

Bibi Johns & Paul Kuhn**"Love 'Em All"**

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[Chocclair talking]

Unnh!

Ha ha, it's gotta be one of 'em Baby Blue joints

Turn it up a notch and let me see them speakers rock

Chocclair featuring Mr. Mims

Aiyyo, Mims, who's this joint going out to?

[Chorus: Chocclair]

This is for my street misses

The ones who like to creep misses

In the back seat of my Jeep misses

This is for the haters, yo!

The ones who floss with no doe

We love 'em all

You know that we love 'em all

Now people say you want to go and bring it to the
streets but they realize its too far

So I want to bring it where they are

Where they are, is usually at home doing dishes with
they mom

Go back playing ball with Paul

I don't hate, when its love and I'm only gon roll with real
thugs

And show love to niggas who came from nothing and
rose above

And broke they balls to be a star

Now they shine bright, now this hood got a brighter
light

See how its funny for me, how people wanna go and
bad-talk me

But in a few years they be putting chips in your skinny,
get your I.D.

Yet you suckas wanna hate on me, get your priorities
right

I don't fight, sit back with a Conyac spark at the heave
bright

And give you more of the Suave Dawg thing you been
looking for

Then screw my foot under the Impalla floor

Feel great dogg, shots give the funk that stank

That pumps the radio, that pumps the G's in my bank
Take your whole boat off the plank
Rookie niggas try to step up with shots, he pulls rank
Chop your Accord, take your award
Your uniform's plain, your stripe's been torn
Reppin for the T-O-R-O-N-T-O T dot O dot

[Chorus: Choclaire]

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In the back seat of my Jeep misses
This is for the haters, yo!
The ones who floss with no doe
We love 'em all
You know that we love 'em all

[Mr. Mims]

Yo, yo, yo, yo, I'm just tryin to live
Only take what you tryin to give
I don't wait, just take you for a ride in the 6
I don't wait, you ain't the only one I'm tryin to hit
Plenty other chicks signin the whip
I don't take long, I just scoop 'em up
Especially when the roof is up
You can hop in the Coup or Truck, it's all the same
Just don't play no games, like "Sean, I really don't think
this much"
I'm not a family man, I'm in your dreams like Candy
Man
Plus I only touch girls in Candy Land
When I'm in Panty Land, sweet enough to eat it up like
Candy Yams
So call me Handy Man, I never, take chickens to the
Sandy land
Never hawk chicks that could land a man
I take a girl out on a family plan
That's why these girls can stand me man!

[Chorus 2x: Choclaire]

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[Mr. Mims]

This is for my ballers, my hustlers, my, my, my,
brothers
Who like, like my sisters who love it but need the covers

For my thugs, my soldiers tryin to get them Rovers
Who won't stop for nothing you want it sweeter

[Chocclair]

The type of man I am I just don't groove
Whether you come through with a crew makin noise so
they boost ya
Cause niggas just cruise for lose cause they think what
they drop
is a shot like a shoota
But I ain't what ya used ta, I'm a familiar lookin brusta
T dot, watch out the heat we bring, Suave Dawg betta
spread ya wings and fly

[Hook 2x: Chocclair]

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