

# 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 nigga  
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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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