

# Wussup Wit the Luv (Single Version)

## Digital Underground

Wussup wit the love, wussup wit the love?  
Wussup wit the love, wussup wit the love? Now, men want racism, black folks in prison, me bar  
What's goin' on with the luh-uh-ove?  
Boo-ya-kaw is the sound, brothers goin' down in the worst way  
I got my son a gun for his birthday Now we've had enough, everybody wants to be tough  
But I give the props to brothers on my level  
Instead of trying to be above  
'Cause I see nothin' feminine about givin' your brother some love Look deeply in each other's eyes, you know  
we are the ones  
Racism is a cloud that blocks us from the sun  
One brother speaks in African, one sings Jamaican songs  
Both of them are black men, but they still can't get along Wussup wit the love, wussup wit the love?  
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Wussup wit the love, wussup wit the love?  
Wussup wit the love, wussup wit the love? Mommy and Daddy they got married, they make love every night  
But Momma's gettin' tired, and Poppa hits the pipe at night  
I see 'em kissin' wishin' I got the props that Pops, I mean the rocks, got  
I hope she hugs me, 'cause she never dug me I figure still I hustle, tussle with the fool at school  
The one that Momma sold my sneakers, thought she says he's freakin' her  
Had the doubt until I caught 'em, then I fought 'em, then she slapped me  
Hollered at me talkin' 'bout I messed up her ten dollars Goddamn! Drug dealers dealin' to the kiddies  
Livin' in the city ain't no pity on the itty-bitty  
We try to cry, but still they all die  
I try to speak to the youth, and the truth is they all high What can I say but watch your back, youngster  
As I sit and wonder, my other brother's steadily goin' under  
It's like a curse, and it hurts 'cause it's worse  
Momma's crazy 'cause her baby's in a hearse  
Wussup wit the love? This land once owned by Indians, who then would learn to burn  
A tragedy, because from them there was so much to learn  
You will find the key to life is checking for you friends  
Everything's gonna be alright  
I got to let you know that I'm in love with you (Dope fiends sellin' their babies)  
I'm so in love with you  
(I know man, you can't even say 'what's up' to a brother no more)  
People, I'm in love with you  
(Fool talkin' about 'what's up', fool don't know me man) Yes I'm in love with you  
(I put one in him! Hey, yo, you got your thang?)  
Yeah, man, I'm strapped let's go hit 'em It blows my mind to see so many people sufferin'  
(So many people)

It blows my mind to see so many people down  
(Everybody's down) And I just can't understand, why there must be such fighting  
(Everybody's acting crazy)  
It blows my mind to see the pain that's all around  
(The pain that's all around) Wussup wit the love, wussup wit the love?  
Wussup wit the love, wussup wit the love?  
Wussup wit the love, wussup wit the love?

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