

Love

Murda Beatz

Mm, mm, mm, mm
Mm, mm, mm, mm, mm, mm
(Murda on the beat so it's not nice)

Why don't we make L-O-V-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E?
Why don't we just fuck and make up?
Know what you like, everybody good
No point of fucking it up
I was on your mind, say you got time
Come, come let me take it up
Why don't we make L-O-V-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E?
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Like you got a thing for a nigga that been tellin'
Turn it around, let me show what I do
I got a thing for a girl with a thing
Cause it show you that she got her mind on her too
Her mama like whatever nigga she like, she'll send her to daddy for him to a pprove
I say I'm her daddy, she look at me happy, like baby girl, this nigga know w hat to do
Thinking even in the bed
Your daughter always give a nigga head
But now she ain't answering her phone
Texting like leave a nigga lone
And I ain't never live around trees, I smoke that tree, still wish a nigga w ould
Hear a lil' knock at the door so I let you in, now you saying shit good
Ayy, I'm used to fucking with the bad bitches
Like where you at? on the way, I'ma do a hunnit a day, I like to come with t he bad bitches
So I came anyway 'cause I'm on it
Could've took another route, I ain't wanna
'Cause I take this exit and send this message
Then I'm gone

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Shawty, we in love
I feel too much pain when you're not around me
Pour the champagne when I'm in the club
I can't, can't run away, can't run away from you (bae)

I spilled some paint on a mink, bitch, I'm elite, iced-out Patek Phillipe
I graduated in the streets, critic in the sheets
Better have your nails and feet done
You could bring your friend, have a threesome, yeah
I tried to tell you don't fall in love
All the things that I did and you still won't give up
Is it L-O-V-E?
I'm in the room but I still make it bleed
Baby, beg to me

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Oh, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy
Oh, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy
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