

Love Jones

RZA

C'mon Bobby, turn off that loud shit
Damn, I wanna hear some slow shit that's gonna relax you
You know, a nigga, knahmsayin'
Goin' through all that shit in the streets 'n shit The hip-hop shit, only shit keep a nigga mind in
I hear you but it's all about me and you right now
Word, just take off your shirt
'Cause I wanna massage your back and your shoulders My little buttercup, yaknahmean?
You a buttercup girl
Oh, is that right? Yeah
Well, I got Love Jones for you
Word, tell me about it Love Jones, I got a Love Jones
I got a Love Jones for you
Love Jones, I got a Love Jones
I got a Love Jones for you Yo, girl you shinin' like a brand new spankin' black glock
Or a thousand hundred dollar bills inside a shoe box
Exotic bird, special blend of selected fine herbs
Make me wanna kick my bitch to the curb Shaped like a naked statue but look sacred
Candy to a baby, y'know, I'm ready to take it
She spread your wings like a peacock
Girl you be the bomb and Bobby be shell shocked Behold as I shape and mold your formless globe
Into a perfect O and breathe the breath of life into your nose
With the fragrance of a fresh pink rose
And stroll into your eyes, the windows to your soul And choose the best part, the dark pupil I chose
Your heart was mutual, into the center I dove
Backstroke in your abyss like a fish
Countin' every thought and dream and wish, that exists within six She was filled with pleasures, of all measures
But never took the time to discover, her own sunken treasure
Unlock the jewelry box, knowledge rose to the top
The distilled back in the fine mists, that gave birth to the crops And seas, that brought us together for the better
We could never separate, so maintain your stormy weather
So maintain the stormy weather
Word up and let's walk these dogs together, boo Love Jones, I got a Love Jones
I got a Love Jones for you
Love Jones, I got a Love Jones
I got a Love Jones for you Yo, Power Equality, Allah C's everything, my queen
Whattup Love, won't you just slide under my wings
So we can take flight, to the edge of the night
And like doves, we makin' love above the bright moonlight You know I fills you, so let my love pass and spill
through

Your sexual vessels, that bless you then fills you
Up with the knowledge and wisdom you understandin'
That bring forth the power, refines your whole planet
She couldn't maintain this heavy slang that I dropped upon
her
She claimed it never rains, down in Southern California
Bein' a black man is most prominent and all dominant
I couldn't wait to get her home, so I could explore her dark continent
And put my fountain between her hills and
mountains
Impingin' every square inch of her circumference, I was countin'
Twelve trillion, four hundred and seventy-eight billion
One hundred and eighteen million, four hundred thousand ways
To make children, by buildin'
Detected a fine mist but couldn't resist, I told her
"You wanna travel inside my head and see if you could rise above six?"
Then tilt her at the axis then bent her at her equator
And stuck the diamond, might deep inside the crater
Love Jones, I got a Love Jones
I got a Love Jones for you
Love Jones, I got a Love Jones
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