

# I Luv

## Too \$hort

Ah

What's mine's I love, and I fight, push to shove  
Hand to hand?, but you can't stop the love  
You push to impress, and I leave you with less  
It's real love for the mics that I bless, no quest'  
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It's real love for the mics that I bless, no quest'  
Can't stop the love, I know you sayin' I'ma young nigga  
Don't get it fucked up 'cause I move with them thug niggas  
From old, to life we straight sparkin' light  
Bring light to the darkest nights  
Blast, blast, P in your area

(M, O)

Make a move and them cats might bury ya  
Now that your trapped and your fuckin' with thugs  
Let me tell your punk ass what I love  
I love to see motherfuckers, that show no love  
And start speakin' out like a bitch when you catch 'em in the club  
I love, when a slug cat shut down  
And then try to post up when they damn near cut his ass down  
I love, trying to reach all parts of the map  
On a Ninja, with a big Buddha bitch on a back  
I love, cats that rap and still drip checks  
Like your man Lil' Fame, Bill Danze and triple x  
What's mine's I love, and I fight, push to shove  
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You push to impress, and I leave you with less  
It's real love for the mics that I bless, no quest'  
Aiyo, you know what I love

(What's that?)

It's when motherfuckers assume  
That they ass can't get popped at 12 o'clock in the afternoon  
I got the balls to come through your walls, like  
(Boom)

Have an orgasm every time I clear the fuckin' room  
Nah, not just yet  
(Niggas is gone)

I need to see you son of a bitches sweat  
What I got, son, my shit is prop', son  
(I love)  
With Prem' in the drivin' seat and Freddie Fox ridin' shotgun  
Here is the ultimate  
(Stop son)  
Somethin' I love is when thugs be bumpin' my shit  
Niggas with heat, niggas that's deep  
(I love, I love)  
Niggas that regulate the streets  
(Sho' nuff)  
Mic blessin, Smith and Wessun caressin'  
With the Desert Storm impression  
(First family)  
The lesson, I advise if your not ready to ride  
On the homicide side, nigga slide  
What's mine's I love, and I fight, push to shove  
Hand to hand?, but you can't stop the love  
You push to impress, and I leave you with less  
It's real love for the mics that I bless, no quest'  
I love beats that are hardcore, dirty and raw  
I love takin' niggas burners when they scared to draw  
I love plottin' on my enemies, I love to attack  
I love beatin' niggas down when they rhymes is whack  
I love seeing emcees struggle to make  
Themselves something that us real niggas love to hate  
It's too late, I love my Ninas and I love my, fours  
Blowin' holes through the project doors in, knife wars, nigga  
I love the feeling, and the rush that I get  
From, Sam, run the Rolex watch with the diamond begets  
I love, how my life was intact without a deal  
How I kept the newest chromes on my automobile  
I love the fact that rappers make the dough, without a flow  
Soft niggas, that I stain, like piss in the snow  
I love the fact that I survived through the roughest of times  
And break the mic when I want, with the roughest of rhymes  
It's a luxury to see me emcee  
It's so hard, this lyrical brutality, feed's a nigga's mentality  
I love, when you niggas claim to be great  
Knowin' your mob ain't never lettin' shit, what the fuck is this?  
Niggas bustin' shots on New York, I get my vest on  
Twenty rhyme clips in my mic, I get my bless on  
Loan soldier standin' on the front line, I fear none  
Excuses that you give me for your lyrics, I hear none  
You niggs ain't no real emcee's

You Sam Goody ass niggas can't write without suckin' down trees  
So I love, laughin' at you niggas, while you clappin' at me  
I split your head shot from your man, while he's slappin' at me  
I feel the hits from your rounds  
Your hollow points make a nigga wobble  
But, I won't fall down  
Yeah, you motherfuckers see it, come on  
What's mine's I love, and I fight, push to shove  
Hand to hand?, but you can't stop the love  
You push to impress, and I leave you with less  
It's real love for the mics that I bless, no quest'  
Aiyo, aiyo, aiyo  
For all them sucka ass niggas that don't know, when  
I crawl up out the whole  
And I got M.O.P. with me, baby, ain't nowhere  
You can run ain't nowhere you can hide  
(To the life)  
With hot slugs at both sides  
Split your back open wide  
Niggas from the East Side

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