

Cormega

"Love Is Love"

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(feat. Tiffany)

[Cormega]

Yo, fuck the next nigga rep son, you bust yo gun
Respect real niggaz, and trust no one
Whoever think it can't happen, what, clap him
To hurt your enemy mentally, smack 'em
Never let your friends know, how deep your ends go
Cuz jealousy's a motherfucker, you never know
And never let niggaz know, where you rest at
Cuz niggaz might take your dough and push ya head
back
Everybody want riches, but if the game ain't for you
Why fuck with it, yo, for real
You might get killed, or touch prison
Keep your enemies close and never trust snitches
When it's on, you come through creepin'
Fuck attention, did I mention?
Drugs where you sleepin', just ain't decent
Son, I say this for one reason
I want all my real niggaz, to keep eatin'
Love is love

[Chorus: Tiffany]

Love, is love
Doesn't matter what you got, never had enough
Love, is love
Don't matter what you do, our love will see you through

[Cormega]

And to my niggaz who be gettin' ki's
Don't trust connects that you never seen
Even if he got bricks for seventeen
You fuck around, and have a case of State Supreme
Nigga, you done, and if you can't a case
Run, cuz upstate, your friends won't remember you,
son
When you out of sight, you out of mind
So take my advice, I did a lot of time
You feel me? And if a girl did a bid with you
Remember, she prove that she did miss you

Fuck pretenders, everybody gotta go
So tell God that I'm comin' with a lot of dough
Fuck the bullshit, I'ma blow
So let my drama know I'ma go out
Like Montana, yo, you hear me?
Yo, I speak severely, streets prepared me
And you ain't gotta like me, motherfucker, you fear me
I say this for one reason
Cuz if you ever fuck me, my guns squeezin'
Love is love

[Chorus]

[Cormega]
You never worry about a next nigga, get yours son
Jealously'll bury niggaz, fuck the broke niggaz
Fuck with the heavy hitters, cuz being broke
Make a nigga feel very bitter
And if ya man ever steal from you, never trust him
When niggaz keep it real with you, you never fuck 'em
If you got plans to get rich, don't discuss 'em
Cuz who the fuck wanna see you blow, you know?
Money come and goes, like friends, had a bunch of
those
How many with me, 'til the end, I don't know
Only trust a few, shit, I even got plans to buck a few
Keep it real with me, what up with you?
Son, I say this for one reason
So you can understand, I'm the motherfuckin' man, I'm
done speakin'

[Chorus]

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