

Give Me Love

E-40

I want your love
I want... your love

I want your love
I want... your love

Check game
Paper in my pocket, not lint
Got a house note not rent
Dual exhaust sound like a dog barking
Cutlass Oldsmobile, Platinum Kush sparking
At the intersection making hella noise
Car got bass like Barry White voice
Underneath my seat... HEAT
4 G auto slippers on my feet
Hit the liquor store for some alcohol
Earl Stevens wine and some Buzzballz
Walking out the door I see a super thick
Orange bone thicker than my other chick
Every day I celebrate life
You only live once, not twice
Put the good lord first, not second
That's the only way you're gonna get to heaven
Breathing is a blessing every time I wake up
When I'm at the barbershop, I got my pistol tucked
Ready for whatever, just in case
I gotta put a sucker in his place
In the dirt with the worms and the maggots
My pinky ring got a bunch of baguettes
Standing on the couch in the club
Like the homie Pac say... Give me love!

I want your love
I want... your love

Like the homie Pac say... Give me love!

I want your love
I want... your love

Like the homie Pac say... Give me love!

Everything on me brand new
First thing people look at is ya shoe
Bosses everywhere in my crew
We hella deep... deep like the Wu
Worry about your own paper route
Mess around and stretch yourself out
Groveling and complaining... hella grumpy
Trying to count the next player money
I can see right through a sucka like a vodka bottle
Trying to stack paper... taller than a supermodel
I am on this Mangoscato
It go hella hard, not soft like a soft taco
It's the weekend, and even if it ain't
We gonna paint the town and put some paint where it ain't
At the [?], I gig like a gangster

Just to let you know, keep one in the chamber

I want your love
I want... your love

Give me love!

I want your love
I want... your love

Give me love!

Third verse, 41st bar

Raised in the gravel... brought up on the tar
Word played like Scrabble... microwave pickle jar
In the middle of the ghetto, might slap box spar
Used to step on a crack, but I wasn't superstition
Now they got cameras, and face recognition
Gotta be careful on the street
Helicopters can see through body heat
I'm sitting on the couch smoking a bowl
Slapping classics like this that touch the soul
Watch what you say to ya heathen
Never know when you might need em
Be a father to your son or your daughter
Be a man, not a damn coward
Might be a judge or rap or play sports
Attend they games, pay your child support
Most gifted people on this earth, can be right in your presence
Diamond in the rough, by their selves
Back of the bus... by choice not force
Real once cause, embrace, endorse
I love people... not things
That's probably why I always see snakes in my dreams
When you see my family... give them a hug
Tell them all I ever wanted was they love

I want your love
I want... your love

Tell them all I ever wanted was they love... Give me love!

I want your love
I want... your love

Tell them all I ever wanted was they love... Give me love!

I want your love
I want... your love

I want your love
I want... your love

I want your love
I want... your love

I want your love...