

Real Love

Master P

I like the way ya do me baby - keep it real!
I like the way you feel - keep it real!
I like the way ya do me baby - keep it real!
I like the way you feel, you feel, you feel, you feel...

Get you in the bubble with the top down, girl drop down
Got it home, ain't gon' stop now
Early in the mornin, squeezy show me
Straight to the temple, like to Mormons
Ten karats, strawberries, what about, a horse with carriage?
Champagne, do the damn thang
I thought I told ya, this soldier off the chain

Holla when ya need me...
Two-way me when ya wanna see me...
Holla when ya need me...
Two-way me when ya wanna see me...

I thought I told ya, I'm a soldier
3rd Ward die-hard, girl pull it over
To the backseat, to the Lex Jeep
Like Missy said, "make it go beep beep"
No Limit to slang thang bang gang
To my thang thang, you may do the same thang
Say ya miss me, then kiss me
Love me, hug me, ain't no quickies

Flashback, who's that dancin to the latest
No Limit is the greatest, are ya sure, please let it be
That's what I said, though ya didn't know yet
Holla if ya with me, I'm the best (?)
So don't ya have no doubt, I'm gonna spell it out
I need a thug to keep it real
I got the best of both, I dance from coast to coast
and I don't wanna bump but I love you for real

I like the way ya feel, two time to undress you
Better than your sweet leather keys with ya nephew
See you gotcha "Gameface" ready for ya main place
Real platinum ice, knew it since the first date
Girl you a diz-ime, rollin with the fiz-ine
Jumped on the (?) saddle, still get mines
Like I'm pretty sexy, exotic cute toes
Hit the corner, black six Bentley on the road
A lover not a fighter, goin for the tighter
Ain't Ludacris, but I'm "an all-nighter"
Round up the crew, hit up the chickens
Put on ya boots and get wit it in the kitchen, ya heard me?

I'm talk-ing, real love
I'm talking real love to you
I'm talk-ing, real love
I'm talking real love to you

[Chorus: Sera-Lynn w/ P's lines after pauses]