

I Got a Love

Pete Rock

What's going on baby?
Ain't nutting - it's CL Smooth
Sextafied everyday; you gotta know that this live
Let's get right to it

I ain't got the love
Cut the funky records, for me and the crew and
I ain't got the love
I'm like tellin you straight on up

Feel the vibe, when it's bumping in my tribe, steps the Goodfellas
Live on screen now you protect the black queen
Takin my time from the black on black crime
Cause the night Mecca hits, Victoria runs out of secrets
Doing trials in latex Lifestyles Boo; I make you
Call my name, and ask who it belongs to
Brand new, with CL, in Carmel, living well
And never cease to flip the hottest dimepiece
Now the legend increase into a great, truly Mecca made
So in every escapade there's a panty raid
You know the rules, slipping off them ewes; then we can settle
With the woman that can take me to that next level
Lay down the guns and make sons we can teach
From the horseback rides, and the walks on the beach
And if you got pretty feet I won't cheat
I'm into strictly black pearls when I rocket y'all to different worlds

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You want a slow wind under my ceiling fan, read books
And beat me at chess, but as for rocking you, who's the best?
It's all good and correct with no disrespect
Skirt chasing hits, taking love to Digable Planets
Be wise and recognize, I'd rather show than tell
Who got the clout to stop faking me all out
Ease your troubles, place your body in the bubbles
Dimepieces fit around the cutie she run with
Embrace the mood, thinking totally nude with no limits
Going through every position within five minutes
Now how we did it got a lot of honies with it
Love is urban now fitted showing nothing but the belly button
Many parlay, and peel off lingerie
So when they come pick the one you could learn from
So feel the beat in Three-Peat like Jordan got wings
Cause I'm doing them things, listen

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At last come the goodies, every woman got a love
Hot with all that sex appeal for real, can I hit that?
I'm warmer than your triple-goose with hands like a masseuse

Don't play; cause I'm the hood your mama loves anyway
My heart flips when you take long business trips
I want a divorce, no I think I wanna see your boss
Check you later honey, searchin in your coach bag for money
Before you leave, I hug you til you can't breathe
We Kool and the Gang, and kick slang, baby call in sick
But you kiss me goodbye, and said, "I don't trick"
She's so thick, and God is my witness
Sometimes you just can't believe that I'm gettin this
Rewind off the Pete Rock design
I want a cutie with a ageless body and timeless mind
The kind that when I wine and dine she pay the bill
Cause it don't cost much to go Dutch baby

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