

Fat Joe Feat. Ashanti

"Fat Joe Featuring Ashanti - What's Luv"

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Put the fuckin' mic on
Mic is on? Joe Crack the Don, Irv Gotti
What's luv? Ashanti, Terror, Terror Squad
It should be about us, be about trust

What's luv?
(Got to do, got to do with it, babe)
What's luv? It's about us
It's about trust babe

What's luv?
(Got to do, got to do with it, babe)
What's luv? It should be about us
It should be about trust babe, what's luv?

Yeah, 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'm a 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

You say you gotta man and you're in luv
But what's luv gotta do with a little menage?
After the party, me and you could just slide
For a few and she could come too, that's luv

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Yeah, yeah, yo, 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

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 to

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 luv?

What's luv?
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Yeah, 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 luv 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
When I look in your eyes, there's no stoppin' me
I want the Don Joey Crack on top of me
Don't want your stacks just break my back
(Yeah)

Gonna cut you no slack 'cause I'm on it like that
Come on and put it all
(Yeah, yeah y'all, yeah, yeah y'all)

On me, on me
(Put it on ya girl, I'ma put it on ya girl)

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