

# What's Luv? (feat. Ja Rule & Ashanti)

## Fat Joe

Put the fuckin mic on.  
Mic is on? Joe Crack the Don, uh!  
Uh. Irv Gotti! What's love? Ashanti, Terror. Terror Squad  
It should be about us, be about trust What's love? (Got to do, got to do with it, babe)  
What's love? It's about us, it's 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?  
Yeah, uh, 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 too much, man you're ruinin my high  
Don't wanna lose the feelin cause, the roof is chillin  
It's on fire and you lookin good for the gettin  
I'ma, rider, whether in a hoodie or a linen  
A provider; you should see the jewelery on my women  
And I'm, livin it up, the Squad stay fillin the truck  
With chicks that's willin to triz with us, uh  
You say you gotta man and you're in love  
But what's love gotta do with a little menage?  
After the par-tay, me and you  
Could just slide for a few and she could come too  
That's love!  
What's love? (Got to do, got to do with it, babe)  
What's love? It's about us, it's 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? Yeah, uh - yeah. yo, uh, yo  
Mami 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  
Tattoo on your chest with his name in the middle, uh  
I'm not a hater I just crush a lot  
And the way you shake your booty I don't want you to stop  
You need to come a little closer. (come a little closer)  
And let me put you, under my arms like a Don is supposed ta  
Please believe, you leave with me  
We be freakin all night like we was on E  
You need to trust the God and jump in the car

For a little heartache at the Taj Mahal  
What's love? What's love? (Got to do, got to do with it, babe)  
What's love? It's about us, it's 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? Yeah, uh, yo  
Yo I stroll in the club with my hat down  
Michael Jack style, hot steppin 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 and bullshit; c'mon mami  
put your body in motion, you got a 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 stoppin me  
I want the Don Joey Crack on top of me (uh-huh)  
Don't want your stacks just break my back (yea)  
Gonna cut you no slack, cause I'm on it like that (uh, woo, uh)  
Come on (yea yea y'all)  
and put it all (yea yea y'all) on me (put it on ya girl)  
on me (I'ma put it on ya girl)  
What's love? (Got to do, got to do with it, babe)  
What's love? It's about us, it's 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  
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What's love? It should be about us, it should be about trust babe  
What's love?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>