

Never Had Love

Z-Ro

I never had love for a bitch I'm about my money
Even if they murder me I ain't going nowhere
Turn up the volume to the radio I'll be right there
And I never had love for a nigga, I'm about my money
I'm a million dollar mac that's how I carry myself
And can't no woman have my heart
cause I'm gonna marry myself

My first diss song back yeah that used to be me
Every Sunday morning and every Wednesday night i would
be
At Crest Mont church of christ just my daddy and me
But i know he didn't love me too 'cause i was raised by
the streets
Never took the time to teach me bout the birds and
bee's
Don't even know if he was proud of me for making A's
and B's
West point of Ridge man made me a man,
Took my first onion rock up and made me a grande
Seventeen years ago, it was just like yesterday i
remember it well
Lil homie going to school worrying, hustling, and
living on the streets I was going through hell
And i've got no regrets but i'm not finish yet
I know i've come a long way but is so far to go
Since none of yall muthafuckas help Z-Ro (That's right)

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Yall already know what they want from me
Cell bleeders see me B-R-O-K-E and D-E-A-D
I can't escape the H-A-T-E
My baby mamas make me wanna just squeeze the trigga
Feelin like the world dont need me nigga
Seem like none of my daughter hardly see me nigga

I'm sorry baby
You know your daddy crazy
Seems like your mama always got a problem with Ro
I done put up with it long enough i don't take it no
more
If i'm not appreciated then it's time for me to go
I'd rather they file child support I'ma just send the
dough
Time is passing by and I aint even there to see you
grow
Life is hard for the slap I promise Ima be there but uh

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I'm laughing at yall bitch niggas like AH HA
Mad on me 'cause i'm in the Bentley when i SLIDE BY
Louie Vuitton Mark Jacobs Gucci or Prada
Nobody but me cut slices outta my PIE
I'm riding dirty but my ride is so clean
It's like a pamper full of baby shit and Irish Spring
bitch
You aint' nothing but a greasy split
Payin me money the only way you can please em bitch
I'm a walking talking ass whippin i'm the squad father
If it's more than one nigga thats when i squad harder
Somebody need to be murdered i got a job offer
I got the concrete these other boy's are softer
My bitch get off the plane you can keep that hard off
her
You can get that bottom and that head bob off her
Before I love a bitch i'm shoppin for shoes
And all the best bread is mine but the cock is for you
ya trick

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