

Love It

LUCKI

All your questions go unanswered, for that cake I gotta get it
I been serving all that frosting, for that cake I gotta get it
Uh...

You know I started off with nothing, made a business with my niggas
Helped me see the bread clearly, I made lenses out of figures
I just trap it, I just move it, I'm not looking for no time
Boy I lay low, I ain't no stand up, I could do without my spine
I do it on my own and make that magic happen faster
I be serving all them dummies, test 'em out, they get to crashing
Want a deal, well it can happen, I'm just dishing out them cards
You want this shit, go and take a hit, boy I could make you top the charts

Because I'm mixed with all these troubles
So I tug-of-war with my safety
But you couldn't pull me away for nothing
Because I love it
And this shit is all I think
And this mischief and shit go around
I swear to God it's like a ring
But I still love it
I love it, I love it
You couldn't pull me away for nothing
Because I love it
I love it, I love it

I'm a problem solving problem, serve 'em falling leaves in autumn
Might be added, still won't follow, cut them sharp as sleepy hollow
Yo...

I choose paper over pleasure, paper pressure pleasure me
I prove them pressures deal oppressed, I do 'em wrong as Pleasure P
And plenty clients trust in me, I don't know why, just want their pockets
Plenty dealers selling heat, I sell the most boy I'm Pat Riley
You wouldn't know why
And it's nothing, and I play my part and they buy it
And they do 'em, and wish they never started, blame TV
Cause their influence, causing all this ruckus it ain't me
I ain't losing, cause I can't lie, I love it

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