

[Ice Cube]
Aquarius, hahahaha, and my name is Larry

[Chorus]
Theres so many rappers in love
On the radio
Theres so many fake ass thugs
On the radio

[Mack 10]
Lisin up mothafuckas
This is Mack one o, to all these niggas on the radio simpin to these hoes
What happened to the thugs, drugs and G hits
Talkin all the soft shit just to please a BiZ-Nitch
And some of all is street and know the gangsta mode
Its like this, fuck a bitch
And thats the G code
We used to sell raw kill and give toe tag
Now ever since 9-1-1 rappers waving white flags
But me i keeps it gutter, just like before
Imma warrior so i stay prepared for war
Aint nuttin wrong wit spoilen a bitch, especially if u got it
Her suckin you, u fuckin her
Gettin freaky and earotic
But if it aint ruff, it aint me
And i refuse to turn R-A-P, in R&B
You went from Hardcore to pop
Just to be on top
I give Cool J his props and thats where it stops

[ice cube]
(Connect Gang Nigga)

[Chorus]
[x2]

[W.C.]
The pussy gets cream
Real niggas aint simpin, Oh NO!
Im sick of niggas, trick niggas throw my radio in a ditch, nigga, cause all i hear is bitch niggas
Fake ass R&B thugs in hot as sweaters, wit bull shit messages and tite ass vests
Fuck hip hop, yall needa call it simp hop
Sock that bitch in the back of her head and take the cock
Hoe shut up, im bout to load the fuck up
And if i hear another nigga in love im throwin up
Load it up, pick the gun up
Im fed up, cause radio wit wimp bitch men, imma fuck u snuff heads up
Soft niggas get the gay channel, when i slap an R&B thug off his mothafuckin piano
DJ's need to let the ghetto back in the club
Theres too many fake ass thugs, too many rappers in love
Mothafuckas stiff pussys

[chorus]
[x2]

[Ice Cube]
You used to be hardcore
What the fuck you lookin hard for nigga standin on the golf course
Wit yo golf club rappers
Get off drugs, xtasy is turnin niggas into soft thugs
Wit all these promises, showin straight bitches where yo mama live
I know what time it is
Im the game lord, here to punish you
For lyin to every bitch that your runnin to
Tryna show every hoe how fly you are
You's a mothafuckin fool if you buy the bar
Im buyin two drinks, fuck you skanks
Both of em mine, what chu think
I gets full of liqoure, and pound a stripper
You gets drunk nigga, pull up wit her
Drivin yo shit, like its her shit
Under the surface, you like her bitch
Make a nigga sick to his stomach

[Chorus]
[x2]

A baby, i used to be a gangster rapper
But right now, i like flowers, i love watchin birds in the park
I love takin long walks in the park
I just love you
I love watchin yo kids
I love, i jus love poetry

I love you