

No Love

Slim Thug

Welcome to Houston, the bottom of the South
If you ain't from 'round here
You might not make it out
I done seen it all, plenty balled then fall
One day buying the mall
Next day lost it all
Don't let the hype fool you
Keep the tool close by
These jackals will play cool then hit you with the four five
Don't let dick riders confuse you, thinking we soft
You gon' know, when the real street niggas out
Homestead, Greenspoint, 5th Ward, Acres home
When I was coming up, that's the streets I roamed
Old school with a glass set, paint whip
Back when if you rode slab you had to have respect
Been on the streets for a long time
Never changed, from the bottom to the top
Why you watch me?
Never stop, I always stayed on grind
And you can do the same if you just wait yo' time, huh

Welcome to my city ain't no love, nigga
Just automatic weapons and plenty drugs, nigga
You might not even make it out the club, nigga
When they get it poppin', you better duck, nigga
Welcome to my city, ain't no love, nigga
Drive here and have to go home on the bus, nigga
Don't be on this gas shit looking for love, nigga
These bitches want your money
They don't wanna fuck, nigga

Know them ho's remain violent
Everyday we sliding, controlling and profiling
Yeah, on them phones acting like we never had shit
All up on your curb, nigga
Grimy dirty dirt, nigga
You spent the same shit you did for that foreign ho
Have you ever seen a hundred thousand dollar 'lac before?
Heard Fat Pat before?
Well let me tell you about it
Welcome to the home of screw, H town verse everybody
Ain't no plex homey, this is no flex zone
Them country niggas starving, eat a hole through your neck bone
You best have your tour guide with ya'
He best be on point, like a bullseye, nigga
Little J said don't never let a nigga play
We from the Brookes so it's cutthroat anyway
Shit, all I ever wanted was a cup of straight
You add a couple grams, I'll take a couple lanes, right
You can call it what you want
Round here we call it life, some make it, most don't
But in the words of my OG pimp
You gonna respect someone 'round here, real talk
So niggas...

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Mo city, mother fucker, that's where I'm from
Look me in the eyes, niggas talk that shit
And get shot in they tongue
When guns go off we walk away, we too cool to run
Every week them Ho heads be like:
Look what that damn fools damn done

Dammit they done shot up the block again
There was zero near
I don't trust pussy, I put on all three rubbers before I go in
It's Superbowl, you know these ho's tryna hit a leak
And rap and rock niggas will kill your ass
They tryna get a brick, let it down
I'm tryna tell you, don't be parking on the back streets
Even though they know me they might still try to jack me
So I don't carry one weapon, I gotta pack three
Even HPD might catch you slipping, Bro it's that deep
You can still call the drank man and get some codeine
But call the wrong one and get a bottle full of no deine
Welcome to Houston, my nigga
Where you can have a good time or you can die, nigga (Eh)

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