

Love

Rittz

I look around my circle of friends that got smaller
All the contempt they had balled up
It all eventually gets brought up
Bitching at me like I intended to just dog em
Look at my phone and notice I got a missed call from
One of my homies and next my text starts blowing up
There's a homie I knew growing up
A close friend but his text suggests that we ain't close enough
I started reading and lost my buzz
I was at a loss for words
A bunch of paragraphs telling me he salty
I never call him and cut him off like loss of love
That couldn't be more false, but it's always my fault
They drunk and mad at life, and on to vent at a scapegoat
Knew that they preventin' their true feelings
They got on about the money, they just wanna run around and tug at my raincoat
at
But they ain't really mad 'cause I don't call no more
They just jealous of the squad on tour
But all them dudes work hard, and I offered you a job before
But you expect to do nothing and get a dollar for it
Man I wish I had a dollar for the friends that I seen walkin' towards the same
me revolv'in' door
Sayin' "Fuck me" with their middle fingers up
I used to forgive 'em but I'm no longer feelin' sorry for 'em
Homie, no wonder why they call you a - bitch
How the fuck a grown man gonna text
Another man, trippin', makin' threats
That he'd take his own life, blamin' him for his debts cause the steps he took
ok
But all wrong should've said that all long
My little homie told me I was dead to him
Guess he went from bein' drunk to soberin' up, cause when I told him off to
check his chin he try to say it's...

Love!

This love ain't the same
They say it's love
They just love to complain
There ain't no love
This love got me drained
All these leeches that I keep around me sucking the blood out my veins
There ain't no love (Nah)
Love
There ain't no love
This love got me drained
All these leeches that I keep around me sucking the blood out my veins
There ain't no love

They say you wanna lose a fan you go fuck em
And said you can't be their idol on top of carnally touch em
I wanna be lovin when I'm on the the road alone it be suckin
Performin', he clutchin' a Angel when they corner me bussin
I met a lot of great women on the road
Carefully pick it N9na didn't get with the ho's
I'm the ticket to kick it when they wanna visit the shows
But in time if you stick it and she dig it then it corrodes, slowly

Cause when they really get to know me, solely
They wanna hold me, hopin' that we grow ta be oldies
In Holy matrimony, snatch a Brodie
From rap, the road, see a sad emoji
Cause that will never happen, I'll be forever rappin
They never do see me enough to be my better half
And the love they had begins to dwindle
All of the huge fan lovin' is out the window
All of the nights full of life smokin' the indo'
Holla the wife and the lights off in the limo
Hold on the pipe in the fights 'cause of of a bimbo
Begins to crescendo, now the love is in limbo
Then no, memo when you come back and try to rekindle
You given no info, they will never again show
Believin' in you is over like Shinto
Makin' a good nigga wanna become a nympho
That ain't love, walk around the club and fuck everybody
They lovin' the music and wanna give you their body
And share naughty erotic fantasies in the closet
But when you gotta go they be sobbin' and pause it
Not a fan and never was
Got a little personal with him and got a grudge
And never be in a crowd, even with a bigger buzz
Because of a kiss and a hug and plug, you want to shove a thug, it ain't...

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