

## Cunninlynguists

### "Love Ain't"

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[Tonedeff]

Love ain't for the faint of heart  
Start Training, this game is hard  
And arduous, you're gonna play in the dark like when it  
rains in the park  
You're hardly conscious of the stains and scars,  
enabling your partly clouded logic  
To pay to impart bliss with arrangements of chocolates  
Now, you're working yourself out the same as when you  
strain with a nautilus  
And you're willing to embrace pain facing sustained  
negative consequence  
If nothing you say when in love is embedded with  
common sense  
Then, do you really regret when you've shredded your  
promises?  
Now, I've tested the waters, kid. Sipped it; rippled the  
pond a bit  
Visits have been abolished, and this shit's killing my  
confidence  
Is this filling your conscience when distance is an  
accomplishment?  
If you miss chicks when they're around, the phrase  
"Let's quit" isn't an option  
You best fix whatever's wrong and just move on and  
get on with it  
Cause, You'll catch bigger fish in the sea if you  
manage not to drown in it  
It's sad, but proud or not, most your standards go  
down a notch  
When loneliness drinks at the bar you set too high  
Cause, It isn't really my time, is it? Shit...I just found the  
watch  
But hearing the bell toll for me twice a day, has me  
fearing my grandfather clock  
And I can't die without trying. My hands tied in knots  
Knowing that I'll never learn to brave the waves if I  
stand by the docks  
Love is hampered by thought, if you can handle the  
prospect of  
Death - it's as massive a shock. And To intellects, it's a

fuckin' smack in the crotch  
It's a cancer that rots your soul, tosses demons off of  
the road  
Just use caution and know, that, love ain't nothing but a  
loss of control  
Off then, we go

[Chorus]

[Deacon the Villian]

Love'll have you nervous, doing stupid shit on purpose  
brain out of service, words slurred when you blurt shit  
studderin', utterin' nonsensical shit in your verses  
feeling like a shirtless, 4-breasted woman in a circus  
furtherly trying to gap an unfillable void  
because of parents never transferring that unbillical joy  
so girls create a false world of filling on boys  
exploited, guys playing with her heart like her feelings  
are toys  
but when you have it.. there's nothing like it, you get  
excited  
seeking those who provide it, on phones talking to  
psychics  
some fear it... spend their entire lives trying to fight it  
living in a confusing Hayes, like they're grooving to  
Isaac  
it ain't the end of the rainbow with a treasure chest and  
a map  
it ain't easily learnable with definitions in tact  
it can ride your train of though and demolitions your  
tracks  
hittin' and bullwhippin you, leavin' them slits in your  
back  
but i've been a lucky one.. loving parents, loving  
friends  
but I still spend a lot of my life loving sin  
but I ain't a genius on it, I can only pretend  
cause over all it's an emotion I can not comprehend..  
it's love

[Chorus]

[Kno]

Love ain't the basis for action  
In a nation of addicts pacing and waiting for seconds  
of satisfaction  
Where the word itself is only fashioned in fits of  
passion  
Hand in hand with animalistic orgasmic reaction  
and the past isn't felt as a match made in hell  
But rather its held as a latter day meld

Of common mistakes and nice intentions  
But when false love retention is simply vice invention  
Its only right to mention the fights you get in  
Nightly visions of these Tina and Ike revisions  
So What's Love really Got To Do With It?  
From prude women to stool pigeons in soup kitchens  
The truth isn't as eloquent so be intelligent  
Getting caught out of your element just for the hell of  
it's irrelevant  
And that word'll fit like a glove if you don't get right  
Now live your life for the love or stop

[Chorus]

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