

Fat Joe feat. Ashanti, What's love

[Fat Joe]

Put the fuckin' 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]

What's Love? (Got to do, got to do with it, babe)

What's Love?

It's about us

It's be about trust babe

What's Love? (Got to do, got to do with it, babe)

What's Love?

It should be about us

It should be about trust babe

What's Love?

[Verse 1: Fat Joe]

Yeah, yeah, uh, uh, woo, yeah, slow down baby

Let you know from the get go 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 too much man your ruinin' my high

Don't wanna lose the feelin'

Cause the roof an ceilin'

Is on fire & you lookin'

Good for the gettin'

I'm a rider

Hooker in a hoodie or a linner I'm a provider

You should see the jewelery 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

Me & you

Could just slide for a few

& she could come too

What'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 somethin' with you

Ass is fat, frame is little

Tatoo on 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 (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]

[Fat Joe]

Yeah, uh, yo, I stroll in the club with my hat down

Michael Jack style (he he)

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

[Ashanti] (Fat Joe)

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 you no slack (Whoop)

Cause I'm on it like that (Uh, Come on)

Come on (Yeah, Yeah, Y'All)

and put it (Yeah, Yeah, Y'All)

on me (Put it on ya girl)

on me (I'm a put it on ya girl)

[Chorus] - repeat 2X