

Digital Underground "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

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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 freakin' her
Had the doubt until I caught 'em, then I fought 'em,
then she slapped me
Hollered at me talkin' 'bout I messed up her ten dollars

Goddamn! Drug dealers dealin' to the kiddies
Livin' in the city ain't no pity on the itty-bitty
We try to cry, but still they all die
I try to speak to the youth, and the truth is they all high

What can I say but watch your back, youngster
As I sit and wonder, my other brother's steadily goin'
under
It's like a curse, and it hurts 'cause it's worse
Momma's crazy 'cause her baby's in a hearse
Wussup wit the love?

This land once owned by Indians, who then would learn
to burn
A tragedy, because from them there was so much to
learn
You will find the key to life is checking for you friends
Everything's gonna be alright
I got to let you know that I'm in love with you

(Dope fiends sellin' their babies)
I'm so in love with you
(I know man, you can't even say 'what's up' to a brother
no more)
People, I'm in love with you
(Fool talkin' about 'what's up', fool don't know me man)

Yes I'm in love with you
(I put one in him! Hey, yo, you got your thang?)
Yeah, man, I'm strapped let's go hit 'em

It blows my mind to see so many people sufferin'
(So many people)
It blows my mind to see so many people down
(Everybody's down)

And I just can't understand, why there must be such
fighting
(Everybody's acting crazy)
It blows my mind to see the pain that's all around
(The pain that's all around)

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