

Ashanti, What's Luv? (Fat Joe)

Fat Joe:
Put the f**kin' mic on
Mic is on
Joe Crack the Don uh
Yeah, Yeah, Y'All
Irv Gotti

Ashanti:
What's love?

Fat Joe:
Ashanti, Terror, Terror Squad
It should be about us
Be about trust

Chorus: Ashanti (Ja Rule) {Fat Joe}
What's love? (Got to do, got to do with it babe) {Yeah, Yeah, Y'All}
What's love?
It's about us {It's about us}
It's about trust babe {Be about trust}
What's love? (Got to do, got to do with it babe) {Yeah, Yeah, Uh}
What's love?
It should be about us {It should be about us}
It should be about trust babe {Be about trust}
What's love?

Verse 1: Fat Joe
Yeah, yeah, uh, uh, woo, yeah, slow down baby
Let you know from the gate I don't go down lady
I wanna chick with thick hips
That licks her lips
She can be the office type or like to strip
Girl you get me aroused how you look in my eye
But you talk to much man your ruinin' my high
Don't wanna lose the feelin'
Cause the roof is chillin'
It's on fire && you lookin'
Good for the gettin'
I'm rida
Other in a hoodie or a linner I'ma provider
You should see the jewelry on my women
&& I'm livin' it up
The squad stay feelin' the truck
With Chicks that's willin' to triz with us uh
You say you gotta man && your in love
But what's love
Gotta do with a little menage
After the party
Just me && you
Could just slide for a few
&& she could come too
That's love!

Chorus

Verse 2: Fat Joe
Yeah, uh, yeah, yo, mommy, I know you got issues
You gotta man
But you need to understand
That you got something with you
Ass is fat, frame is little
Tattoo in your chest with his name in the middle
Uh, I'm not a hater I just crush a lot
&& the way you shake your booty I don't want you to stop

You Need to come a little closer (You need to come a little closer)
& let me put you under my arm like a Don is supposed ta (Like a Don is supposed ta)
Please believe
You leave with me
We'd be freakin' all night like we was on E
You need to trust the god & jump in the car
For a little hard 8 at the Taj Mahal
What's love?

Chorus

Verse 3: Fat Joe, Ashanti

Yeah, uh, yo, I stroll in the club with my hat down
Michael Jack style
Hot 7 who the mack now?
Not my fault cause they love the kid
Might be the chain or the whip
I don't know what it is
We just party & bullshit
Come on mommy put your body in motion
You gotta nigga open
You came here with the heart to cheat
So you need to sing the song with me
All my ladies come on

When I look in your eyes there's no stopin' me
I want the Don Joey Crack on top of me (Uh-huh)
Don't want your stacks (Yeah)
Just break my back (Uh)
Gonna cut u no slack (Whoo)
Cause I on it like that (Uh, Come on)
Come on (Yeah, Yeah, Y'All) & put it (Yeah, Yeah, Y'All) all on me (Put it on ya
Girl) on me (I'm put it on ya Girl)

Chorus 2 Times