

Westside Connection, So Many Rappers In Love

(Ice Cube)

Aquarius, hahahaha, and my name is Larry

(Chorus)

Theres so many rappers in love

On the radio

Theres so many fake ass thugs

On the radio

(Mack 10)

Lisin up mothafuckas

This is Mack one o, to all these niggas on the radio simpin to these hoes

What happened to the thugs, drugs and G hits

Talkin all the soft shit just to please a BiZ-Nitch

And some of all is street and know the gangsta mode

Its like this, fuck a bitch

And thats the G code

We used to sell raw kill and give toe tag

Now ever since 9-1-1 rappers waving white flags

But me i keeps it gutter, just like before

Imma warrior so i stay prepared for war

Aint nuttin wrong wit spoilen a bitch, especially if u got it

Her suckin you, u fuckin her

Gettin freaky and earotic

But if it aint ruff, it aint me

And i refuse to turn R-A-P, in R&B

You went from Hardcore to pop

Just to be on top

I give Cool J his props and thats where it stops

(ice cube)

(Connect Gang Nigga)

(Chorus)

(x2)

(W.C.)

The pussy gets cream

Real niggas aint simpin, Oh NO!

Im sick of niggas, trick niggas throw my radio in a ditch, nigga, cause all i hear is bitch niggas

Fake ass R&B thugs in hot as sweaters, wit bull shit messages and tite ass vests

Fuck hip hop, yall needa call it simp hop

Sock that bitch in the back of her head and take the cock

Hoe shut up, im bout to load the fuck up

And if i hear another nigga in love im throwin up

Load it up, pick the gun up

Im fed up, cause radio wit wimp bitch men, imma fuck u snuff heads up

Soft niggas get the gay channel, when i slap an R&B thug off his mothafuckin piano

DJ's need to let the ghetto back in the club

Theres too many fake ass thugs, too many rappers in love

Mothafuckas stiff pussys

(chorus)

(x2)

(Ice Cube)

You used to be hardcore

What the fuck you lookin hard for nigga standin on the golf course

Wit yo golf club rappers

Get off drugs, xtasy is turnin niggas into soft thugs

Wit all these promises, showin straight bitches where yo mama live

I know what time it is

Im the game lord, here to punish you

For lyin to every bitch that your runnin to

Tryna show every hoe how fly you are
You's a mothafuckin fool if you buy the bar
Im buyin two drinks, fuck you skanks
Both of em mine, what chu think
I gets full of liquore, and pound a stripper
You gets drunk nigga, pull up wit her
Drivin yo shit, like its her shit
Under the surface, you like her bitch
Make a nigga sick to his stomach

(Chorus)
(x2)

A baby, i used to be a gangster rapper
But right now, i like flowers, i love watchin birds in the park
I love takin long walks in the park
I just love you
I love watchin yo kids
I love, i jus love poetry
I love you