

What's Luv? (feat. Ashanti)

Fat Joe

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Put the fuckin' mic on
Mic is on
Joe Crack the Don uh
Yeah, Yeah, y'all
Irv Gotti What's love? Ashanti, Terror, Terror Squad
It should be about us
Be about trust [Chorus]
What's love? (Got to do, got to do with it babe)
What's love?
It's about us (It's about us)
It's about trust babe (Be about trust)
What's love? (Got to do, got to do with it babe)
What's love?
It should be about us (It should be about us)
It should be about trust babe (Be about trust) Slow down baby
Let you know from the gate I don't go down lady
I wanna chick with thick hips that licks her lips
She can be the office type or like to strip
Girl you get me aroused how you look in my eye
But you talk too much man your ruinin' my high
Don't wanna lose the feelin'
Cause the roof is chillin'
It's on fire and you lookin' good for the gettin'
I'm rida
Whether in a hoodie or a linen I'm a provider
You should see the jewelery on my women
And I'm livin' it up
The squad stay feelin' the truck
With Chicks that's willin' to triz with us uh
You say you got a man and you're in love
But what's love gotta do with a little menage
After the party just me and you

Could just slide for a few and she could come too[Chorus]Mami I know you got issues
You got a man but you need to understand
That you got something with you
Ass is fat, frame is little
Tattoo on your chest with his name in the middle
Uh, I'm not a hater I just crush a lot
And the way you shake your booty I don't want you to stop
You Need to come a little closer (closer)
And let me put you under my arm like a Don is supposed to
Please believe, you leave with me
We'd be freakin' all night like we was on E
You need to trust the god and jump in the car
For a little hard 8 at the Taj Mahal[Chorus]Yo I stroll in the club with my hat down
Michael Jack style, high steppin' who the mack now?
Not my fault that they love the kid
Might be the chain or the whip, I don't know what it is
We just party and bullshit
Come on mommy put your body in motion
You gotta nigga open
You came here with the heart to cheat
So you need to sing the song with me
All my ladies come onWhen I look in your eyes there's no stopin' me
I want the Don Joey Crack on top of me (Uh-huh)
Don't want your stacks (Yeah)
Just break my back (Uh)
Gonna cut you no slack (Whoo)
'Cause I'm on it like that (Uh, come on)
Come on (Yeah, Yeah, y'all) and put it on me (Yeah, yeah y'all)
On me (I'm put it on ya girl)[Chorus: x2]

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