

Love Is... (ft. Luna E of Cirius B)

Common

How beautiful love can be
On the streets love is hard to see
It's a place I got to be
Loving you is loving me
How beautiful love can be
On the streets love is hard to see
Gotta reach that frequency
Loving you is loving me Yeah, you know what love is
Even found it on the ground where the thugs live
My man had to dig deep to find his
Couldn't sleep 'cause on the real he had five kids
Live nig's, real niggas express and taste it
At crap games, black dames and big faces
Cases in court, fam' showin' love and support
You and your baby's mom thought that love was a sport
As men we were taught to hold it in
That's why we don't know how 'til we're older men
If love is a place I'ma go again
At least now, now I know to go within
At time it can take ya for a spin
Heartbreak hotel then you're home again
I've seen love make a nigga soul pretend
Like a story that he don't want to end
Yo How beautiful love can be
On the streets love is hard to see
It's a place I got to be
Loving you is loving me
How beautiful love can be
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Gotta reach that frequency
Loving you is loving me It's all love where we come from
In the hood love we was told to run from
That same hood where the guns sung
We holla love, hopin' it would come one
Crack got so many lives undone
From lack of love many hide some run
I knew this girl with a son who dreamt of actin' in plays
Demonstration with her man had her trapped in a maze
Tryin' to find herself again, much of that she'd have gave

Love can free us, to it some of us react as a slave
Funny, we love 'em more when they're relaxed in a grave
Wonder if a thug is raw, is he actin' afraid?
Everybody loves sun, why do I attract shade?
Heard of the love of money, but compassion it pays
Talk about it with my youth so she'd understand
What it is to be loved by a man
UhHow beautiful love can be
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How beautiful love can be
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Loving you is loving meSome say that I'm a dreamer 'cause I talk about it often
Seen the hardest nigga soften wit' his homie in a coffin
We walk and stand in, fall in it
With the right companion we all in it
Mary sang a song about it, having broad limits
In the game of life, it's the scrim age
Reminiscing on letters I wrote in my small days
A letter to the people, love always
YeahHow beautiful love can be
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Songwriters

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