

## **Dru Hill Feat. Redman "How Deep Is Your Love"**

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Yo, yo, I'm Godzilla  
Yo, yo, yo, yo, look around, brotha  
Ha ha, Def Jam, Def the word  
Funk Rock in the house

Yo, yo, yo, yo, look around brotha  
You keep it high, Dru Hill  
Def Squad, from the top, one time

Hey, mami, d'ju know that  
I like it that you call me Papi?  
But it seems like they maybe, baby  
That you've been seeing another Chico

And baby, you know that he can't go down like me  
And d'ju know that the nigga can't freak like me  
So mami, tell me one little thing  
How deep is your love for me?

How deep is your love for me?  
Tell me what it's gonna be  
And do you see yourself with a  
Like me, on the low low  
So your friends won't know? See now

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Ven aqui', little mami, Puerto Rican  
I see the way you wiggle it  
The way you move your body  
He can't make it get wetter than me

But I bet, he keep tellin' you he better than me  
You know that he can't go down like me  
( 'Cuz d'ju, dunno?)  
You know that he ain't no freak like me  
(And d'ju, dunno?)  
So baby, tell me one little thing

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Ay, Nokio

Te extraño mucho  
Ven aqui' mi papi morenito  
Y damelo duro  
Damelo papichulo

Yo, yo, yo, yo, buenos dias, mama

Creep with Dr. Bullshit  
When I talk my teeth should rot  
I'm from Da Bricks, so which means I'm born to dog

Your girlfriends want a shot at it? Warn 'em all

I hear them all from the bathroom stall, tap and drawl  
Say they get gas to pass platinum cars, then I'm like, yo  
I'm going to buy my crew bikes with double pipes  
That we quick to lose on the turnpike

I'm the one that turned you out, dog it out

It was the Hennessey that made us slug it out  
But you like, "Bitch, you freaky, you down with  
it"

Your other man's a punk  
When I hand the punk the rush, he ride out

I'm tough, even Honey Comb hide out, duck the Hour  
Rush

Better choose quick, chick, I got tracks to dust  
Dru Hill, Def Squad, if you askin' us

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