

CunninLynguists, Love Ain't

(Tonedeff)

Love ain't for the faint of heart
Start Training, this game is hard
And arduous, you're gonna play in the dark like when it rains in the park
You're hardly conscious of the stains and scars, enabling your partly clouded logic
To pay to impart bliss with arrangements of chocolates
Now, you're working yourself out the same as when you strain with a nautilus
And you're willing to embrace pain facing sustained negative consequence
If nothing you say when in love is embedded with common sense
Then, do you really regret when you've shredded your promises?
Now, I've tested the waters, kid. Sipped it; rippled the pond a bit
Visits have been abolished, and this shit's killing my confidence
Is this filling your conscience when distance is an accomplishment?
If you miss chicks when they're around, the phrase "Let's quit" isn't an option
You best fix whatever's wrong and just move on and get on with it
Cause, You'll catch bigger fish in the sea if you manage not to drown in it
It's sad, but proud or not, most your standards go down a notch
When loneliness drinks at the bar you set too high
Cause, It isn't really my time, is it? Shit...I just found the watch
But hearing the bell toll for me twice a day, has me fearing my grandfather clock
And I can't die without trying. My hands tied in knots
Knowing that I'll never learn to brave the waves if I stand by the docks
Love is hampered by thought, if you can handle the prospect of
Death - it's as massive a shock. And To intellectuals, it's a fuckin' smack in the crotch
It's a cancer that rots your soul, tosses demons off of the road
Just use caution and know, that, love ain't nothing but a loss of control
Off then, we go

(Chorus)

(Deacon the Villian)

Love'll have you nervous, doing stupid shit on purpose
brain out of service, words slurred when you blurt shit
studderin', utterin' nonsensical shit in your verses
feeling like a shirtless, 4-breasted woman in a circus
furtherly trying to gap an unfillable void
because of parents never transferring that unbillical joy
so girls create a false world of filling on boys
exploited, guys playing with her heart like her feelings are toys
but when you have it.. there's nothing like it, you get excited
seeking those who provide it, on phones talking to psychics
some fear it... spend their entire lives trying to fight it
living in a confusing Hayes, like they're grooving to Isaac
it ain't the end of the rainbow with a treasure chest and a map
it ain't easily learnable with definitions in tact
it can ride your train of though and demolitions your tracks
hittin' and bullwhippin you, leavin' them slits in your back
but i've been a lucky one.. loving parents, loving friends
but I still spend a lot of my life loving sin
but I ain't a genius on it, I can only pretend
cause over all it's an emotion I can not comprehend.. it's love

(Chorus)

(Kno)

Love ain't the basis for action
In a nation of addicts pacing and waiting for seconds of satisfaction
Where the word itself is only fashioned in fits of passion
Hand in hand with animalistic orgasmic reaction
and the past isn't felt as a match made in hell
But rather its held as a latter day meld
Of common mistakes and nice intentions
But when false love retention is simply vice invention
Its only right to mention the fights you get in

Nightly visions of these Tina and Ike revisions
So What's Love really Got To Do With It?
From prude women to stool pigeons in soup kitchens
The truth isn't as eloquent so be intelligent
Getting caught out of your element just for the hell of it's irrelevant
And that word'll fit like a glove if you don't get right
Now live your life for the love or stop

(Chorus)