

# Bulletproof Love (feat. Method Man)

[Adrian Younge & Ali Shaheed Muhammad](#)

Man it is what it is,  
Can't understand a man if you ain't lived what he lived  
Roaches in the crib, Ain't got no food up in the fridge  
Plus the crime running' rampant and it's screwing up the kids  
Sway, admit - What kind of paradise is this?  
I just want some 40 acres and some carats on the wrist  
And there ain't no Iron Man that can  
come and save us all? Power to the people and Luke Cage the cause  
And the cops got it wrong, We don't think Cage involved  
Look, dog, a hero never had one  
Already took Malcolm and Martin this is the last one  
I beg your pardon, somebody pulling' a fast one  
And now we got a hero for hire and he a black one  
And bullet-hole hoodies is the fashion  
We in Harlem's Paradise tell the captain  
That I'm about to trade the mic for a magnum  
Yeah, cause this is bulletproof love  
And you already know what a bulletproof does  
So you can take it from a bulletproof thug  
The hood got his back, dog

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