

Suicide Love

The Flying Machine

(Wyclef)

This one goes for every girl holding they man down,
And every man holding they girl down, yeah
I'm on the Ducati, I can't even see the needle no more
My girl, she's riding with me, lets go
I got suicide love for ya, ain't a thing that I wouldn't do for ya,
in the middle of the gun fight, girl
The suicide doors would go up for ya
Take a bullet by my side for ya
Like the saviour took the dagger by his side for me, I would die for you, like he died for me
You're my Bonnie, I'm your Clyde, lets ride
The thought of you, girl, with another man is the thought of me killing you with a gun in my hand
Call my phycotic if you want to,
But if I can't have you, he can't too
Cause cops will show up in the middle of the night, crimes and passion, we gon' be alright
When she hear my voice, she let me climb her
And now she tippin' me like I'm a male stripper
Animal instinct must be the bookin zoo shot,
Days in the background, sweetest taboo
Karmasutra love, practice our positions
You would think we were that porn collection
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(Eve)

Can't even explain all the feelings for my king
Compared to no other, all of them the same
Listen to my heartbeat, swear you hear his name

No, the sex ain't crazy good, it's insane
I see them chicks with the lust in they eyes
Try to get a taste, get bust in they eyes
Still a ruff ryda, don't trust in them lies
Yes, ride for my daddy til the day that I die
Tattooed his name, and I'd do it again
True symbol of the love be the pleasure of pain

And I know this didn't happen by chance,
Call me alabama, I'm your true romance
I got suicide love for ya, ain't a thing that I wouldn't do for ya
in the middle of the gun fight, boy
The suicide doors would go up for ya
Take a bullet by my side for ya

(Wyclef)

Like the saviour took the dagger by his side for me, I would die for you, like he died for me

You're my Bonnie, I'm your Clyde, lets ride

If you ever needed blood, I would cut myself

Just to bring you enough blood to bring back your health

And now you looking at my smiling in that hospital bed,

Saying nigga, gotta be something wrong with your man's head

But the fact is I'm in love with you

And ain't a thing that I wouldn't do for you

Yeah, yeah, imagine the man saying bitch to my queen-down goes your head, out goes the guilentine

And I got no mercy, but when it comes to this love, I would go on a killing spree,

Whatever it takes for you to be with me,

She's like yourrrr so crazy

I got suicide love for ya, ain't a thing that I wouldn't do for ya

in the middle of the gun fight, girl

The suicide doors would go up for ya

Take a bullet by my side for ya

Like the saviour took the dagger by his side for me, I would die for you, like he died for me

You're my Bonnie, I'm your Clyde, lets ride

lets ride, lets ride, lets ride

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