

Bob Lapoire Car

"Love Me"

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[Intro: Champ (sample)]

(And love me)

Uh, uh

(Oohhwee, if ya do I'll never let ya go)

Yeah, yeah, yo, yo

[Champ]

All I want you to do is just (love me)

Yo, show me the way, look in my eyes, tell me you'll stay

Cuz love is deep, I play for keeps, my heart pumps weep fo you

I dont mean to cause you no trouble

Already your humble, if ya willin' to bust ya bubble

Ready to sit back and watch the world crumble

Who the baddest, bring the madness

It's the Champ and I dont need no practice and matchin' what's happenin'

Reppin' Venom, know I got love fo my team

Rocks the World, bring it funky when I step on the scene

Aint nothin' changed, still I get delf down wit the same name

Guess who back, we came to change the whole game

D-E-A-D-L-Y, no lie, got me bringin' tears to my eyes

When I loose it, it just for the love of this music

I'd abuse it, the rappin don, now it's on, show me love

[Chorus: Daze]

The L, the O, the V, the E

The L, the O, the V, the E

One love....

[J-Boo]

It be the J, B double O, got love in the hood

A little drama, but it's still all good

Still on the rise, still number 1 in your eyes

Still rockin' my nigga Biggie baby, Hypnotize

Still, Pretty Thug until the day that i die

Still, Rockin the World baby, thats no lie

I got love for these streets, so I'm bringing the heat

Only spit that raw shit on a hardcore beat
Venom, respect the name, got love for the game
Ya'll chickens, ya'll wanna front? We can battle for
fame
Battle fo shines, let's see who spit the hottest rhyme
I'm going all out, crossing the enemy line
I'm going for mine, aint nothin' holdin me back
Ya'll know its all about the love, don't you hear it on the
track?
That's the reason that I wont quit
Still lovin' this shit, still in the pit baby, bangin' them
hits

[Chorus]

[N-Tyce]

Yeah, I dedicate this letter
Dear hip hop, '87 '89
Few ladies rappin' who made me rhyme, paid me mine
Baby wine voice, chinky eye chick, country accent
Y'all like, where she from? You steady askin'
Carolina jams, we ain't get it first
Still livin' worse, mix your tapes that made me spit a
verse
In it for the thirst and hunger, I wonder
Will the love keep me up in the game or under
My boom box on my shoulder, ear to the speaker
Peeper, pumpin MC Lyte, Monie Love and Latifah
Salt-N-Pepa, Tougher Than Leather, puffin' watever
I had to get something together to hunt for the cheddar
That's why I love my posse, my click
We aint flossy and rich, ayo Storm, you just tossed me
a hit
Thats why I'm up in the studio, with a mic check
Lights set, bottom line, N-Tyce, a tight vet

[Chorus]

sample to end

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