

## Love It

King Los

Ok

Ok now this one from the bottom I need no top on my Bentley  
And no tops on these bitches they give more top evidently  
I'm not the type of nigga to put dames over my scrilla  
I'm tryin' to get this change and fly a plane over my villa  
Illa', fresha', cooler, smoother, doper, chilla'  
Is everything that I am and you mad cause you "no familia"  
And boy I'm out that jungle with them lions tigers bizz-ears  
No lyin' when I'm flyin' I want my entire clique there  
Would you like to let your hizz-air, down and enjoy some champagne  
Majuana? Patron and Ciroc don't stizz-op so do your damn thing  
Hey, anywho, hit me with your Jimmy Choo  
If anything shorty we can get you any shoe  
Yea you hella bad and your friend she can get it too  
We can sip a few, tell a nigga what you finna do  
I'm dippin' through with my roof way back  
Swag high like a nigga with a new Maybach  
We can ride this bitch till the wheels fall off or the freeway crack  
I'm a G laid black  
True G shit girl... spent two G's on Gucci shit  
Swagged up from the hat to the kicks  
My G I really do this shit

Oh yes all my diamonds sexist, so don't no nigga touch it  
And bitch don't watch my Rose, cause those ain't in your budget  
Now shorty bust it open, like she want me to fuck it  
And all these niggas hate it, but all these bitches love it  
All these bitches love it  
I said all these bitches love it  
And you don't have to like it, but you know how I does it  
So love it, love it, love it

You know she like the boys that hold the block down, creamed up  
Something outside with the top down, gleamed up  
OG Kush by the pound when we lean up  
And all these bitches love it (all these) all these bitches love it

Oh yea all them niggas hate it, but all them niggas dated  
And by that I mean outdated, I got all them niggas faded  
Like a barber, I will son you, but you act more like a daughter  
Bitch I'm farther, just so far that I recorded this tomorrow  
Just don't bother boy it's hopeless, I know I'm the dopest  
Ever seen a swag so potent you could roll it up and smoke it  
Chokin' on your hatred, we joke you for that fake shit  
I almost owe my fame to those that don't want Los to make it  
Nigga I'm the one, can't a motherfucker test 'em  
If I stood next to myself it would make the number eleven  
If I'm standing next to you then that would make the number ten  
While I take this number two, my nigga thank you come again

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