

Digital Summer

"Wussup Wit The Luv"

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Wussup wit' the love, wussup wit' the love?
Wussup wit' the love, wussup wit' the love?
Now, men want racism, black folks in prison, me bar
What's goin' on with the luh-uh-ove?
Boo-ya-kaw is the sound, brothers goin' down in the
worst way
I got my son a gun for his birthday.
Now we've had enough, everybody wants to be tough,
But I give the props to brothers on my level instead of
trying to be above,
'Cause I see nothin' feminine about givin' your brother
some love.
Look deeply in each other's eyes: you know we are the
ones
Racism is a cloud that blocks us from the sun.
One brother speaks in African, one sings Jamaican
songs,
Both of them are black men, but they still can't get
along.
Wussup wit' the love, wussup wit' the love?
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[Yo, I know this brother named Tony, he beat up his
own mom, man.
[Nah, man]. Straight up. Him and his two brothers, they
all live in the
Same house with his mom, right. [Right]. They all in
their twenties,
She the only one working. Anyway, one night she
needed to get some
Sleep, she told him to turn his music down, and he just
straight flipped
On her: slapped her all up against the wall, cursed her
out...]
Mommy and Daddy they got married, they make love
every night
But Momma's gettin' tired, and Poppa hits the pipe at
night.
I see 'em kissin' wishin' I got the props that Pops, I
mean the rocks, got

I hope she hugs me, 'cause she never dug me.
I figure still I hustle, tussle with the fool at school,
The one that Momma sold my sneakers, thought she
says he's freakinc1

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