

# 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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