

So Many Rappers In Love

Westside Connection

Aquarius, hahahaha, and my name is Larry

It's so many rappers in love
on the radio
It's so many fake ass thugs
on the radio

Listen up motherfuckers
This is Mack 1-0, to all these niggaz on the radio simpin to these hoes
What happened to the thugs, drugs and G hits?
Talkin all the soft shit just to please a Biz-Nitch
And some of y'all is street and know the gangsta mode
It's like this, fuck a bitch
And that's the G code
We used to sell raw kill and give toe tag
Now ever since 9-11 rappers wave a white flags
But me I keeps it gutter, just like before
I'm a warrior so I stay prepared for war
Ain't nuttin wrong wit spoilin a bitch, especially if you got it
Her suckin you, you fuckin her
Gettin freaky and earotic
But if it ain't ruff, it ain't me
And I refuse to turn R-A-P, in R&B
You went from hardcore to pop
Just to be on top
I give Cool J his props and that's where it stops

(Connect Gang Nigga)

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The pussy gets cream
Real niggaz ain't simpin, Oh noooo!!
I'm sick of niggaz, trick niggaz throw my radio in a ditch
nigga, cause all I hear is bitch niggaz
Fake ass R&B thugs in hot as sweaters, with bullshit messages and tight ass
vests
Fuck hip hop, y'all need to call it simp hop
Sock that bitch in the back of her head and take the cock
Hoe shut up, I'm bout to load the fuck up
And if I hear another nigga in love I'm throwin up
Load it up, pick the gun up
I'm fed up, cause radio with wimp bitch men, I'mma fuck you snuff heads up
Soft niggaz get the gay channel, when I slap an R&B thug off his motherfucki
n piano
DJ's need to let the ghetto back in the club
There's too many fake ass thugs, too many rappers in love
Mothafuckers stiff pussies

It's so many rappers in love

On the radio
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You used to be hardcore
What the fuck you lookin hard for nigga standin on the park fo'
Wit yo golf club rappers
Get off drugs, extasy is turnin niggaz into soft thugs
Wit all these promises, showin straight bitches where yo mama live
I know what time it is
I'm the game lord, here to punish you
For lyin to every bitch that your runnin to
Tryna show every hoe how fly you are
You's a motherfuckin fool if you buy the bar
I'm buyin two drinks, fuck you skanks
Both of em mine, what chu think
I gets full of liquor, pound a stripper
You gets drunk nigga, pull up wit her
Drivin yo shit, like it's her shit
Under the surface, you like her bitch
Make a nigga sick to his stomach

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A baby, I used to be a gangster rapper
But right now, I like flowers, I love watchin birds in the park
I love takin long walks in the park
I just love you
I love watchin yo kids
I love, I just love poetry
I love you