

# Wussup Wit The Luv

## Digital Underground

Wussup wit' the love, wussup wit' the love?  
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Now, men want racism, black folks in prison, me bar  
What's goin' on with the luh-uh-ove?  
Boo-ya-kaw is the sound, brothers goin' down in the worst way  
I got my son a gun for his birthday.  
Now we've had enough, everybody wants to be tough,  
But I give the props to brothers on my level instead of trying to be above,  
'Cause I see nothin' feminine about givin' your brother some love.  
Look deeply in each other's eyes: you know we are the ones  
Racism is a cloud that blocks us from the sun.  
One brother speaks in African, one sings Jamaican songs,  
Both of them are black men, but they still can't get along.

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(Yo, I know this brother named Tony, he beat up his own mom, man.  
(Nah, man). Straight up. Him and his two brothers, they all live in the  
same house with his mom, right. (Right). They all in their twenties,  
she the only one working. Anyway, one night she needed to get some  
sleep, she told him to turn his music down, and he just straight flipped  
on her: slapped her all up against the wall, cursed her out...)

Mommy and Daddy they got married, they make love every night  
But Momma's gettin' tired, and Poppa hits the pipe at night.  
I see 'em kissin' wishin' I got the props that Pops, I mean the rocks, got  
I hope she hugs me, 'cause she never dug me.  
I figure still I hustle, tussle with the fool at school,  
The one that Momma sold my sneakers, thought she says he's freakin' her,  
Had the doubt until I caught 'em, then I fought 'im, then she slapped me,  
Hollered at me talkin' 'bout I messed up her ten dollars.

God damn! Drug dealers dealin' to the kiddies,  
Livin' in the city ain't no pity on the itty-bitty.  
We try to cry, but still they all die,  
I try to speak to the youth, and the truth is they all high.  
What can I say but watch your back, youngster,  
As I sit and wonder, my other brother's steadily goin' under.  
It's like a curse, and it hurts 'cause it's worse,  
Momma's crazy 'cause her baby's in a herse.  
Wussup wit' the love?

(Yo, my homey was joggin in this upper-class white neighborhood, he had  
his headphones on, right, you know, just joggin'. This old lady called  
the police. Just 'cause he was black, they stomped my homey. He couldn't her  
e 'em though 'cause he had his headphones on. They ain't chase him, they did  
n't shine their lights on him. They just shot him...dead!)

This land once owned by Indians, who then would learn to burn.  
A treagedy, because from them there was so much to learn,  
You will find the key to life is checking for you friends,  
Everything's gonna be alright,  
I got to let you know that I'm in love with you.

(Dope fiends sellin' their babies)  
I'm so in love with you.  
(I know man, you can't even say 'what's up' to a brother no more)  
People, I'm in love with you.  
(Fool talkin' about 'what's up', fool don't know me man...)  
Yes I'm in love with you.  
(...I put one in him! Hey, yo, you got your thang?  
Yeah, man, I'm strapped)

It blows my mind to see so many people sufferin'  
(So many people)  
It blows my mind to see so many people down,  
(Everybody's down)  
And I just can't understand, why there must be such fighting,  
(Everybody's acting crazy)  
It blows my mind to see the pain that's all around.  
(...the pain that's all around)  
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Wake up!  
Wake up!

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Wake up!  
Please....wake up