

# Ice T, Gotta Lotta Love

[ VERSE 1 ]

Woke up the other mornin, I heard a rumor  
They said the gang wars was over  
I told em they was bullshittin, they said it's real as hell  
Can't explain the way I felt  
Too many years I seen my brothers die  
And I can't say that shit was really that fly  
But I used to gangbang when I was younger  
So it's really hard to tell a kid that he's goin under  
I never thought I lived to see us chill  
Crips and Bloods holdin hands, the shit is ill  
But I love it, I can't help it  
Too much death on the streets, and we dealt it  
Van Ness Boys, The Hoovers, The 60s  
Bounty Hunters, 8-Treys, all coolin out, gee  
I pray the shit'll never stop  
You used to see the wrong colors, and the gats went pop-pop  
But now the kids got a chance to live  
And the O.G.'s got something to give  
That's love, black on black, that's how they made it  
And if any busters flip, they get faded  
L.A. is where I'm speakin of  
Peace to all the gangsters, cause I got a lotta love

[ VERSE 2 ]

I got a lotta love, cause you're all my brothers  
Red or blue, black's the color  
We got a chance, so we can really sweat the real fools  
Show those muthafuckas the real tools  
Check the enemy, it ain't the family  
Not 1-11, try L.A.P.D.  
They gotta understand, they beat on a blackman  
There's gonna be drama, know what I'm sayin?  
And if we flip, let's all flip together  
Cause I'm prepared, kid, for rough weather  
And we gotta realize, the boys on the east side  
You call em S-A's, I call em allies  
Because the day that we all unite  
Watch the pigs get real polite  
Punk muthafuckas gotta learn quick  
That we ain't takin no more shit  
L.A. is where I'm speakin of  
Peace to all the gangsters, cause I got a lotta love

[ VERSE 3 ]

Crenshaw Boulevard, Sunday afternoon  
Folks sittin on things, mad systems boom  
The girls are lookin better  
The gang truce is on, so you wear whatever  
At Venice by the ocean  
Rag-top Trey hits the three-wheel motion  
There's gangsters all around  
Still crazy sets, but you just don't clown  
I pray L.A. can stay this way  
It's the first summer I can really say  
I felt cool, we all chilled  
Went to the park, and nobody got killed  
Now if you got a problem, it's man on man  
You don't need a gang to solve em  
I seen the greatest thing I seen in my life  
Two brothers in a straight up fist fight  
Nobody pulled a gat, nobody jumped in  
Nobody pulled a knife, nobody got done in  
L.A. is where I'm speakin of

Peace to my city, cause I got a lotta love

[ VERSE 4 ]

G-a-t-e-s, I hope you wear a vest  
Even after you're out the fuckin office  
Cause we're on a totally different tip  
Fuck that pig brutality shit  
This unity is gettin to me  
Every brother on the street is my homie  
I'm rollin through a hood that I never been  
And every brother steps to me as a friend  
I love it, I love it  
And nothin in my life will ever be above it  
We wanna see our kids all grown up  
We're tired of seein our hoods get blown up  
L.A. is a great place  
Fly girls, dope cars, life at a fast pace  
But gangbanging was killin it quick  
Another child got hit - bullshit  
Pop-pop-pop, 10 on a weekend  
We was goin off to deep end  
But now we got a chance, my friend  
To mend, and make the colors blend  
Let's all go out on a picnic, kick shit  
And squash all the static  
Last year I lost about five homies  
This shit is real to me  
L.A. is where I'm speakin of  
Peace to all the gangsters, cause I got a lotta love

Yo

This is goin out to all the gangbangers  
All over South Central  
Watts  
Inglewood  
All over L.A., basically  
East L.A.  
Youknowmsayin?  
It's basically goin down  
Peace to all the Crips and the Bloods  
Van Ness Boys  
Hoovers  
Rollin 60s  
83's  
Bounty Hunters  
Yeah  
And the Jungle  
This is goin out to all the brothers over there in Watts  
You know what I'm sayin?  
Throwin it up  
Grape Street  
Nutty Blocc  
Front Hood  
And all them niggas out there in Compton  
Rollin 30s  
Harlem  
Ah yeah  
Pueblos  
Nickerson G's  
Peace  
Inglewood Family  
18th Street  
South Loc  
And all the S-A homeboys  
All the different sets

Every set, Crip, Blood  
What doesn't matter to me  
Cause I gotta love  
You know what I'm sayin?  
Hope the truce never ends  
Youknowsayin?  
We can do this