LUV

ì—•ì•´í•‘í•¬ (Apink)

The champions are here...Yea... Mhm...
This is for my people.To cops who roam the blocks,
And love to fire shots.
You innocent for sure before they planted rocks.
To babies having babies,
Teens' is going crazy.
Tryin to raise a seed indeed is never easy.To brothers actin thug.
Cuz thugs the only choice.
When you young black and gifted,
But don't have a voice.
When you young black and gifted,
Eyes' is getting dry.
We cry now will our tears,
Got trees to keep us high.To Crips, Bloods, disciples,
Folks and all brothas.
We ashamed of ancestors,
We all the same color.
We fight and kill mothas,
Sons, friends, and homies.
Killin' our own fam,
Cursed to live lonely.Chorus: [x2]
Yea...
To my people where you at,
All across the map.
You got to get this love,
When I spit with love,
Come and get this love,
When I spit with love.To my brothas on the grind,
Tryin to find some shine.
Realize your devine to waste a lifetime.
To my sistas tryin to find a man,
No one understands,
You're the souls bringing life to the fam.To the shawtys on the avenues,
Who want to battle crews.
Use should cruise, cuz you blessed with jewels.
Life is a school for the hard knocks,
When the bars locked.
Experience speaks,
Out of the depths of my heart.

To the spirits is over top,
You watching us smilin'
Knowing they don't stop,
We gonna keep wylin'To the governing bodies, presidents, and officials
Karma's a bitch,
So why you launch all of the missiles.
Multiples issues,
When the bombs gettin louder.
They only be happy,
With a nuclear shower.
To the most high powered,
You watch us all.
And you always pick us up when we start to fall.Chorus [x2]Ya don't stop....One Love, one love, one
Ya dont stop....You see these streets have me stressed out, its terrible.
Ya don't stop....Open up they minds, and we about yours.
Ya don't stop....It cant get any worse, it can only get better.To the hustlas and ballers,
Single parent homes.
God bless the child who got his loan.
To Muslims, and Jews, and the Christians too
Try to fight against the act single men will do.
To the black, to the white, red, yellow, and brown
Color really doesn't matter,
We can all get down.
From the rich to the poor, to the in between.
I send a shot to my folks tryin to get they life clean.Chorus [x2]

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