

Julia Fordham

"Wussup Wit' the Love"

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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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[Yo, I know this brother named Tony, he beat up his
own mom, man.
[Nah, man]. Straight up. Him and his two brothers, they
all live in the
same house with his mom, right. [Right]. They all in
their twenties,
she the only one working. Anyway, one night she
needed to get some
sleep, she told him to turn his music down, and he just
straight flipped
on her: slapped her all up against the wall, cursed her
out...]

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 'im, then she slapped me,
Hollered at me talkin' 'bout I messed up her ten dollars.

God damn! 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 herse.
Wussup wit' the love?

[Yo, my homey was joggin in this upper-class white neighborhood, he had his headphones on, right, you know, just joggin'. This old lady called the police. Just 'cause he was black, they stomped my homey. He couldn't hear 'em though 'cause he had his headphones on. They ain't chase him, they didn't shine their lights on him. They just shot him ...dead!]

This land once owned by Indians, who then would learn to burn.
A treagedy, 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]

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]

Wussup wit' the love, wussup wit' the love?

Wussup wit' the love, wussup wit' the love?

Wussup wit' the love, wussup wit' the love?

Wake up!

Wake up!

Wussup wit' the love, wussup wit' the love?

Wussup wit' the love, wussup wit' the love?

Wussup wit' the love, wussup wit' the love?

Wussup wit' the love, wussup wit' the love?

Wake up!

Please....wake up.

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