

Fuk is Luv?

Raheem DeV Vaughn

Radio Raheem Devaughn
Let's get to it
What the fuck is love?
Is it the need for the addiction?
Or pain of the weak
Some people need prescriptions
So even loosely true
You can see it in the smile
And expression when the tear drop falls
You can hear it in an whisper
And let your '90 Ford car
The people you 'doring could be endearing
Our love can be a bitch so fuck it back
We can even get the last drop sometimes
Or staking it for the best sex we ever had
Some say it's the one
The one that got away
It's funny how a four letter word is so complicated
What's the meaning for the zay?

Something 'bout it's beautiful
Tell my life yea
The masses in her island beach
Of it, of it all
The pleasure of the birds and bees
That's how we procreated
The way we see to what that means

I believe that it's internal
The courage to walk away
I believe that it's spiritual
Cause I would've bowed our heads and prayed
A metaphor of kinetic energy
The signs will never prove
And it's true 'bout what they say
Sometimes you win
Sometimes you lose
And if it's the color red in shape of a heart
And if it's all we need
Then we're all we got
Some say it's natural
But to do not the words we say
And there's no world for being rich my love
So touch your food, taste it

Still something 'bout it's beautiful
The masses in her island beach
Of it, of it all
The pleasure of the birds and bees
We'd make love to the world you love
The way we see to what that means
Still something 'bout it's beautiful
The masses in her island beach
Of it, of it all
The pleasure of the birds and bees
Kissing and touching love
The way we see to what that means

... sex, tomorrow's regrets
Letting love ...
The two of your thing: money and wealth
Came by that but we tried that
And we know the wrong faces
In all the wrong places
For all the wrong reasons
I suppose that just makes us human
Cause we all need something to believe in

Something 'bout it's beautiful
The masses in her island beach
The pleasure of the birds and bees
The pleasure of the birds and bees
And making love
The way we see to what that means
What the fuck is love?
Something 'bout it's beautiful
But something 'bout it's beautiful
The masses in her island beach
The matters of the heart
The pleasure of the birds and bees
Pleasure of making love to someone
The way we see to what that means
Wouldn't be love
Sometimes I like I'm my own muse
Like what the fuck is love?