

Dirty, Where Da Luv

[Verse: Big Pimp]

Now we been rappin' since the third grade... and I ain't lying

Y'all saw that footage Killa Dealer played... way from '89

But I said that to say this:

We paid our dues up early in the game, so why you hatin' bitch?

You don't got no love, you don't like our music? Then get off from round me

You ain't gotta speak to me, I ain't mad about it... so why you frownin'?

But if you got beef with me, we can cook it up if it's necessary

I was born and raised in Alabama... so you sho don't scare me

Cause off the top, I got love for my fuckin' city

But ain't got no love for some of these hatin' ass niggaz that's in it

Not the whole Gump, just the ones that be yappin' their mouth

Runnin' their dick-sucker 'bout shit they don't even know nothin' bout

I'm talkin' bout the ones that's puttin' out rumors sayin' we got beef wit Nelly

I'm talkin' bout the ones that's sayin' Universal dropped us on our belly

Y'all niggaz wish we ain't have this deal, so that's why you lyin'

So I can imagine how you bitches felt when we first signed

Now, you can take it how you wanna take, but you gonna get it how I gi' it

It don't matter, long as you bitch ass niggaz hea' it... and see it

I represent Alabama, now who can say that?

You know we represented hard, it's tattooed on my back

The same niggaz... in our face... smiling hard... showin' their golds

Burning up... on the inside... damn near... 'bout to explode

We killing you slow lyrically wise, y'all niggaz can't fuck with the flow

You'll come out better... hittin' the do', grabbin' your dick... beatin' it slow

And a matter of fact, y'all need to be tryin' to get where we at

A record deal and a mil', my nigga we did that

Shit, you better be glad we got this deal

Cause it we ain't have it, we'll be creepin' out there

where y'all live through your window seal

Slangin' steel, and knocking them G's up out your mouth

And tying your heels, and takin' them ki's up out your house

And I'm for real, for all you other rappers down here hatin'

You gonna be here... in Montgomery struggling tryin' to make it

[Chorus]

Now WHERE THE LOVE?

I sendin' this one out to them WEAK ASS THUGS

Niggaz who talk behind our back, but won't SAY SHIT TO US

Nigga we put the Gump on the map

Now don't get mad cause y'all niggaz can't rap - THIS OUR CITY

WHERE THE LOVE?

It's so many that hate us in the bitch, WHO CAN YOU TRUST?

I ain't trustin' nan, I load, cock, AIM, AND BUST

Gotta keep the bitches off me, NIGGA IT'S A MUST

We jump this bitch first

MY NIGGA, WHERE THE LOVE

[Verse: Mr. G-stacka]

I came to lay this bitch ass niggaz down, and ain't no hollerin' bout peace

Ole bitch ass niggaz see me in the street, the first thang to speak

I don't care what you reppin', don't care who you followin'

Cause everything that come out your mouth, to me just see to be garbage

Don't test me lil' shawty

I'll get you bucked down, your career done went down

Them niggaz who knew you in the Gump, they don't know yo' ass now

So slow yo' ass down, and be careful what you speak on

Cause if that was yo' diss, well I'm just sayin... that was a weak song

Cause all that booty-shake music, real G's don't us it

Please don't get upset, I'm just tellin' you how we do shit

Sissies beggin' for a deal, now keep it real

You gotta come tighter with your skills, plus listen here

I know you still sellin' out your trunk

But please sell mo' cd's then just here in the Gump, ole pussy punks

Tryin' to run up on some heavy weight champs, don't make me snap
If it wan't for us, y'all wouldn't be tryin' to rap...so don't complain
Y'all niggaz ain't ready for this game, you just too lame
And I got rhymes to eat you at the frame, you feel me mayne?
And y'all still think y'all tighter than we
Well, me and Pimp 'll blitz you on the streets or on cd

[Chorus]