

Benzino, Love (Hidden Track)

[Benzino]:
'Zino, uh
Young Yellow
Old star
From Boston to NY

We do it for the
(Love)

Purple haze, Philly blunts, niggas on the corner
Semi-auto weapons, with the red scope on it
Niggas don't want it, my dawgs we do it for the
(Love)

Fly bitches, ponytails, jeans fit just right
Get brains on the nine o' clock flight
That this is for them niggas up in Walpole
Norfolk, Nashua, South Bay, shit
You know them niggas get
(Love)

For them Hang Man 3, cause they got love for me
I rap for them, they do the same for me
I got (love) for them hustlers that be throwin' them dice
All my hood rich niggas on the block with ice
I got (love) for the deceased that died for the cause
For everybody in the jailhouse locked behind bars
I got (love) for them ladies in Victoria thongs
That ain't afraid to hold me down with the shit go wrong

See it's like (love) when I be blazin' up a ounce a hyro
Ride through the projects and there's no five-o
That's (love) sittin' in the court with a grin on my face
Hundred thousand dollars put up so I can beat this case
You know that's (love) niggas workin' with the Feds, that's trife
Got ya man twenty-five to life motherf**ker
That be -- (love)

--I got -- for the blunt smokers, the wood smokers
Dutch smokers, even you green leaf rollers
I got (love) for my Timberland boots, Burberry suits
Plenty of loot, topless coupes
I got (love) for my grandmom's, my little brother
For the youth in the struggle, together we'll get tougher

(Love) All my niggas get
(Love) All my bitches get
(Love) Scream
(Love) L-O (Love) 'Zino (Love, love)

We got (love) for them bastard children
Stealin' them buildin's, postin' the block, tryin' to touch a million
That's (love)

For my people, workin' hard at night
Run the graveyard shift, gotta get that money, right
You know it's (love) when I send my boy commensary
A Playboy magazine and picture of Halle Berry
That's (love) when I let you hold my nine, bring it back
Chicks where you at, you ain't gotta be a diamond stack

We got (love) for them baby mama strippers
Cause baby dad ain't in the picture, don't worry we there with ya
It's all (love) when the 'dro is lit
We got everybody laughin', chokin' and shit

Now that's (...love)

This is for my niggas who ain't here
Pour the Remi out, shed light, on incarcerated tears
Who got (love)

For the Juvi's in detention halls
Just hit me collect and I'm exceptin' the call
Cause that's (love)

From these Boston, Mass bandits
Haters can't stand it, and that's exactly how we planned it
Show me (love)

All my hoods get (love)

C'mon

All my peoples get (love)
(Love, love, love, love)

Holla
Yo, all my niggas get (love)
All my bitches get (love)
Show us love (love, love...)
Show us love (love, love..)
'Zino (love, love...)
Our family get (love)
All the world get, show us love (love, love...)
Scream (love, love...)
Holla (love, love...)
Show us love (love, love...)