

# Love Is the Message (feat. Raekwon)

## Cappadonna

Remind me Tuesday I gotta go handle my business  
Know what I'm saying?  
Straight up  
(Love is love)  
Yo, don't play with them shits up in here  
Them shits is dangerous Hey yo, hey yo, hits Sally  
Timbaland grand finale  
Damn imagine bringing back Alam Skin Bally's  
Glass of this, leather dick down status  
That's crabbage, can't see the real so you average  
Drip cammo  
Who carry Van Damme ammo?  
Nike Airs Uptown put the Benz van yo  
Chilling with niggaz who real  
Who respect real  
Big us get your wig touched crib rushed Record and command  
Slam jams for my mans  
Puff trees, tuck these ruggers in your lands  
Cemented, bent out of shape mend it  
Represent spin been through it God Hold the Mac splendid  
Time Balotti rap version of the black Gotti  
Rob me God'll act ungodly  
What never been done before  
It's real son you gum it out  
Run it in the gun store  
Everyday all day  
Fat like Bob Rockaway  
Dipped in the latest spot me right away  
Wu Tang executive new Donna Jay  
Darts in your area that's how I play  
Nobody else shouldn't really have a say  
When it come down to this Shaolin, U.S.A. Represent fully give me your air space  
Razor Sharp label keep coming out the face  
Make room as I step up to the plate  
RZA create sounds of earthquakes  
Make no mistake kid y'all just faking  
Cross-over cats that love to eat bacon  
WTC rush like Regan  
Crush your little song while you on your knees begging Who that nigga right there?  
Son he trust me, watch this shit right here We see y'all niggaz in the back all tread out  
Throw the heat out  
Ready to stop all beef out

Play me, maybe you will catch more gravy kid  
We ill in the back feeling on your ladies We see y'all niggaz in the back all treed out  
Throw the heat out  
Ready to stop all beef out  
Play me, maybe you will catch more gravy kid  
We ill in the back feeling on your ladies Dripped out dip promoter  
Dead arm that nigga trying to get up over  
Thinking he clever but he rolled up  
Fronting on the God yo  
Acting like that cheese ain't right  
Aight that night dunn rolled on the mic Jumping out the Lex door suede lugz on  
Looking like he worth ten thousand on the arms  
Cuban connect I had it smashed  
This is Godville kid we real  
Staring at his steel dunn ask Jewels that he rocking  
Bone bracelet had laced kid  
Screaming on his neck Lex rocking  
Nigga had a fat lab  
Hundred bag, tools you had  
Ohh, little wifey had it all with a fat ass What you wanna eat boo?  
The rent's due  
Niggaz wanna get you  
You need to put a laser on your shit boo  
Sat there bluffing, saying nothing  
Looking at bird pop shit  
Acting like she bugging 18 karat gold and fresh boots  
Me and my team regulate to the roots  
Big pockets, blow mics out the sockets  
Condominium, Karl Kani denim  
Where the honey's at?  
We be getting up in them  
A whole lot of dollars and real scholars  
The Wu got knowledge  
Represent 5 percent, or 100 percent Pay attention to the stretch Lincoln  
Drinking Evian Don-Don  
Stay calm under pressure  
Break the sound barrier  
Big Wu Tang trucks roll in your area Wallabees for life, we too hype  
One ring with the ice  
Don't stress it  
What, love is the message 18 points on my brand new record  
Dart clapper, ran like a snapper  
Watch out for Cappa  
Make way  
Y'all cats ain't ready for me and the DJ We see y'all niggaz in the back all treed out  
Throw the heat out  
Ready to stop all beef out  
Play me, maybe you will catch more gravy kid  
We ill in the back feeling on your ladies We see y'all niggaz in the back all treed out

Throw the heat out  
Ready to stop all beef out  
Play me, maybe you will catch more gravy kid  
We ill in the back feeling on your ladies Du-du, number one  
Dance hall storm  
Yo, yo, yo, yo

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>