

# Don't Need Your Love

The Game

Yo Havoc, I'm too close to the edge on this one nigga  
I ain't gon' jump though, I'ma keep it raw gutter  
Yo Prodigy, you know I need you on this one nigga

I got shit on my chest, I must confess  
Last night I was the nigga that shot up your projects  
Now I'm back in the hood, with rocks in the Pyrex  
Tan khakis and them Nike Airs with the dyed checks  
I was forced to live this life, forced to bust my chrome  
My pops left me in a foster home  
I felt abandoned like Quik now that Mausberg gone  
So I don't hop in the SS without the Mossberg homes  
I've been rappin for a year and a half, my life is real  
Put the gun in his mouth, he gon' bite the steel  
Come to Compton, I got stripes for real  
Before Dre, before the ice, before the deal - I was almost killed  
Like 'Pac before the Death Row deal  
I got shot over two pounds of weed, still ain't found them niggaz  
But karma come quicker for a nigga on the other side of the gun  
That's somethin I gotta teach my son

I don't need your love, no no no no  
I don't need your love  
Need it, I don't want it, I don't need it  
I don't need your love, no I don't need your love  
I don't need your love  
Cause, the, game, don't, change

I heard they got Bloods in New York now  
Red rags in Uptown Harlem now, I need that love  
Front court at the Knicks game, new chick, French name  
New car, new house, and sometimes friends change  
And you don't need that love, when you G's like us  
And your Jesus piece is sim-u-lar to Biggie's  
And your life story is sim-u-lar to 50's  
First they hate you, then they love you, then they hate you again  
What the fuck do it take for a gangsta to win?  
No mics, no +Unsigned Hype+, nigga \*FUCK\* The Source  
Plus them awards I don't need  
And them niggaz breathin the same air as me, actin like they don't bleed  
We don't drive the same speed, this a Continental T  
That's a case of Armadale, this a continental suite  
So I'ma drown in my own sorrows  
Live life, fuck tomorrow, nigga cause reality is

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I was gassed up, Murder Inc., Roc-A-Fella passed up  
Sat in Daddy's House with Black Rob and Lou and asked Puff  
Now The Game set in stone, the Frank Muniz set in stones  
Dre cut me a check, I'm gone  
Tryin to be the king of the streets, niggaz'll wet your throne

But I got nieces to feed, two coasts to please  
So I roam through the city like the ghost of E  
Gotta put Compton back where it's 'sposed to be  
Nuttin between all my niggaz that's close to me  
In the streets with two fellas packin toast for me  
I'm 'posed to be, got all the critics watchin my pivot  
On my block in the Coupe readin kites from prison  
I got niggaz doin life in prison  
All my fallen soldiers is one of the reasons we pour out liquor  
So this song is for Ms. Wallace, Afeni Shakur  
And all the mothers of dead sons that went out in the war

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(2x)