

Life Of A Lover

Theophilus London

Uh, uh
This makes my momma smile, on some good mood shit
I'm here to teach your young man how he should move, should move
Vigilant, stay healthy on some good food shit
But Ted mixes on the block, I think you should, should move

The love is lost, up in the lover's forest
We need the sun, we need the moon, we need another force
My boy Pop live around the way
And in the glitz and the glamor glamor, I must say
We survived another Friday on some Ice Cube shit
Now get some rum and get some coke and let the ice cubes hit
Fuck a streetwear gang, this some new shoe shit, uh
It got the views out the window homie, YouTube it

This year's model, with this charming brother
Six fair models, you swore on the color
You warn each other, things could get hectic here

Have a smoke, kick back, sipping Blue Bell beer
Yea it's obvious that you got fear
Too bad I'm looking at the girl in the blue cashmere
And how she spelled out my name with her nail in the mirror

And guess where we're off next next next, uh uh
A blessed day, Sunday vibes too
I spoke to my sugar boo, and she'll be here too
Enough to pack out, until we're clear out blue
And on a jet having yea on the way to Peru, Peru, Peru Peru

All the love in the world is right here in bed
All this love from me girl, can't leave me red
All the nights in my dreams, I wouldn't have seen
This is the Life of a Lover, this is the Life of a Lover, ooh

Yeah
This is a song for the lovers with a capital L
Lost love leaping levels thinking love is to sell
Puffin Ls on visual flight to Brazil
At the well at the bottom of that bucket when I fell for that free time
Jailing thoughts to settle bail
You know the one with bell, story told so well, if not
You all will, I promise, we all fall to the sun goddess
Some time on this planet, damn it
And I was granted the stain of the pomegranate
Love branded on my brain, damaged from the Jane
Dames falling all lame, wonder why I need breaks to explain
Don't matter when they after that change

Go figure like a sister with a gold toned figure
No figures, counting love with my bucks instead of fingers
No Mingus, plucking harp strings, circle rings around Venus where the Queens
at
Besides a magazine rack
Came back to America with they dreams stacked

Can I help you get your shit straight?
Weed sacks, mixtapes, gift bags paid with Swiss francs, just think
Exchange digits dipping out the bank, hey