

Nas, U Gotta Love It

Real conversation for that ass

(Its what they want) Huh

(Its what they want) What you said, can't hear you man

(Its what they want) Speak the fuck up

(Its what they want) Word (Its what they want)

[Nas]

Nastradumas, astrologic, know when I rep

Flow when I'm set, got the chips to a lotus my whip

Gold on my neck was once a code of respect

For high rollers and vets

Now its loads of baguettes, prefer a mack-10 over a tech

No matter sober or wet, I smack soldiers, cadets

Trees that might eject my hype back

Famous phrase "Nigga light that"

Hoes you fuck, ask you where your ice at, dun

Its all about playboys, when we was young

Can only get tongue, then finally we can cum

Busting in hoes, guzzling 4's

Crack blitz, '86, you turn hustling pro

From bottles, to seven in your hand

To fake pepsi's to get to the crack, unscrew the can

Gleam blunted, seeing 100's, stacks of boy with a lean on it

We got it if the fiends want it

The whole block singing the same theme "Don it"

Fuck it, too many crabs in the bucket

If its ice work, I'm gonna truck it

You gotta love it, you gotta love it

[Chorus]

(Its what they want) fuck it

(Its what they want) you gotta love it

(Its what they want) fuck it

(Its what they want) you gotta love it

(Its what they want) fuck it

(Its what they want) you gotta love it

(Its what they want) (its what they want) (its what they want)

[Nas]

Some girls get too emotional, fanatic extremist

Get pulsive with malice insentitives, the foulest of bitches

Hung up my riches, her childest wishes

Be suspicious of those sleeping with fishes, them hoes

Conspicuous and it shows, tricking this dough

Kicking this flow, slip in a new fo'

So when your click roll, I let my clips go, Niggas on opposite polls

I got that confident soul, for those locked in a hole

Inhuman, living hostile opposed

To living on the streets, proper from my top to my toes

Aeropostale my clothes, Vernon niggas in suburbans with liquor

Preposterous foes, frantically foul niggas

See niggas in blast, there goes a loud difference

Coke sniffing, tapping 13 year old chickens

You can't be a kingpin when you snitching

Regardless, we still make you a target

We shoot you and chill, chrome objects

Hit you in your projects, its street anomics

This rhyme is edited, credited through ebonics

Miserable cats, hunger painting

Get off your ass, stop complaining

My crew be in Montego Bay margariting

While you home, waiting your arraignment

This thug life you claimed it, I make millions from entertainment

Now back in the hood, certain cats they wanna kill me

They ice grill me, but on the low, niggas feel me
You gotta love it, you gotta love it

[Chorus]

(Its what they want) fuck it

(Its what they want) you gotta love it

(Its what they want) fuck it

(Its what they want) you gotta love it

(Its what they want) (its what they want) (its what they want)