Let's Start Rap Over (feat. Carl Thomas)

The Lox

(Puff)
See, I want to get back to the love.
Let's start love over, come on.[Chorus: Carl Thomas)
Let's start love over,
Back to the way things were.
Forget about them,
'Cause all we got is us.
We can make it
Sad if we try.
I want to start love over.
Let's make it, do or die[Styles]
When I was nine years old,
I realized there was a road.
At the end, I would win lots of pots of gold.
Days, when I used to have my play clothes on,
I would make up my rhymes the middle of Voltron,
But you've learned what the herbs do.
Breaking curfew,
Hit the park when it's dark, make it stand like a podium.
Niggas had a box and a strip of linoleum.
Some break a boogie, but those that don't
Was usually a fighter.
Rollin' easy riders,
Sending people to the store for a soda and a lighter.
A real cool cat that would let you keep a dollar,
But now things change, and it's the days of tomorrow.
Little kids is big now,
They'll push your wig now.
Can't send them to the store,
But you can send them for roll
And put them on my vine,
And give them one big push for all mankind.[Chorus][Jadakiss]
People still taking rapping for a joke,
A passing hope,
Or a phrase with a rope.
What ever happened to the caddies, white walls, and spokes?
Crates of records, turn tables, plenty of folks,
Remember playing in the streets, touch football.
Look, y'all,

Somebody get mad and bounce with they football.
Twenty four hour block parties,
Everybody on the block pissing, you a dark hardy.
Adults used to think I was scheming,
But I was dreaming to one day make a hot album and have 'em all fiendin'.
Now, every time, that I rhyme I can tell that you like it,
Be nursing the tunes like the mind of a psychic.
Your mind is weary, floating like a dove,
Sweating and things, like you were making love.
Control the crowd so they can accept it.
Total concentration is the perfect method.[Bridge:]
Where's the love?
Somebody tell me,
Where's the love?
Because we want to know.(Puff)
I remember everybody I loved, everybody.
It wasn't always player hating,
There wasn't jealousy and all this envy,
It was the love.[Sheek]
Hey yo, hip hop
Set out in the park.
What?
We used to do it out in the dark
All night long till the cops made us go,
Or till somebody's moms pulled the extension cord from the window.
Lees on, thinking you fresh,
Trying to impress
Shorty, with the baby hair pushed down on her forehead.
Ponytail swaying, she hot,
Standing like she bowl-legged, but she not.
You remember the days?
That's when crack was affecting blacks like that.
Just drink some Valentine Ale, little reefer,
Friday night go check out Star Child at the theater.
That's all corrupt.
Over rap you might get bust.
Say the wrong thing:
End up in a permanent sling.
Went from shell tops to hollow tops.
Used to rock the bus stop.
Now we electric slide from the cops.
Want some veterans in this,
That ain't keeping it real.
Now, with God, we chill over a record deal.
Always the good ones to go,

Never your enemies die.
Till this day, I wonder why they took my man B.I.
No time to yell rhymes in the microphone.
Take this more serious than just a poem.
Rock party to party
While you're out the door.
But tear it up, yo, let's start love over.[Chorus][Bridge: x2]

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