

# Gangstas Need Love

Master P

Yo, Boo, uh, I know I ain't never told you this before but, uh, I was just trying to get my hustle on. But you know what? I just need you to be there for me, cuz, uh, gangstas need love too.

Since you've been away I've been down and lonely  
Since you've been away I've been thinkng of you  
Trying to understand, the reason you left me  
What were you going thru?  
I'm missing you (gangstas need love too)  
Tell me where the road turns  
Uhhhh, I got you livin' in mansions  
Jumpin' out of Benzes (honk, honk)  
DKNY clothes but get fake president's Rolex watches  
You used to wear Swatches  
Done took you out the ghetto, now your name is Miss Versace  
Alligator Purses, Mæet with your Reeses, Hershey  
Miss Rev-e-lon when yo' lips an' hair an' toes on Tuesdays and Thursdays  
Even though I'm livin' wrong, tryin' to get my hustle on  
I want you in your birthday suit when I make it home  
So I can Uhhhh then squeeze ya', tease ya'  
You wanna rub me? let the Ice Cream Man please you  
I ain't got no nine to five  
Hustle just to stay alive  
Keep you on your game  
Give you a pistol with your cute .45  
Heiffers decieve ya, cuz they wanna be ya  
Tell you I'm a thug and they can't wait till I leave ya'  
So think about what I say and fuck what them hoes say

I'm missin' you  
Tell me where the road turns  
You was a high school queen  
Met me sellin' ice cream on the corner went double-up servin' Fiend  
Even though I'm a thug, ya love me  
If sex was a game, we'd a play rugby  
I got you flyin' first classes on planes  
Jumpin' offa' trains  
Takin' cruises on boats, sippin' champagne  
Rollin' out the red carpet when they see ya \$10,000 mink coat  
That's why them hoes wanna be ya, but they can't  
Taking trips in Land Cruisers  
Droppin' off cash to the bank  
But they don't know what you done see  
The shit i done put you thru  
?? you done take for ya' boo  
The FED's harass you  
The lies you dont told for me  
And when i went to jail you found a way to visit me  
Runnin' up ya phone bill  
Sometimes the kids didn't even have a decent meal  
It ain't no limit to this ghetto love  
Even though i mighta' slangin' drugs  
You still showed me love  
That's why I'm here for ya', Boo  
But just remember (uuuhh) that gangstas need love too

I got a ?? and i wonder why and i wonder what she in me  
And man I can't lie  
Cuz i'll be hustlin' , hangin' wit my homies all night ch'all  
I'll be hustlin' from the morning to the night fall, aight ch'all?  
It's kinda hard tryin' to stay clean  
Tyrin' to chase dreams  
Tryin' to make it happen  
But this rappin' ain't what it seems  
Know what i mean?  
Now thru thick things ya' stood beside me  
When I was on the run, you help me on the real  
Tryin' to make a mil but on the real  
That's tight but a little money can't buy me  
I need someone who could be trusted  
Take this hundred g's in case a nigga like me get busted  
Ya' blame it on my mom's lifestyle  
My thuggish-ruggish friends  
Ya' keep tellin' me  
My fine lifestyle gonna havta come to an end  
Ya' gotta' realize I ain't tryin' to be no broke fart  
I'm takin' the chances now  
Cuz it's gonna be hard for our future sons and daughters  
I'm tryin' to take trips to Reno  
Cash chips like casinos  
Live life as a high roller  
Silkk the Shocker make moves like Valentino  
I only got one chance, so I got to take it  
If you could just be patient  
Down for the silent 20 just for waitin'  
Yo' mom think I'm a thug  
She still don't like me  
Ya' friends think I'm a ghetto thug  
But this is ghetto love that they can't see, G  
I know when it rains it pours, one day i gotta stop  
And when I do ima be sittin' on top  
And gonna be sippin' champagne on yachts  
Cars and tennis bracelets just a thang (meanwhile)  
I'll be home tonight  
So keep it tight for this gangsta