

No Love

Mark Battles

I'm walking in with a gang of niggas, with a gang of niggas
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Don't open shows, they main eventers
Thrill as hell, them niggas bang on Twitter
All is well, eat a lame for dinner
Party hard so we can't remember
See I'm the one that she call the future
Don't call me baby, just call the Uber
Money on my mind, I'm Carter 2'n
Nigga dropped Numb and he started brewing
I ain't tryna beef but she kinda choosing
Take yo girl and leave, I'm a party pooper
And I could fight, so we hardly shooting
Ready for this life, I'mma guard the unit
Yeah the flow dumb, but I'm far from stupid
Five on me, what a Harvard student
Don't need no keys, yo this car confusing
If you rep the 3s, we the same gang
All for the love, we don't gang bang
Need a hundred mil just to maintain
Whole city mad cause they can't hang
Wait, lame I was made for this
You don't want if you don't take a risk
You ain't real if you play the fence
If it's not the 3s then I ain't convinced, nigga what

No Love, no love
No love for the other side
This what they want, this what they want
This what they want

Walk in by myself, no company
Labels call, wanna sit, have lunch with me
I'm not interested in none of your puppetry
I'll cut your cord if you bungee jump with me
I don't care if nobody fucks with me
Middle finger's up, I do nothing subtly
Niggas wanna rap like me
Now they all my kids, I'mma need my full custody
No love for the other side
Don't talk unless you want to die
I think to eat another fry
Lyrical homicide, no Ty getting Dolla Sign
My whole story getting novelized
No fables, round tables, bark like broke cables
Cooking these niggas like potatoes
Don't save 'em, swear I'm Kobe, don't trade him
Records getting spins no Dreidel, oh David
Doing features for fun, they all bang like I speak with a gun
Got a girl out of Spain, she don't know any English
But speak with her tongue with her knees on the rug
How I do it, I leave with a shrug
If I want something done, I don't leave it to none
And the crazy thing is that I've only begun
But they looking at me like I've already won

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I'm walking in with a gang of bitches
I fuck 'em good, no anger issues
No angels either, grab her ankles
Bae relentless, ain't pretentious but I feel like it's my house now
Like a nigga switched the drapes and changed the pictures
Watch your tone, change your pitches pitches
Ain't a vicious, hit it from a different angle
Switch it Big Daddy Kane, ain't no half stepping
When I mangle bitches from the back
The type to strangle midgets nitches, ain't no pain no gain
Say it slower, ain't no pain no gain
Woah woah that's just plain old sickness
That I got inside of me, but let me operate, I got a doc inside of me
The dichotomy of a sick man that need welfare and healthcare
And WIC wick plans and withstand
When the lean kick in and look like a kickstand
It look like my kicks saying, ain't fuck with the shits man
We hustle double and juggle and smuggle the bricks fam
You motherfuckers are phoney, new motherfuckers, you humble
Except when they in the midst with the King, and kiss the ring
And realize they in the jungle theyselves
I'm in love with myself, I ain't chasing no no bitch
If she ain't hop in my whip and she ain't tasting no dick, sing to 'em

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