

No Love from Oakland

Too \$hort

Ain't no love in Oakland, bitch
Niggas always talkin bout 'I love you'
But ain't no love, bitch

Now it's a shame, I can't be saved by John the Pope
I gotta be a pimp or sellin dope
Cause in this town, it's goin on
And brothers doin that can't live too long
So what's my option, do it or not
Break a hoe, sell a ki, just don't get caught
Cause if I do, I'm goin to jail
On a one-way ticket to a prison cell
So why commit the crime? Don't ask me
Went to school everyday, and I still can't read
I count money like a champ, now ask me
Why everyday does the task force jack me
The story's been told one million times
About a boy growin' up to a life of crime
I heard it before, you heard it too
But now, homeboy, it's just me and you
You see, people try to call us filthy trash
Even though we live better and make mo' cash
Than they do, I'm not a no-good thug
Standin' on the corner sellin' drugs
And just remember, this ain't multiple choice
Without a college degree you only got your voice
You gotta talk for yours, or get nothin' at all
This ain't the NBA, I ain't havin' a ball
Every day is a trip, but I ain't trippin'
Watch my back and don't start slippin'
Money won't talk, but it looks right back
Every time I dip into my stack
I'm buyin' cars, jewelries, and mobile phones
Things I couldn't get with a high school diploma
It's alright, cause I just help myself
You should know, cause I can't do nothin' else
And you better watch out for the day
When you lock me up and throw that key away
Cause I'll be back on parole
Ain't changed nothing, cause I'm ready to roll
I go to school now, but just to front
Still servin' dope fiends what they want
Count 5 to 10, 10 to 20
And I just keep on makin' money
I hope you don't think my story's amazin'
I tell it to a kid in the ghetto, it won't faze him
So many blackmen die for drugs
I think back on the way life was
Before rock cocaine started runnin' thangs
And drive-by shootings was a normal thang
Before brothers bought Benz's, used to drive Mustangs
12 years later, and I'm still in the game
All my life all I wanted was a few hoes
If I was pimpin' or slingin' at the liquor sto'
Ain't nothin' but street life, fuck that school
All the squares up there ain't even cool
Plus my partners at the house sell coke all day

Hit the mall like players, spendin' fat-ass bank
Junior high wasn't shit but a place to fight
Motherfuckers wasn't learnin' how to read and write
I'm just walkin' down the street all alone
High as hell, my mind is gone
I'm thinkin' bout some brand-new shit and I'm broke
I know I be a fiend if I smoke that coke
But if I go back to school and get educated
Be a old-ass man before I graduated
So what should I do, I can't even cope
I guess I'll get a sack and start slingin' dope
I went to my homie, said, "Give me the sack"
He disappeared quick, and he came right back
He said, "You owe me a g, I give you a week
You fuck up my money, don't cop no plead
Cause in the Oak ain't no love, \$hort"
I knew right then I couldn't sell that coke
When I was young, it was hard to tell
If I grow up and be rich as hell
See, I was cool I knew all the shit
Big bank on my finger tips
But I never had a big bank, not back then
I kicked back and watched all my friends
Make big money, right in my face
And if you ever crossed them, they be on your case
You go under, six feet underground
You gets no love from the Oaktown

I drive my top everyday like a movie star
Drive around all night in old towed up cars
And if you stop me, ain't no tellin' what you find in my trunk
Gotta live like this, cause I ain't no punk
So break down the dank and roll up that shit
Light the motherfucker, take a fat-ass hit
My fingers all sticky from the residue
Don't fuck with me, I won't fuck with you
Cause life is only give and take
In the town where the strong control the fake
The wild wild west, that's the place
Suckers take a bite, and don't even taste
The California lifestyle that I live
Mack these hoes every chance I get
Like a drop SL, three times black
I'm a pimp, a player and I been known to mack
I'm a motherfucker, I broke your heart
She gave it all to me, and I tore it apart
Talked about love right to the end
But I broke your heart and, bitch, I do it again
So young and tender, also fine
Tryin' to get Short Dog all the time
I take what I want, you can keep the rest
You gets no love from East Oakland, bitch
That's the place I call home
Where the Oakland City players roam
Game don't stop, listen to me
Everybody fuckin' with the O.P.D.
Slingin' cocaine, knockin' it off
Killed some nigga, and he never got caught
High-speed chases everyday
Can't make no money no other way
A bitch yelled "raid!", that ain't true
Cause you laid down, and she fucked you
Two days ago I didn't know she existed

But now baby is just one of my bitches
I don't care what you say
Cause I catch bitches and straight get pay
You don't care what I'm sayin'
Punk-ass square ain't got no game
Hoes love me, cause I'm a player
They think maybe I just might fuck em later
I keep mackin' though, I don't work for free
To be a true hoe you gotta pay me
I spend endless days and endless nights
Plottin' this shit to keep my money right
I build stages in my mind, and it's all an act
All I'm tryin' to do is keep my pockets fat
With this pimp game, and these funky beats
Now here's a little story from the Oakland streets
You see, Tania had a boyfriend, his name was Jack
Always had the bitches on their backs
Jack told Tania, "I love you so"
But Jack's a mack, he's got several hoes
One day she beeped him to say what's up
He didn't call back, cause she was only out to fuck
She beeped Mike, cause she got mad
She knew about the bitches her boyfriend had
Mike called back, and he was on his way
He just got the pussy yesterday
You see, Mike ain't trippin' on his girlfriend
Fine little bitch, I think her name is Lynn
Mike paid the bills always in cash
And if she ever got raw, he just beat that ass
It goes on y'all, so don't even trip
You gets no love from East Oakland, bitch
Got sprung, even though it's not legal
A young black man livin' like rich people
I got this game from a hard-ass place
It's on the map, right there in your face
I see my people, all filled with joy
Next day they're killin' homeboys
Can't say shit if you sho' can't shoot
Cause motherfuckers will smoke them boots
You gets no love from Oakland, bitch
You better try to make me rich