

# If You Got Love

## Non Phixion & Ill Bill

{\*Pete Rock scratches various samples at the beginning\*}

(Verse One)

I used to be a piece of shit 'til I dropped it, even a convict  
Straight projects, prophets, that's the object  
Hunger pains spit the beef out, I kick the teeth out  
We Non Phixion, up in the club with heaters out  
No doubt, insanity the motive, I'm never broke  
Body strapped with explosives, suicide bat ya team poseurs  
Teenybops rock Tachini tops and arm holsters  
Lookin like feds in posters, devils and brokers  
I got a lot of love, but if you want hate, I got a lot of guns  
You want crack? I got a lot of drugs, it's kinda bugged  
the way the world can make a righteous man turn savage  
I try to be peaceful but the world prefer madness  
And I'm a business man, supply and demand

Make you feel like when your fam get in a shootout and your man die in your hands

Most dangerous rap group, any question that I ask you  
Thug be the answer to the question that's the truth

(Chorus)

If you got love for your mom - that's Non Phixion  
If you got love for your dogs - that's Non Phixion  
If you got love for the Gods - that's Non Phixion  
What? That's Non Phixion - What? That's Non Phixion  
If you got love for your peeps - that's Non Phixion  
If you got love for your seeds - that's Non Phixion  
If you got love for the streets - that's Non Phixion  
What? That's Non Phixion - What? That's Non Phixion

(Verse Two)

BK to Mount Vernon, money-earnin non-stop  
I lost a lot of people, I "Reminisce" with Pete Rock  
Gunnin through public housing, some brothers never get out  
I got love for my dawgs, now it's time to break the fuck out  
We pealed out, that's when I dumb out, three on the hip  
I don't kick bars, I spit scars, shit that I live  
And all you platinum cats, I'm about to run in ya fridge  
We all about food, belly up, two in ya ribs  
Ain't doin a bid; nah I'd rather hang from a sheet  
It's all love son, prove and let my man speak  
Truth is, you never know when it's your time to go  
We all famous and we got files, lettin you know

(Chorus)

(Verse Three)

Aiyyo I seen it all from what the truth should be to what the truth is  
I think America been tryin to kill me for two years  
But I'm still alive, arrive under heavy surveillance  
Eyes be some ol' tel-lie-vision cameras, platinum gangster anthems  
Make the world wanna grab the magnum and BUST  
All we got is us, our family's the only one we trust  
Chronic and coke, smoke spearmints, study pyramids  
Dope in the heroin syringe when you hearin this  
I'm like a near death experience  
I open up your eyes and your minds to the lies they be givin us  
If we don't kill them, they killin us  
And I'm ready to die, but they still can't kill the love  
(Chorus)  
{\*Pete Rock scratches to end\*}

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