

## Good Ol Love (produced By 9th Wonder)

Masta Ace

Give me some of that good ol' love  
Ohh, let me make you, you  
Give me some of that good ol' love  
Whoa, ohh, put your hands together  
And show your love for the one and only

Hey yo, the world gon' show me some love, listen  
And I'm not talkin' 'bout the fakes hugs and kissin'  
Fifteen years, a lot of love is missin'  
I done already showed I'm not above the dissin'

I'ma take what I'm owed, won' wait 'til I'm old  
The game got rules and y'all breakin' the code  
Y'all don't really think I can be hot in the club  
Y'all think I'm washed up like I got in the tub but

I'm keepin' it poppin', the streets watchin'  
I'm keepin' 'em locked and the beat knockin'  
Hear me comin' with this song that I brung in  
Daddy-O told me this when I was still a young'un

"Ain't nothin' like hip hop music  
That's why we choose it and the world just can't refuse it"  
This shit is underground like a gopher  
Show a little love 'fore it's over

Give me some of that good ol' love  
(Got to be the real thing)  
(Something you feel thing)  
Ohh, let me make you, you  
(Come on, let me make you sing)  
(Gimme that good ol' love)

Give me some of that good ol' love  
(Got to be the real thing)  
Whoa, ohh  
(Something you feel thing)  
(Come on, let me make you sing)

Let me put y'all on like a bulb in the socket  
In the club niggaz knock it wit' a dub in the pocket  
They walk in the store, I love when they cop it  
Make you other rappers struggle to top it

But this man flow with the greatest ease  
Never did care about the haters, please  
He done paid his dues, paid his fees  
He done stayed overseas, made his G's

But now I got a wife and she bad as Halle  
Her moms is a militant, dad is rowdy  
The fans kind of act like they glad I'm outtie  
But they prolly sittin' at home sad and pouty

You show me some love, I'ma show it right back  
I know a tight track so I throw it like that  
My limo driver's white, my attorney black

Show me some love like I'm Bernie Mac

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(Something you feel thing)  
Ohh, let me make you, you  
(Come on, let me make you sing)  
(Gimme that good ol' love)

Give me some of that good ol' love  
(Got to be the real thing)  
Whoa, ohh  
(Something you feel thing)  
(Come on, let me make you sing)

This is for my Shaolin shooters and my Brooklyn teens  
Uptown Bronx and them crooks in Queens  
I work like a maid when she cooks and cleans  
'Cuz it's about to be a wrap from the looks of things

The game is changed, the game is strange  
The game is lame and it ain't the same  
But that's how it is, you can ask Iz  
You can ask Biz, we did it for the kids

Listen here, this is different here  
If you got an eye for detail and efficient ear  
I won't disappear, I'ma keep on givin'  
I'ma keep on livin', I'ma keep bein' driven

I'm down to earth and I'm close to ground  
And spit shit better than most around  
This's how hip hop is supposed to sound  
Tear them other cats' posters down now

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(Something you feel thing)  
Ohh, let me make you, you  
(Come on, let me make you sing)  
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Give me some of that good ol' love  
(Got to be the real thing)  
Whoa, ohh  
(Something you feel thing)  
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New York, New Jersey, Philly, D.C. Virginia  
Chi-Town, St. Louis, Houston, Atlanta  
Los Angeles, San Francisco

England, Scotland, Germany, Austria  
Sweden, Switzerland, France, Italy  
Croatia, Spain, Slovenia, Japan  
Austria, Africa, show me love