

Nuttin' But Love

Heavy D

I got nothing but love for you, baby {Uh-huh}
I got nothing but love for you, honey {Yeah, whatever}
I got nothing but love for you, baby {What you got?}
I got nothing but love for you, honey {Yeah, whatever} (What's yours is mine
)
I got nothing but love for you, baby {Uh-huh} (What's mine is mine)
I got nothing but love for you, honey {Yeah, whatever} (What's yours is mine
)
I got nothing but love for you, baby {What ya got} (What's mine is mine)
I got nothing but love for you, honey {Yeah, whatever} (What's yours is mine
)
I got nothing but love for you, baby {Uh-huh} (What's mine is mine)
I got nothing but love for you, honey {Yeah, whatever}

I know you want lots a jewels and stuff
Backyards with swimming pools, bar with stools and stuff
Fancy foods, Lobster, Sushi
Gear, Versace, Gucci, crazy Lucci
I know your M.O., you do demo on a paycheck
You get hair from the barber, show him no respect
Middle name "Price Tag", first name "Got You"
Start a scope, got on a roll, now they can't stop you
Talking about "hey Boo, how you do
Some clown uptown said you ran through his crew
I give you props and credit cause it's due
But I ain't that clown, and my crew ain't that crew
Time's too hard to be faking like I'm dating on some steak
And.. wining and dining, I ain't choking on no chicken
Leave it up to me I'll close the whole damn store on you
I got nothing but love for you (What's yours is mine)

I'm not your H-E-L-P, but I'm your H-E-A-V-Y DASH-D
Don't test me, don't ask me for nothing
For nathins, for just, for doodle lee squat, you can do me not
You plan on plot on who be hot and trying to hit the slot
I know your low pro style, your low whole pro vibe
Kick a bother in the gut and then you smile
I must admit; I really dig your operation
Every time we on the phone, you got the sexy conversation
So now you hope to be the woman of my dream
And while I'm sleeping, you'll be creeping, robbing me clean
I see you hanging on the corners with the rest of your girl crew
Standing by the gutter with your booty cutters
Said who's the honey dip, down with the money grip
Always got a plan and a scam to get some money quick
Always get with the next man, the one with the checks
And setting up a trap with the sexing (What's yours is mine)

From the brother, from the brother, this the champion -
You give me feelings like I'm dealing with a crooked hand
You got a grand from a man cause you shook his hand
You're well known in the streets, in the gutters
So fly, when you caught my eye, you made me stutter
You come around with your curls and your pretty pearls
You even been around the world, so you go, girl
But where's the love at? tell me where's the hugs at?
Acting like a Rugrat, I know where you bought that

Don't try to gas me, girl, I know the streets well
You're money hungry and you're making trick-n-treats sell
So leave it up to me, I'll close the whole damn store on you
I got nothing but love for you (What's yours is mine)

[Chorus - until fade]