

Q-Tip f/ Kanye West "We Fight We Love"

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[Verse One: Kanye West] Hip hop, uh When I fight you fight We don't fight fair So I guess I'll See You In My Nightmares Just remember I made you like my Nike Air Ye... Yeezys Please be easy To kill the animosity that's in the air I'll touch every curve of your body like an ? herbalist yeah? And this wasn't no ordinary love Our sex wasn't ordinary drugs It's that crack, that crystal meth I mean it gets so wet, I had to go in depth I mean the bitch so fresh I had to go in debt Ru-running my credit card till there's no more left Uh but that's cool, you wife and I'll be groom I thought I had a sign a Seal like Heidi Klum Like Jay and B Like Chris and Ri But this Christmas you'll be missin' me [Verse Two: Q-Tip] He walks outside for a cigarette break, And thinks how many cigarettes does it take He takes a long drag with the sun in his eye He squints, he thinks, he starts to sigh Sometimes he cry When he thinks about his girlfriend on his side She held him down She made him better For the love fucked up weather (?) And she thinkin' about the life With no more work just being the wife But instead, her love she gave it to a man Who fought against her lovely plans So when she goes to work Plus go to school Plus fight for love she must feel like a fool She want the ease to come after pain She fights for love that's her campaign [Chorus] [Verse Three: Q-Tip] Word word yo I try to stick it out with her through thick and thin So whether she was thick or thin I was still stickin' in But like when I left shorty with the rest of my friends I guess all good things had to come to an end Instead of moving forward she rather pretend Because like a tattoo artist I get under her skin So she hatin' on the kid And its plain to see I got her punchin' at the screen Like she playin' the Wii She only think about me when her cash is low And she heard my name brought up by them classy hos Cause she at the same nail shop where Cassie goes And she up in the club with trash egos And it start to drive her nuts like pistachios Cause I guess the g shocked her like a Casio Then you shot yourself in the foot like Plaxico And that's too much drama so you had to go

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