

# Paris, Ain't No Love

Yeah, this is another story of famous dogs  
Where the dog that don't keep it real is a bitch  
These are rappin' dogs, soldier dogs  
Harmonic dogs  
House dogs, street dogs  
Dogs of the world unite..

(Paris)

Bye, bye shitty luck, skinny ducats  
High side, many bucks, titty fuckin'  
Smash on these Corleones, snatchin' fetti  
Westside niggas roam, but y'all ain't ready

Every city, every borough, every town  
Every ghetto comin' through, we touchin' down  
When I spit they all scatter, battle cry  
Worldwide, it don't matter - who wanna ride?

Return of the street pros, kill our foes  
Expose what you need to know, Guerrilla flows  
Still on that same shit, same time  
Still from that same clique, same side

Real niggas ain't impressed by the stories they bring  
When it's all said and done y'all remember my name  
Fuck a Corleone, nigga, we grown, now what you sayin'?  
It's all about the chedda but beware what you claimin'

(Kam)

Y'all niggas really wanna see us dead, huh? We too militant  
Always on that pro-black crackajack killin' shit  
I picked up a few cuts, scrapes and raw abrasions  
Collectin' my cheese and checkin' these caucasians

'Cause when you killin' niggas on a record then you goin' places  
But talk about killin' these crackas, you racist, that's why  
Crackas and flies, I do despise  
The more I see these crackas, the more I like flies

Look into my eyes before I pull this trigger, I don't know what's worse  
A black cracka or a white nigga, who should I do first?  
I write a verse an' have 'em runnin' scared, turnin' red, protestin'  
I just be blastin', don't be askin' no questions, holmes

'Till the smoke clear, 'cause folks here know  
The difference between a G and some Hollywierdo  
What you in fear fo'? Your life or your money?  
All these coward-ass fake thugs, a/k/a/ Bugs Bunnies

(Break)

Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in (8x)

(Paris)

So I fiend for the days when the funk was king  
'Fore these pop sluts shitted on my video screen  
'Fore these Bow Wow Wow Yippee Yos and hoes  
Before niggas street clothes turned to platinum and gold

Before videos made 'em all fantasy macks  
'Fore blingin' we was singin' what it mean to be black  
Now these bitchy bitchy boy bands causin' a fuss  
And every nigga rappin' thinkin' thuggin' is us

I'm bustin' pro-black, comin' with rough raps, I catch these

Hollywood shuffles by they motherfuckin' ruffles  
And rough 'em up, see, and fuck them tricks  
'Comin' phony, all them cowards know is blingin' and Kris

But this poolside fantasy lovin'-ass wannabe  
Record label Superfly nigga, eat shit and die  
State-of-mind mentality is blind to me  
See I'd die 'fore I live on my knees, believe..

(Break)

You know it ain't no love, no love for these  
You know it ain't no love, no love for these  
You know it ain't no love, no love for these  
Don't you know it ain't no...(repeat 'till fade)