

Lil' Keke, Do You Love It

(Lil'Keke)

Ya love this, ya love that
Ya love this, ya love that
Ya love this, ya love that
Ya love this, ya love that

(Verse 1)

Alrite just listen up
And let me break it down
Through Missi, Tenni, Alanta
Georgia, and back to H-Town
We still be running thangs
Tryin to get it for cheddar
Baby, ain't nuttin changed
Livin this life for real
Man, we top the game
And I ain't never give up
Cause after this I'm just stuck
Talkin shit outta luck
Cause I'm lovin this thang
Livin it up, Givin it back
I'm feeling ??
Like a pimp in a lac
I got so many friends
My ain't a shit it even funny
Lord, how people change
When a man get some money
I stay payin dues
On my P's and Q's
And regardless to what they say
I'm leavin suckas confused
Now let me recollect
Take a minute to breathe
And put the mic in check
I got some love for real
But ain't no disrespect
But on the cool, I be flippin
Followed by some gangsta ass
Niggas that be trippin
I be breakin bread
Instead of splittin wheels
But ain't no tellin
What I do, when I see my kids
So I stay holdin on
Instead of sittin back
I don't retreat out from the street
Now do you love that?

(Chorus)

Now do you love it?
Livin how you suppose to live
Bank accounts, plenty of cash
With some beautiful kids
Now do you love it?
Bein where you love to be
They say, Money ain't a thang
Baby, It's all on me
Now do you love it?
Feelin how you like to feel
Everythang is lookin good
Man this life is real
Now do you love it?
How much you love that?

How much you love this?
How much you love that?
Now do you love it?

(Verse 2)

Takin family trips on ships
Eatin that good food
Leavin hundred doller tips
Ain't that the life man?
You got it all in your hand
Swimmin pools, jacuzzis
Blue water, and white sand
I stay goin hard
Put the cash in the bank
I got the platinum card
Now it's ATM and checks
Plus the straight charge
And ain't no sense in me lying
We livin so large
We livin LARGE
I gotta go get a dog
If I wanna live phat
Like Mr. Boss Hogg
I could style and fall
But I'm gonna ball yall
Because it gots to get better
Grippin and fittin tight
Like a Iceberg sweater
It's a new raise
A new day, a new era
Holding onto the world
Like a brand new Beretta
Now I'm bustin shots
I'm talkin bout lyric for lyric
Makin the club bop
You better get it together

(Chorus)

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Now do you love it?
How much you love that?
How much you love this?
How much you love that?

I know ya love this
I know ya love that
I know ya love this
I know ya love that
How much ya love the mass
How much ya love the cash
How much ya love ya name
How much ya love the fame
How much ya love it?
(Til fade)

