

Pete Rock

I luv, I luv
I luv, I luv, I luv... I luv

Talk about it, yeah talk about it
Dimes, brown skinned dimes
Dimes, light skinned dimes
Yeah (yeah)
Yeah (yeah)

I'm up like Vince Carter
In the air, high like Wayne Carter
Here to rock your whole nation, Shawn Carter
Make the girls call me daddy right in front their father
Do you got a man?
I really want your pussy, give it to me in my hand
I'm here to satisfy your fantasy, in and out
Open your legs, enter in and out
I'm from BK so you know what I'm about
Money over honey, family over money
Like f'real nothing funny
I'm a outcast tho', check my foul info
Love song writer, Edgar Allan Poe
I'm a big boy, show you love [?]
And then we can cut, Eastside throw it up
Lose everything, except them high blue boots
You know me, I spit game through the Bluetooth
What else?

I luv, I luv
I luv, I luv, I luv... I luv

Yeah, tell you what
Yeah, tell you what
Hey, let me tell you what
Woa, I tell you what
Come on, let me tell you what
Yeah, I tell you
Yo, yo I tell you (I tell you)
Yeah

Girl I take you undercover, discover the things that lovers do
I knew why they thuggin' you I, when the bubble so lovable
Me and you, getting in trouble up in the W
Like Dove from the De La crew, I try to Plug 2
Can I win, standing in the lobby of the Mandarine, Oriental
With a goddess got a body like a mandolin
The test is over ladies hand 'em in
Niggas is stiffer than mannequins, panicking
We got them things in the County of Kings, Brooklyn is fly
The ratchet is the classic Brooklyn reply
People look in the sky
Secure the payment in the book and I fly
See, I'm determined by the look in my eye
Niggas crooked as eyes in Mississippi
When I ride, nothing less than the flyest chicks is with me

They left to sigh and surprise
Your old news and I'm no contemporary man, and I
Bust rounds from a leaden weary cannon, BLAOW!