

Gotta Lotta Love

Ice-T

Woke up the other mornin, I heard a rumor
They said the gang wars was over
I told em they was bullshittin, they said it's real as hell
Can't explain the way I felt
Too many years I seen my brothers die
And I can't say that shit was really that fly
But I used to gangbang when I was younger
So it's really hard to tell a kid that he's goin under
I never thought I lived to see us chill
Crips and Bloods holdin hands, the shit is ill
But I love it, I can't help it
Too much death on the streets, and we dealt it
Van Ness Boys, The Hoovers, The 60s
Bounty Hunters, 8-Treys, all coolin out, gee
I pray the shit'll never stop
You used to see the wrong colors, and the gats went pop-pop
But now the kids got a chance to live
And the O.G.'s got something to give
That's love, black on black, that's how they made it
And if any busters flip, they get faded
L.A. is where I'm speakin of
Peace to all the gangsters, cause I got a lotta love

I got a lotta love, cause you're all my brothers
Red or blue, black's the color
We got a chance, so we can really sweat the real fools
Show those muthafuckas the real tools
Check the enemy, it ain't the family
Not 1-11, try L.A.P.D.
They gotta understand, they beat on a blackman
There's gonna be drama, know what I'm sayin?
And if we flip, let's all flip together
Cause I'm prepared, kid, for rough weather
And we gotta realize, the boys on the east side
You call em S-A's, I call em allies
Because the day that we all unite
Watch the pigs get real polite
Punk muthafuckas gotta learn quick
That we ain't takin no more shit
L.A. is where I'm speakin of
Peace to all the gangsters, cause I got a lotta love

Crenshaw Boulevard, Sunday afternoon
Folks sittin on things, mad systems boom
The girls are lookin better
The gang truce is on, so you wear whatever
At Venice by the ocean
Rag-top Trey hits the three-wheel motion
There's gangsters all around
Still crazy sets, but you just don't clown
I pray L.A. can stay this way
It's the first summer I can really say
I felt cool, we all chilled
Went to the park, and nobody got killed
Now if you got a problem, it's man on man
You don't need a gang to solve em
I seen the greatest thing I seen in my life

Two brothers in a straight up fist fight
Nobody pulled a gat, nobody jumped in
Nobody pulled a knife, nobody got done in
L.A. is where I'm speakin of
Peace to my city, cause I got a lotta love

G-a-t-e-s, I hope you wear a vest
Even after you're out the fuckin office
Cause we're on a totally different tip
Fuck that pig brutality shit
This unity is gettin to me
Every brother on the street is my homie
I'm rollin through a hood that I never been
And every brother steps to me as a friend
I love it, I love it
And nothin in my life will ever be above it
We wanna see our kids all grown up
We're tired of seein our hoods get blown up
L.A. is a great place
Fly girls, dope cars, life at a fast pace
But gangbangin was killin it quick
Another child got hit - bullshit
Pop-pop-pop, 10 on a weekend
We was goin off to deep end
But now we got a chance, my friend
To mend, and make the colors blend
Let's all go out on a picnic, kick shit
And squash all the static
Last year I lost about five homies
This shit is real to me
L.A. is where I'm speakin of
Peace to all the gangsters, cause I got a lotta love

Yo
This is goin out to all the gangbangers
All over South Central
Watts
Inglewood
All over L.A., basically
East L.A.
Youknowmsayin?
It's basically goin down
Peace to all the Crips and the Bloods
Van Ness Boys
Hoovers
Rollin 60s
83's
Bounty Hunters
Yeah
And the Jungle
This is goin out to all the brothers over there in Watts
You know what I'm sayin?
Throwin it up
Grape Street
Nutty Blocc
Front Hood
And all them niggas out there in Compton
Rollin 30s
Harlem
Ah yeah
Pueblos
Nickerson G's
Peace

Inglewood Family
18th Street
South Loc
And all the S-A homeboys
All the different sets
Every set, Crip, Blood
What doesn't matter to me
Cause I gotta love
You know what I'm sayin?
Hope the truce never ends
Youknowsayin?
We can do this