

## Talib Kweli "How You Love Me"

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I hear footsteps in the dark

Every day since we first met, can't even eat a bit  
I can't seem to think straight when I think about how  
you love me  
Every day is like a holiday, something like Christmas  
Eve  
My worst day is carefree when I think about how you  
love me

When are we gonna grow up?  
Why do I love you so much, we so touched?  
Excited by the drama we like when it show up  
The fighting don't slow up, I light you like close ups

And I call you my Calamity Jane, you like my fantasy  
Love cause the same chemical reaction in the brain as  
insanity  
Holidays, drinking with your family, passionate folks  
Imagine if they had their own reality show, actually no

Desires like fire quit playing or get burned  
Or give it away on camera like Montana Fishburne  
Our presence is a gift, a gift is our present  
Breakup, text, call her, a bitch, under my breath

And then the makeup sex  
She forgive me in a session  
I know she love me  
She sending a mixed message though

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You need a chick with some fire  
I mean unless you want a wife cold as ice  
Living life with the biggest debutante

Me and you we considered the upper echelon  
The only one I come out my fitted for in a restaurant

You can get it, huh, remember I was taking your digits  
Same night I was making the visit  
Make it the mission to make you cum when we done  
Sometimes you hate to admit it

You a little numb from the toys  
And love the noise that you make when you run from  
the boys  
And comfort your man, insane, how we go so crazy  
with it  
This the asylum so we call relationships committed

You ain't a bird, I ain't them others guys that get lost in  
the name  
You the butterfly and I'm the moth to your flame  
Love is dying while the mother's crying  
Big brother eyeing m,e imposing their reality to Shutter  
Island

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Our love is like a Psycho or a trilogy the drama is killing  
me  
I'm grown but the little boy is still in me  
We discuss monogamy, polygamy, the I's the  
probability  
Your momma ain't feeling me, it stung like a killer bee

How far from the tree do the apple fall?  
The things I said was it how I felt was it the alcohol  
Or do I really hate her after all?

I apologize for the statements that I made to her  
First I swallowed my pride then I ate my words  
I tried to pass it off, acted like it was nothing  
The fact is I was discovering my appetite for  
destruction

Everything else is bland once you tasted filet mignon  
When I'm full I'm taking you home, you're a plate for  
later on  
I'll eat it up or beat it up

'Til your love runneth over, yo, I need a cup

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