

For the Love

Futuristic

Yo, ya
It started with a notepad and pencil
Only one instrumental, my bro was [?], I was little skittles
We set out to get em, no curse words but killin'
I was only six then, now I'm in the building
Momma found my raps though, threw em in the trash can
Said I wasn't old enough, I should be watching pacman
Or Blues Clues, or something stupid
Never know when I grow to be Mr. I Had To Do It
I kept spitting anyways, killed a talent show
In second grade they say I got astounding flow
I walked across the street to kick it with them black kids
Cause white boys never listen to that rap shit
8-track shit, pops had the studio
I was just actin', like I had a movie roll
Talking bout some crazy shit, never been through it though
Vocab was so rad, that's why I had a crucial hoe
But I never even kissed her
I wonder what it would be like if a nigga was still with her
She got a kid and I was fucking with her sister
I never purposely dissed her, sometimes I still miss her
Outta my system I used to smoke with them older dudes
Running round doing things I wasn't supposed to do
Writing sad, slow songs about how I can't get over you
And you still got em, that's how I know it's true
We had big dreams, and we still do
I made big moves and you will too
But make sure that you do it for the love
Cause all these niggas do it just because

I do it for the love and all these niggas do it just because
I do it for the love and all these niggas do it just because

Collins

Man, every motherfucker rapping now, that shit so tragic
I wanna show em love by they shit so average
I grew up bumping Common, Mos Def, Pharrell, Yeezy, Jay-Z
And now my shit's so classic
Plastic, I swear I'm in a room full of Ken dolls
The same niggas looking at me like we can fall
The same niggas who just took that as an insult
They're the same niggas I'm iller than with a pencil
Literal lyrical backflip, quality control get rid of that wack shit
I only fuck with like 2 or 3 niggas in my city
You know besides the ones I'm on the track with
I used to turn it up loud when I was feeling sad
Cause music was like the pops that I never had
Mom's gone too, what type of shit is that?
But that's a whole 'nother story, whole 'nother track
Yeah, see all I want is to stay true
All you want is the fame for you and your lame crew
I ain't mad, I'm just saying when I see you, I see him, I see the same dude
Uh, so pledge allegiance to innovation
Bungee jump with a shoe string, if you into fake shit
Cause I'm nothing short of amazing with every single track that I'm making
I do it for the L-O-V-E
And mom's looking down at me screaming from above

Showing L-O-V-E

And all you mother fuckers seem to do it just for love

I do it for the love and all these niggas do it just because
I do it for the love and all these niggas do it just because

It started in the projects, no instrumentals
No assurance of success, 'till I pay incidentals
It kept me out the streets, south central was a beast
I was sitting in the belly, trying to scribble my way out
Way before investors, before I had a paypal
Ain't really know when say how
I was going to make it, the people, places, and things
I had dreams, staying up reading the Source magazine
Pop recorded my first song, age of thirteen
Ever since then it's been me and my pen
She got me through break ups, beefing with fake friends
Took me to meet Dre, The Game, and Eminem
The age of 23 I knew it was meant to be
Even though sometimes I swear I hate this bitch
She ruined all of my past relationships, she the only broad I can stay faithful with
We like, B and J, Faith and Big
If I don't make no money off you, it don't make no sense
Tell my critics I do it cause I regret it if I didn't
And my mind got a sickness, I'm infested with lyrics
So a nigga can't sleep, can't focus on my girl, can't think, can't eat
Gotta take it to the booth, gotta put it to a beat, or I feel incomplete
If you do it just to do it, then you can never compete
You can't see it coming down my cheeks
So I gotta make this song weep
It's been a long week
Hot from the pain, gas tank on E
So I'm whipping to the lab, gotta chase those dreams

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