

# All Love

Tyga

Don't you worry about the beef my nigga  
Everything's straight  
When you see me in the hood  
Don't worry you ain't gotta hate

Wassup wassup wassup (its all love)  
Wassup wassup wassup (its all love)

Shit, we all in a recession  
Nigga I'm broke too  
I see you lookin at me  
What the fuck I do to you

Wassup wassup wassup (its all love)  
Wassup wassup wassup (its all love)

Look, hate to glit it  
Wrist in hand  
This ain't no little man  
Just presidential rolex and  
This is my biggest sin  
Jealously attracting them  
Trying my best to do less  
Trying my best but, I'm such to a greater extent  
My phone rings, a block call, 2 a.m  
Who could it be, not moms. she's [?]

Smilin, sayin her son paid it  
Like if one make it  
We all made it

I'm tryna to be paitent homie  
But all this hatin on me  
Got me thinkin satan on me  
I don't owe em, but my whole circle waitin on me  
If I don't show em, make moves, they gone be skatin on me  
Now this basement lonely  
Or we on that TV doin that  
Matter fact, I think ima give em a call them back  
But I ain't got time for all that  
Tryna give me gifts so they can say they bought that  
Agree, what you want from me  
A bag full of money?

All my westside riders wassup, wassup  
All my eastside riders wassup, wassup  
All my northside riders wassup, wassup  
And all my southside riders wassup, wassup

L.A. N.Y. wassup (its all love)  
M.I.A. va wassup (its all love)  
Chi city, Detroit wassup (its all love)  
H town Boston wassup (its all love)