

Fat Joe Feat. Ashanti "What's Love"

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Put the fuckin' mic on
Mic is on
Joe Crack the Don, uh
Yeah, yeah, y'all
Irv Gotti

What's love?
Ashanti, Terror, Terror Squad
It should be about us
Be about trust

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

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

Yeah, yeah, uh, uh, woo, yeah, slow down baby
Let you know from the get go, 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 an ceilin'

Is on fire and you lookin' good for the gettin'
I'm a rider, hooker in a hoodie or a linner, I'm a
provider
You should see the jewelery on my women
And I'm livin' it up

The squad stay feelin' the truck
With chicks that's willin' to triz with us uh

You say you gotta man
And your in love

But what's love gotta do with a little menage
After the party me and you
Could just slide for a few
And she could come too
What's love?

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Yeah, uh, yeah, yo, mommy, 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
Uh, 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
(You need to come a little closer)
And let me put you under my arm like a Don is
Supposed ta
(Supposed ta)

Please believe, you leave with me
We'd be freakin' all night like we was on E
You need to trust the God and jump in the car
For a little hard 8 at the Taj Mahal
What's Love?

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Yeah, uh, yo, I stroll in the club with my hat down
Michael Jack style
(He he)
Hot 7 who the Mack now?
Not my fault 'cause they love the kid

Might be the chain or the whip
I don't know what it is
We just party and bullshit
Come on mommy put your body in motion

You gotta 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 stopin' me
I want the Don Joey Crack on top of me
(Uh-huh)

Don't want your stacks
(Yeah)
Just break my back
(Uh)
Gonna cut you no slack
(Whoo)
'Cause I'm on it like that
(Uh, come on)

Come on
(Yeah, yeah, y'all)
And put it
(Yeah, yeah, y'all)
On me
(Put it on ya girl)
On me
(I'm a put it on ya girl)

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