

## **Apathy f/ Phonte**

### **"True Love"**

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[Apathy] Yeah, we'll do the old school shit for 'em Do I love you? Do I lust for you? Am I sinner cause I do them too? Would you let me know, right now please? Is it true love? I wanna find a perfect mate who know about "The Purple Tape" A lot of bitches perpetrate, imper-per-per-per-personating Something that's real, something that's raw Something that the neighbours can hear right through their walls John Lennon and Yoko, Jesus and Mary Magdalene Something very passionate, love you like I loved my starter jacket back in sixth grade, walked with a switch and got a switch blade A badass chick can turn your badass bitch-made I want a "Gangsta Bitch" like Apache says Who raps like Lauryn Hill did on "Nappy Heads" And fuck wearing lingerie, I be tearing you out of it Put my tongue in your pussy and speak the Arabic alphabet Better watch out, addictive as a sort of new drug You better look out, I'm on the corner pumping "True Love" So be true, they can go just as quick as they come Don't ever try to play me out hun, cause I ain't the one This is dedicated to you just for the love of it Not that radio R&B, I really can't fuck with it All my old school shit, no you can't have it But when it gets cold, I'll let you wear my jacket Still kind of immature, I'll call your ex-man a faggot Shit he ain't doing nothing anyway, there's no static in my Cleopatra, even after all of the fights I might tell you that I'm wrong even though I was right That's true love [Phonte] Uh, ayyo I used to have this Hip Hop chick In the crib rocking T-shirt and her flip-flop shit Had the sweetest little smile that would shine so fine And plus she knew the whole "Illmatic" line for line As I think back I guess she was just tryna find herself and her wealth with all the beats and rhymes I used to pull up to the side real close and say "Baby It's cool to love rap but don't forget to be a lady" I tried to buy her heels, all she wanted was dunks Tried to get her manicures but she was not copping Took her to the club so we could do our slow dance and they played Marvin Gaye and her ass start pop-locking Aww, didn't have time to play with it So I just went the other way with it, got this all pretty hoe I mean this high maintenance "Sex in the

City" hoe All the time borderline, Raphael Saadiddy hoe  
So I'm chilling with this fashionista Watching VH1 Soul  
on the couch lamping They close "Slam" by Onyx and  
she asked "Ay baby, when did the guy from Moesha  
start rapping?" Man, a nigga could've fell through the  
floor But it was right then and there when I solved the  
riddle My women can't be a head, but she ain't gotta be  
a airhead Just love Hip Hop and meet me somewhere in  
the middle True love

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