

# 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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