

# Trigga Gots No Heart

## Spice 1

\* also appears on the Menace II Society soundtrack The trigga gots no heart (the trigga a trigga)

### Verse 1

I'm sick up in this game  
I'll take no secondary shorts &  
slam dunk these riddles up in yo' chest like Jordan  
Menace II Society mad man killer  
just call me the East Bay Gangsta  
neighborhood drug dealer  
Quick to make decisions & I'm  
quick to get my blast on  
Do a 187 with this bloody Jason mask on  
Rollin' up out the cut deeper than Atlantis  
tore his chest apart left his heart on the canvas  
Now I gots mo' mayo than the rest of the pushers  
rat a tat tat tat came my Tec from the bushes  
I blast with no heart 'cause I'm heartless in nine-trey  
A-K blast on that ass if in my way, gangsta  
slangin' 'Cola since the very very start  
much love for this game so the trigga gots no heart  
Ain't no love trick  
The trigga gots no heart  
(gunshot)

### Verse 2

Release the trigga as I blast on a nigga  
nina put a cease on his Timex ticker  
And uhh playas he can't give me no love  
'cause I'm stuck on the corna in the ghetto  
slangin' dub sacks  
and I duck when they fly by  
'cause Killa Cali' is the state for the drive-by  
caps peel from the gangstas in my hood  
ya better use that nina  
'cause that deuce-deuce ain't no good  
and umm I'm taking up a hobby  
maniac murderin' doin' massacre robbery  
I'm twenty-two & I'm still slangin' dub sacks  
I gives the fiend some love but ain't no love back  
Much love in this game ain't no love gangsta  
187 is a art 'cause the trigga gots no heart  
Ain't no love trick  
The trigga gots no heart  
Ain't no love trick  
Me shootin' him up me shootin' him up  
if he no give my pay  
Ain't no love trick

Verse 3

The trigga gots no heart  
& I'll be damned if I'm broke old  
pushin' on a shoppin cart  
They blast on a friend of me  
another sad case of a mistaken identity  
12 O' clock & my 'hood's dubbin' pay back  
I sat & watched them shoot my homey  
seen his face crack  
Uzis spray like Raid on these cockroaches  
a dropped bomb full of 187 soldiers  
Doin' dirt 'cause we dirty when the trigga pull  
Seventeen in his body left the boy full  
of hollow tips so I know he won't be comin' back  
I let my hair platt & let my mail stack  
But my sweet sweet Sunday had to turn tart  
his posse came & they triggas had no heart  
Me kill all man say kill all man say  
kill 'em all man kill 'em all with me Glock Glock  
Kill all man say kill all man say  
kill 'em all man kill 'em all with me Glock Glock  
Kill all man say kill all man say  
kill 'em all man kill 'em all with me Glock Glock  
Yeah mon blam! The 187 fact  
is back in the house man for nine-trey  
this here see kill a man wit me Glock  
BLOW! 187 thousand G

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>