

# For the Love (feat. Meet Sims)

## Chinx

[Hook: Chinx]

Do it for the love? (Do it for the love)  
Do it for the plug? (Do it for the plug)  
Tears, sweat and blood (Tears, sweat and blood)  
She said "Nah, I do that for my hitta"  
Would you do it just because? (My hitta)  
Dozen white dove (My hitta)  
Would you do this just for us?  
She said "Nah, I do that for my hitta"[Verse 1: Chinx]  
Count on you to lift me up  
Been with me through the mud  
It's a different kind of love  
Only members in the club  
We even had this thing here for some years now  
I guess our shit just get better with time  
On this road there ain't too much you gotta fear now  
We a perfect match, you my favorite kind  
Valentina on your feet and both our wrists match  
And you will put it on the line, I gotta hit the latch  
Promise we gon' keep the trust  
Like a dog you'll keep in touch  
She the one who got my back ain't got no doubt in mind  
Even for you never I decide you not on mine  
Would you do this shit for us?  
Did you tell 'em burn it up?[Hook: Chinx]  
Would you do it for the love? (Do it for the love)  
Do it for the plug? (Do it for the plug)  
Tears, sweat and blood (Tears, sweat and blood)  
She said "Nah, I do that for my hitta"  
Would you do it just because (My hitta)  
Dozen white dove (My hitta)  
Would you do this shit for us?  
She said "Nah, I do that for my hitta"[Verse 2: Meet Sims]  
I know you love your boy, you love your nigga  
You that special something, can't do nothing with you  
Them other types ain't ever really fit ya  
Yeah I know, you only for your nigga  
Baby let me conversate you just for staying 'round  
You the realest nigga out here just for staying 'round

Girl your feelings is one thing I'll never play around  
Girl don't stress, [?] I promise I'm the realest nigga with you  
    Could it be that they're broken on me?  
    Could it be that there's bitches on me?  
You know a nigga out here and we throwing money up  
    We young and reckless, waking up and [?]  
Yeah, count bands, count stacks and we throw that money up  
With the weed and the friend but then we roll the money up  
All my niggas ever dreamed 'bout was money off the trucks  
    Misery at the bottom, but the only way up

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