

## RZA "Love Jones"

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C'mon Bobby, turn off that loud shit  
Damn, I wanna hear some slow shit that's gonna relax  
you  
You know, a nigga, knahmsayin'  
Goin' through all that shit in the streets 'n shit

The hip-hop shit, only shit keep a nigga mind in  
I hear you but it's all about me and you right now  
Word, just take off your shirt  
'Cause I wanna massage your back and your shoulders

My little buttercup, yaknahmean?  
You a buttercup girl  
Oh, is that right? Yeah  
Well, I got Love Jones for you  
Word, tell me about it

Love Jones, I got a Love Jones  
I got a Love Jones for you  
Love Jones, I got a Love Jones  
I got a Love Jones for you

Yo, girl you shinin' like a brand new spankin' black  
glock  
Or a thousand hundred dollar bills inside a shoe box  
Exotic bird, special blend of selected fine herbs  
Make me wanna kick my bitch to the curb

Shaped like a naked statue but look sacred  
Candy to a baby, y'know, I'm ready to take it  
She spread your wings like a peacock  
Girl you be the bomb and Bobby be shell shocked

Behold as I shape and mold your formless globe  
Into a perfect O and breathe the breath of life into your  
nose  
With the fragrance of a fresh pink rose  
And stroll into your eyes, the windows to your soul

And choose the best part, the dark pupil I chose  
Your heart was mutual, into the center I dove  
Backstroke in your abyss like a fish

Countin' every thought and dream and wish, that exists  
within six

She was filled with pleasures, of all measures  
But never took the time to discover, her own sunken  
treasure  
Unlock the jewelry box, knowledge rose to the top  
The distilled back in the fine mists, that gave birth to  
the crops

And seas, that brought us together for the better  
We could never separate, so maintain your stormy  
weather  
So maintain the stormy weather  
Word up and let's walk these dogs together, boo

Love Jones, I got a Love Jones  
I got a Love Jones for you  
Love Jones, I got a Love Jones  
I got a Love Jones for you

Yo, Power Equality, Allah C's everything, my queen  
Whattup Love, won't you just slide under my wings  
So we can take flight, to the edge of the night  
And like doves, we makin' love above the bright  
moonlight

You know I fills you, so let my love pass and spill  
through  
Your sexual vessels, that bless you then fills you  
Up with the knowledge and wisdom you understandin'  
That bring forth the power, refines your whole planet

She couldn't maintain this heavy slang that I dropped  
upon her  
She claimed it never rains, down in Southern California  
Bein' a black man is most prominent and all dominant  
I couldn't wait to get her home, so I could explore her  
dark continent

And put my fountain between her hills and mountains  
Impingin' every square inch of her circumference, I  
was countin'  
Twelve trillion, four hundred and seventy-eight billion  
One hundred and eighteen million, four hundred  
thousand ways  
To make children, by buildin'

Detected a fine mist but couldn't resist, I told her  
"You wanna travel inside my head and see if you could  
rise above six?"

Then tilt her at the axis then bent her at her equator  
And stuck the diamond, might deep inside the crater

Love Jones, I got a Love Jones  
I got a Love Jones for you  
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I got a Love Jones for you

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