

True Love

Apathy

[Apathy:]

Yeah, we'll do the old school shit for 'em
Do I love you? Do I lust for you?
Am I sinner cause I do them too?
Would you let me know, right now please?
Is it true love?

I wanna find a perfect mate who know about "The Purple Tape"
A lot of bitches perpetrate, imper-per-per-personating
Something that's real, something that's raw
Something that the neighbours can hear right through their walls
John Lennon and Yoko, Jesus and Mary Magdalene
Something very passionate, love you like I loved my starter jacket
Back in sixth grade, walked with a switch and got a switch blade
A badass chick can turn your badass bitch-made
I want a "Gangsta Bitch" like Apache says
Who raps like Lauryn Hill did on "Nappy Heads"
And fuck wearing lingerie, I be tearing you out of it
Put my tongue in your pussy and speak the Arabic alphabet
Better watch out, addictive as a sort of new drug
You better look out, I'm on the corner pumping "True Love"
So be true, they can go just as quick as they come
Don't ever try to play me out hun, cause I ain't the one
This is dedicated to you just for the love of it
Not that radio R&B, I really can't fuck with it
All my old school shit, no you can't have it
But when it gets cold, I'll let you wear my jacket
Still kind of immature, I'll call your ex-man a faggot
Shit he ain't doing nothing anyway, there's no static
In my Cleopatra, even after all of the fights
I might tell you that I'm wrong even though I was right
That's true love

[Phonte:]

Uh, aiyyo I used to have this Hip Hop chick
In the crib rocking T-shirt and her flip-flop shit
Had the sweetest little smile that would shine so fine
And plus she knew the whole "Illmatic" line for line
As I think back I guess she was just tryna find
Herself and her wealth with all the beats and rhymes
I used to pull up to the side real close and say "Baby
It's cool to love rap but don't forget to be a lady"
I tried to buy her heels, all she wanted was dunks
Tried to get her manicures but she was not copping
Took her to the club so we could do our slow dance
And they played Marvin Gaye and her ass start pop-locking
Aww, didn't have time to play with it
So I just went the other way with it, got this all pretty hoe
I mean this high maintenance "Sex in the City" hoe
All the time borderline, Raphael Saadiddy hoe
So I'm chilling with this fashionista
Watching VH1 Soul on the couch lamping
They close "Slam" by Onyx and she asked
"Ay baby, when did the guy from Moesha start rapping? "
Man, a nigga could've fell through the floor
But it was right then and there when I solved the riddle
My women can't be a head, but she ain't gotta be a airhead

Just love Hip Hop and meet me somewhere in the middle
True love