

Love, 1959

Sho Baraka

What if we took what James did on "If It Wasn't For Love" and we just flipped it like

You more precious than
that diamond girl, I see you shine

I ain't insecure girl, I know you mine

You ain't Oakland girl, but I call you my "bae"

When silence is violence, you know what to say

I'm eying you (I mean, I mean) you and I

I know it's hard to stay grounded when you know you fly

We can take this to the floor and we can groove

I ain't got nothing to prove, I'll just leave that up to you

Translate your body language every time you move

Even in a crowded room, it's just me and you

We can build a future, build dreams, build children

Man, forget these other women, you #1 in the building

If it wasn't for love, where would I be?

Let me tell you 'bout love, it'll set you free

Unconditional love, that's what I need

And if it wasn't for love, where would I be?

Ooh, my lady, you got me going crazy

You got me going crazy, baby

Yeah, if it wasn't for love

They say that beauty's in the eye of the beholder

I'll tell you that your beautiful every time that I hold ya

You know her Kadisha, tryna find Falicia

[?] oh my God, I just think I found my gena

[?], she just made me a believer

Ring on her finger, she know I will never leave her

Love has me on a full-time commitment

You occupy my heart, other girls got evicted

Uh huh, one of a kind, character shines

You dynamite fine, you blow my mind

Keep her on my arm, watch her steal my time

Fall in love every day, forget a pickup line

Clap it up, clap it up now for L-O-V-E

Clap it up, clap it up for love, ya dig?

Clap it up, clap it up now for L-O-V-E

Clap it up, clap it up for love, ya dig?

Clap it up, clap it up now for L-O-V-E

Clap it up, clap it up for love

If it wasn't for love, where would I be?

Let me tell you 'bout love, it'll set you free

Unconditional love, that's what I need

And if it wasn't for love, where would I be?

Ooh, my lady, you got me going crazy
You got me going crazy, baby
Yeah, if it wasn't for love
Alright, now look here, baby girl
You fine and I know you think that I'm fine
It don't make no sense why we can't be fine together
I mean, let's do the math: 1 + 1 equals 2, me and you
Ya dig? Know'm sayin'?
Uh, cause if you do that math wrong, you gon' end up with a zero
Are you pickin' up what I'm puttin' down, baby girl?
Alright, 'cause the keys are tryna tell you how much I'm diggin' ya, girl

Songwriters

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