don't start slippin  
Money won't talk, but it looks right back  
Everytime I dip into my stack  
I'm buyin cars, jewelries, and mobile phones  
Things I couldn't get with a high school diploma  
It's alright, cause I just help myself  
You should know, cause I can't do nothin else  
And you better watch out for the day  
When you lock me up and throw that key away  
Cause I'll be back on parole  
Ain't changed nothing, cause I'm ready to roll  
I go to school now, but just to front  
Still servin dopefiends what they want

Count 5 to 10, 10 to 20  
And I just keep on makin money  
I hope you don't think my story's amazin  
I tell it to a kid in the ghetto, it won't faze him  
So many blackmen die for drugs  
I think back on the way life was  
Before rock cocaine started runnin thangs  
And drive-by shootings was a normal thang  
Before brothers bought Benzes, used to drive  
Mustangs  
12 Years later, and I'm still in the game  
All my life all I wanted was a few hoes  
If I was pimpin or slingin at the liquor sto'  
Ain't nothin but street life, fuck that school  
All the squares up there ain't even cool  
Plus my partners at the house sell coke all day  
Hit the mall like players, spendin fat-ass bank  
Junior high wasn't shit but a place to fight  
Muthafuckas wasn't learnin how to read and write  
I'm just walkin down the street all alone  
High as hell, my mind is gone  
I'm thinkin bout some brand-new shit and I'm broke  
I know I be a fiend if I smoke that coke  
But if I go back to school and get educated  
Be a old-ass man before I graduated  
So what should I do, I can't even cope  
I guess I'll get a sack and start slingin dope  
I went to my homie, said, "Give me the sack"  
He disappeared quick, and he came right back  
He said, "You owe me a g, I give you a week  
You fuck up my money, don't cop no plead  
Cause in the Oak ain't no love, \$hort"  
I knew right then I couldn't sell that coke  
When I was young, it was hard to tell  
If I grow up and be rich as hell  
See, I was cool I knew all the shit  
Big bank on my finger tips  
But I never had a big bank, not back then  
I kicked back and watched all my friends  
Make big money, right in my face  
And if you ever crossed them, they be on your case  
You go under, six feet underground  
You gets no love from the Oaktown

I drive my top everyday like a movie star  
Drive around all night in old towed up cars  
And if you stop me, ain't no tellin what you find in my  
trunk  
Gotta live like this, cause I ain't no punk  
So break down the dank and roll up that shit  
Light the muthafucka, take a fat-ass hit

My fingers all sticky from the residue  
Don't fuck with me, I won't fuck with you  
Cause life is only give and take  
In the town where the strong control the fake  
The wild wild west, that's the place  
Suckers take a bite, and don't even taste  
The California lifestyle that I live  
Mack these hoes every chance I get  
Like a drop SL, three times black  
I'm a pimp, a player and I been known to mack  
I'm a muthafucka, I broke your heart  
She gave it all to me, and I tore it apart  
Talked about love right to the end  
But I broke your heart and, bitch, I do it again  
So young and tender, also fine  
Tryin to get Short Dog all the time  
I take what I want, you can keep the rest  
You gets no love from East Oakland, bitch  
That's the place I call home  
Where the Oakland City players roam  
Game don't stop, listen to me  
Everybody fuckin with the O.P.D  
Slingin cocaine, knockin it off  
Killed some nigga, and he never got caught  
High-speed chases everyday  
Can't make no money no other way  
A bitch yelled "raid!", that ain't true  
Cause you laid down, and she fucked you  
Two days ago I didn't know she existed  
But now baby is just one of my bitches  
I don't care what you say  
Cause I catch bitches and straight get pay  
You don't care what I'm sayin  
Punk-ass square ain't got no game  
Hoes love me, cause I'm a player  
They think maybe I just might fuck em later  
I keep mackin though, I don't work for free  
To be a true hoe you gotta pay me  
I spend endless days and endless nights  
Plottin this shit to keep my money right  
I build stages in my mind, and it's all an act  
All I'm tryin to do is keep my pockets fat  
With this pimp game, and these funky beats  
Now here's a little story from the Oakland streets  
You see, Tania had a boyfriend, his name was Jack  
Always had the bitches on their backs  
Jack told Tania, "I love you so"  
But Jack's a mack, he's got several hoes  
One day she beeped him to say what's up  
He didn't call back, cause she was only out to fuck  
She beeped Mike, cause she got mad

She knew about the bitches her boyfriend had  
Mike called back, and he was on his way  
He just got the pussy yesterday  
You see, Mike ain't trippin on his girlfriend  
Fine little bitch, I think her name is Lynn  
Mike paid the bills always in cash  
And if she ever got raw, he just beat that ass  
It goes on y'all, so don't even trip  
You gets no love from East Oakland, bitch  
Got sprung, even though it's not legal  
A young black man livin like rich people  
I got this game from a hard-ass place  
It's on the map, right there in your face  
I see my people, all filled with joy  
Next day they're killin homeboys  
Can't say shit if you sho' can't shoot  
Cause muthafuckas will smoke them boots  
You gets no love from Oakland, bitch  
You better try to make me rich

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