

Jam % Spoon F/ Plavka

"Lovin' It"

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You know you love it
Hey, yea, yea

[Verse 1]

For the year 2001 the lows arousin'
Count thousand you smile
But when ya see us ain't no smilin'
We wildin' all through the surroundings at the
showtime
Rap before time, you weak niggas get no shine, no
shine
The whole time we turn shows and turn hoes, turn hoes
We got hot shit to make these niggas burn flows
Once is goes to the street then the word goes
From the H strip to the Rack Rock and Virgo
Lock boys and turn hoes, know the scoop
So when ya see us in traffic make sure that you salute
My crew produce for the loot
Let's come and burn the roof
Sayin' we all a bunch of niggas comin' from livin' on the
loose
My partner vibes shootin' hoops, I'm in the booth
And it's the truth that my entourage will blow the roof
Ya better be fire proof or you will catch
This material flex and drop a bomb like the next
We the next to get blessed with them million dollar
checks
Something hittin' on the West, ya boss gettin' finesse
We flossin' flawless like beggettes
Come correct or you get your ass handled by the best

[Chorus x2]

You know your lovin' it
Better, better get buggin' it
Lovin' this
We put it down and keep it bubblin'
Strugglin' lookin' back to see where we been
And each and every time lovin' it

[Verse 2]

Nothin' but ballers on this side in the 415

It's time to cash checks accumulate dollars, won't settle
for less
We livin' restless, I'ma let the lyrical tech spit
We on the West bitch so come and test this
You get the message plus my chest with the black vest
I'm puttin' all type of ice on my checklist
Till I'm out to Texas and touchin' down on Lex dubs
Scrubs around me quick to talk big and mean mug
Supreme thugs from the directly outta Cali
Where police don't play and squares like to doubt me
We thuggin' it, ya make a move nigga duck quick
So fuck the dumb shit, the fast bread I'm lovin' it

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3]

Nigga done let the Troopa in this bitch
And I'm about to rip it
Bitches and niggas on my jock cause I'm a young
nigga gifted
I shifted the game from hustlin' to the rap with the get
low
Instead upon the block in the mo boomin' yay-yo
And can't no nigga tell me nothin' that I'm doin'
Certified in the game and I'ma keep on pursuin'
I be the best man standin' millionaire plannin'
These hoes don't like me say I'm shiesty and
demandin'
Respect without my tech just my million dollar
mouthpiece
I'm representin' the West, North to South and East
I like my crease flooded, my rollie peck studded
TVs out the box and leave my dashboard gutted
I love it

Yeah, yeah 2000 and 1 shit, ha ha
My cousin the Troopa, uh in this bitch
Representin' for the Gamblaz, it's real fear
This get low shit, you know you lovin' it

[Chorus x2]

Ooh, yeah you love it
You know you lovin' it
You know you love it
Cause I'm buggin it
Oh yeah
You love it, love it

