

Self

"I Love To Love Your Love, My Love"

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I love to love your love, my love
I love to love your love, my love
I love to love your love, my love
Yes, it's true, yes, it's true
Love is a thing that I do

It's crazy, I kissed you when we met
And maybe I'd do it again with parental consent
But even if they both resist
My mack mode is constantly on
Why am I wasting time writing rhymes
When I could be out scoring more tail

I love to love, your love, my love
(My love, your love to love, I love)
I love to love, your love, my love
(My love, your love to love, I love)

I love to love, your love, my love
(My love, your love to love, I love)
Yes, it's true, yes, it's true
Love is a thing that I do

I'd be crazy if I ever got into your pants
And maybe we could safety dance
'Cause your friends all dance
And I know you don't dance

Soon your friends will become friends of mine
Out of sympathy you'll go out with me
You fine ass bitch
Damn you're so fine, damn, you're so fine

Remember we kissed when we were twelve
And, baby, help me through pre-adolescent hell
It can't be wrong to feel so strong
Now that we're all hairy and grown
I can't go on smoking bongs
And getting myself so stoned

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