

# Spice 1, Ain't No Love

(Chorus: Joya)

Ain't no love, I'm tellin you ain't no love  
Ain't no love, I'm tellin you ain't no love in this game  
No, no, ain't no love, I'm tellin you ain't no love  
Ain't no love in this game

(Spice 1)

I used to hustle street corners back in 1986  
Slangin Yayo by the dub, me and E-Bay in the mix  
only sixteen, slangin rocks on the slumber,  
two 'o' clock in the mornin we watchin under,  
see the coppers kept their creep on  
But we was ready, didn't slip or slide or sleep on  
the game was deadly, you could be here today and gone tomorrow  
partner, see you gotta try to survive, the system failed us as a people  
Money is the root to evil that we possess inside our hearts and minds  
that's why so many of my homies dyin  
Crack flooded communities will reflect the grim harsh look  
And the face of what we call reality, dead partners and clips  
pictures and bullet shells on grave sites  
Got me thinkin about my crazed life  
What would I be, when I think that it's a shame  
cause my trigger gots no heart homie and ain't no love in this game

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(Spice 1)

I watched the po-po roll on and chase my partner  
see, my homie's get stole on fool, by the coppers  
see the, Herion addicts and fiends walkin the city streets  
Not even wantin to care about what their children eat  
But see it's dog eat dog, be a hog  
young player maintain to keep ya brain like ya aim fool  
Gotta do what ya gotta do, roll with a crew if you got to  
But keep your game true, cause see them haters out there bad  
talkin about they wanna jack a young player for all his cash  
Better watch your back in '95 on the real  
Them youngsters out there drugged out there high packing steel  
And can't nobody tell them nuthin about their life  
cause their daddy beat their mama and their mama on the pipe  
When will the sticky situation change, like I told you before homie  
There ain't no love in this game

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(Spice 1)

My homie mama almost died and had a stroke  
when we told her that her little baby boy was left in smoke  
We all shed in tears cause they did him cold  
I know if he was here, we would all be smokin like a broke stove  
Light up the blunt and crack the top off of the yak  
But all the Chronic in the world can't bring my homie back  
I'm missin all the times that we got drunk and fell out on the floor  
Both at the back of a squad car straight cappin on the po-po  
And that's a cryin shame, damn, there ain't no love in this game (\*echoes\*)

(Chrous w/ variations: Joya)  
Ain't no love, I'm tellin you ain't no love  
I'm tellin you ain't no love in this game  
No, no, it ain't no happy phase  
You know that's right to say the place  
Ain't no love in this game  
It ain't no happy thing  
You know there's pointin it to blame  
Ain't no love in this game  
It ain't no happy phase  
You know that's right seed ain't the blame  
Ain't no love in this game  
It ain't no happy phase  
You know that seed no ain't the blame  
Ain't no love in this game, no...