

**Tiziano Ferro****"I Luv"**

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Aaaaaaaaaah!

Chorus: Freddie Foxxx

What's mine's I love, and I fight, push to shove  
?Hand to hand?, but you can't stop the love  
You push to impress, and I leave you with less  
It's real love for the mics that I bless, no quest'  
\*repeat\*

[Lil' Fame]

Can't stop the love! I know you sayin I'ma young nigga  
Don't get it fucked up cause I move with them thug  
niggas  
From old ? to life we straight sparkin light  
Bring light to the darkest nights  
(M) Blast (O) Blast, P in your area  
Make a move and them cats might bury ya  
Now that your trapped and your fuckin with thugs  
Let me tell your punk ass what I love  
I love to see motherfuckers, that show no love  
And start speakin out like a bitch when you catch em in  
the club  
I love, when a slug cat shut down  
And then try to post up when they damn near cut his  
ass down  
I love, trying to reach all parts of the map  
On a Ninja, with a big Buddha bitch on a back  
I love, cats that rap and still drip checks  
Like your man Lil' Fame, Bill Danze and triple X

Chorus

[Billy Danze]

Aiyyo, you know what I love (What's that?)  
It's when motherfuckers assume  
That they ass can't get popped at 12 o'clock in the  
afternoon  
I got the balls to come through your walls, like

(Boooooom!)

Have an orgasm every time I clear the fuckin room  
(Niggas is gone) Nah, not just yet  
I need to see you son of a bitches sweat  
(I love) What I got, son, my shit is prop', son  
With Prem' in the drivin seat and Freddie Foxxx ridin  
shotgun  
(Stop son!) Here is the ultimate  
Somethin I love is when thugs be bumpin my shit  
(I love) Niggas with heat, (I love) niggas that's deep  
Niggas that regulate the streets (sho' nuff)  
Mic blessin, Smith and Wessun caressin  
(First Family) With the Desert Storm impression  
The lesson: I advise if your not ready to ride  
on the homicide side, nigga slide

Chorus

[Freddie Foxxx]

I love beats that are hardcore, dirty and raw  
I love takin niggas burners when they scared to draw  
I love plottin on my enemies, I love to attack  
I love beatin niggas down when they rhymes is whack  
I love seeing emcees struggle to make  
themselves something that us real niggas love to hate  
It's too late, I love my Ninas and I love my ?fours?  
Blowin holes through the project doors in ?knife wars?,  
nigga  
I love the feeling, and the rush that I get  
From ?Sam? run the Rolex watch with the diamond  
begets  
I love, how my life was intact without a deal  
How I kept the newest chromes on my automobile  
I love the fact that rappers make the dough, without a  
flow  
Soft niggas, that I stain, like piss in the snow  
I love the fact that I survived through the roughest of  
times  
And break the mic when I want, with the roughest of  
rhymes  
Its a luxury to see me emcee  
Its so hard, this lyrical brutality, feed's a nigga's  
mentality  
I love, when you niggas claim to be great  
knowin your mob ain't never lettin shit, what the fuck is  
this?  
Niggas bustin shots on New York, I get my vest on  
Twenty rhyme clips in my mic, I get my bless on  
Loan soldier standin on the front line, I fear none  
Excuses that you give me for your lyrics, I hear none

You niggs ain't no real emcee's  
You Sam Goody ass niggas can't write without suckin  
down trees  
So I love, laughin at you niggas, while you clappin at  
me  
I split your head shot from your man, while he's slappin  
at me  
I feel the hits from your rounds  
Your hollowpoints make a nigga wobble, but I won't fall  
down  
\*echoes\*

[Lil' Fame]

Yeah, you motherfuckers see it, come on!

Chorus

[Freddie Foxxx]

Aiyyo, aiyyo, aiyyo, for all them sucka ass niggas that  
don't know, when  
I crawl up out the whole, and I got M.O.P. with me, baby,  
ain't nowhere  
you can run (to the life) ain't nowhere you can hide.  
With hot slugs at  
both sides. Split your back open wide. Niggas from the  
East Side

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