

# Heart of the City (Ain't No Love)

Jay-Z

[Jay-Z]

Uh, uh, listen  
First the Fat Boys break up, now every day I wake up  
Somebody got a problem with Hov'  
What's up you all niggas all fed up 'cause I got a little cheddar  
and my records moving out the store?  
Young fucks spitting at me, young rappers getting at me  
My nigga Big predicted the shit exactly  
"More money, more problems" - gotta move carefully  
'cause faggots hate when you getting money like athletes  
Yung'uns ice-grilling me, oh - you're not feeling me?  
Fine; it cost you nothing - pay me no mind  
Look, I'm on my grind cousin, ain't got time for fronting  
Sensitive thugs, you all need hugs  
Damn though mans I'm just trying do me  
If the record's two mill I'm just trying move three  
Get a couple of chicks, get 'em to try to do E  
Hopefully they'll menage before I reach my garage  
I don't want much, fuck I drove every car  
Some nice cooked food, some nice clean drawers  
Bird-ass niggas I don't mean to ruffle you all  
I know you're waiting in the wing but I'm doing my thing  
Where's the love?

"Ain't no love, in the heart of the city.."  
I said where's the love?  
"Ain't no love, in the heart of town.."  
Yeah..

And then the Fugee's gonna break up, now everyday I wake up  
Somebody got something to say  
What's all the fucking fussing for? Because I'm grubbing more  
and I pack heat like I'm the oven door?  
Niggas pray and pray on my downfall  
But everytime I hit the ground I bounce up like roundball  
Now I don't wanna have to kill southpaw  
Don't wanna have to cock back the four pound bar  
Look scrapper I got nephews to look after  
I'm not looking at you dudes, I'm looking past you  
I thought I told you characters I'm not a rapper  
Can I live? I told you in ninety-six  
that I came to take this shit and I did, handle my biz  
I scramble like Randall with his  
Cunningham but the only thing running is numbers fam  
Jigga held you down six summers; damn, where's the love?

"Ain't no love, in the heart of the city.."  
Niggas, where's the love?  
"Ain't no love, in the heart of town.."  
Holla at me!!  
"Ain't no love" (take 'em to church) "in the heart of the city.."  
Uh, uh, uh - my nigga where's the love?  
"Ain't no love, in the heart of town.."  
Fuck

Then Richard Pryor go and burn up, and Ike and Tina Turner break up  
Then I wake up to more bullshit

You knew me before records, you never disrespected me  
Now that I'm successful you'll pull this shit  
Nigga I'll step on your porch, step to your boss  
Let's end the speculation, I'm talking to all you  
Males shouldn't be jealous that's a female trait  
Watch you mad 'cause you push dimes and he sell weight?  
You all don't know my expenses, I gotta buy a bigger place  
Hehehe, and more baggies, why you all aggie?  
Nigga respect the game, that should be it  
What you eat don't make me shit - where's the love?

Where's the love?

"Ain't no love, in the heart of the city.."  
"Ain't no love, in the heart of town.."  
"Ain't no love, in the heart of the city.."  
"Ain't no love, in the heart of town.."  
"Ain't no love, in the heart of the city.."  
"Ain't no love, in the heart of town.."

"Ain't no love.."