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Ja Rule "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

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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 love? 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, uh, uh, woo, 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 to much man your 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 rida other in a hoodie or a linner I'ma 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 That's love

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, uh, yeah, yo, mommy, I know you got issues You gotta man but you need to understand That you got something with you Ass is fat, frame is little Tattoo in 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 And let me put you under my arm like a Don is 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 luv?

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

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Yeah, uh, yo, I stroll in the club with my hat down Michael Jack style hot 7 who the mack now? Not my fault 'cause they love the kid Ma 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 Don't want your stacks just break my back (Yeah) Gonna cut you no sack 'cause I'm on it like that (Whoo) (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 put it on ya girl)

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

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