

Audioslave

"What's Luv?"

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[Fat Joe]

Put the fuckin mic on..

Mic is on? Joe Crack the Don, uh!

Uh.. Irv Gotti!

[Ashanti] What's love?

[Fat Joe]

Ashanti, Terror.. Terror Squad

It should be about us, be about trust

[Chorus: Ashanti] (Ja Rule)

What's love? (Got to do, got to do with it, babe)

What's love? It's about us, it's about trust babe

What's love? (Got to do, got to do with it, babe)

What's love? It should be about us, it should be about
trust babe

What's love?

[Verse 1: Fat Joe]

Yeah, uh, uh, uh

Woo! Yeah, slow down baby

Let you know from the gate I don't go down lady

I wanna chick with thick hips that licks her lips

She can be the office type or like to strip

Girl you get me aroused how you look in my eye

But you talk too much, man you're ruinin my high

Don't wanna lose the feelin cause, the roof is chillin

It's on fire and you lookin good for the gettin

I'ma, rider, whether in a hoodie or a linen

A provider; you should see the jewelery on my women

And I'm, livin it up, the Squad stay fillin the truck

With chicks that's willin to triz with us, uh

You say you gotta man and you're in love

But what's love gotta do with a little menage?

After the par-tay, me and you

Could just slide for a few and she could come too

That's love!

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Fat Joe]

Yeah, uh - yeah.. yo, uh, yo
Mami I know you got issues; you gotta man
but you need to understand that you got somethin with
you
Ass is fat, frame is little
Tattoo on your chest with his name in the middle, uh
I'm not a hater I just crush a lot
And the way you shake your booty I don't want you to
stop
You need to come a little closer.. (come a little closer)
And let me put you, under my arms like a Don is
supposed ta
Please believe, you leave with me
We be freakin all night like we was on E
You need to trust the God and jump in the car
For a little heartache at the Taj Mahal
What's love?

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Fat Joe]

Yeah, uh, yo
Yo I stroll in the club with my hat down
Michael Jack style, hot steppin who the mack now?
Not my fault cause they love the kid
Might be the chain or the whip, I don't know what it is
We just party and bullshit; c'mon mami
put your body in motion, you got a nigga open
You came here with the heart to cheat
So you need to sing the song with me
All my ladies come on

[Ashanti] (Fat Joe)

When I look in your eyes there's no stoppin me
I want the Don Joey Crack on top of me (uh-huh)
Don't want your stacks just break my back (yea)
Gonna cut you no slack, cause I'm on it like that (uh,
woo, uh)
Come on (yea yea y'all)
and put it all (yea yea y'all) on me (put it on ya girl)
on me (I'ma put it on ya girl)

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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