

Self, Ilovetoloveyourlovemylove

i love to love your love my love
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yes it's true
yes it's true
love is a thing that i do

it's crazy i kissed you when we met
and maybe i'd do it again with parental consent
but even if they both resist my mack-mode is constantly on
why am i wasting time writing rhymes when i could be out scoring more tail

i love (my love) to love (your love) your love (to love) my love (i love)
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i'd be crazy if i ever got into your pants
and maybe we could safety dance
'cause your friends all dance and i know you don't dance
soon your friends will become friends of mine
out of sympathy you'll go out with me, you fine ass bitch
damn you're so fine
damn, you're so fine

remember we kissed when we were twelve
and baby help me through pre-adolescent hell
it can't be wrong to feel so strong now that we're all hairy and grown
i can't go on smoking bong and getting myself so stoned