Real Love

Master P

I like the way ya do me baby - keep it real!
I like the way you feel - keep it real!
I like the way ya do me baby - keep it real!
I like the way you feel, you feel, you feel, you feel...

Get you in the bubble with the top down, girl drop down Got it home, ain't gon' stop now Early in the mornin, squeezy show me Straight to the temple, like to Mormons Ten karats, strawberries, what about, a horse with carriage? Champagne, do the damn thang I thought I told ya, this soldier off the chain

Holla when ya need me... Two-way me when ya wanna see me... Holla when ya need me... Two-way me when ya wanna see me...

I thought I told ya, I'm a soldier 3rd Ward die-hard, girl pull it over To the backseat, to the Lex Jeep Like Missy said, "make it go beep beep" No Limit to slang thang bang gang To my thang thang, you may do the same thang Say ya miss me, then kiss me Love me, hug me, ain't no quickies

Flashback, who's that dancin to the latest No Limit is the greatest, are ya sure, please let it be That's what I said, though ya didn't know yet Holla if ya with me, I'm the best (?) So don't ya have no doubt, I'm gonna spell it out I need a thug to keep it real I got the best of both, I dance from coast to coast and I don't wanna bump but I love you for real

I like the way ya feel, two time to undress you Better than your sweet leather keys with ya nephew See you gotcha "Gameface" ready for ya main place Real platinum ice, knew it since the first date Girl you a diz-ime, rollin with the fiz-ine Jumped on the (?) saddle, still get mines Like I'm pretty sexy, exotic cute toes Hit the corner, black six Bentley on the road A lover not a fighter, goin for the tighter Ain't Ludacris, but I'm "an all-nighter" Round up the crew, hit up the chickens Put on ya boots and get wit it in the kitchen, ya heard me?

I'm talk-ing, real love
I'm talking real love to you
I'm talk-ing, real love
I'm talking real love to you

[Chorus: Sera-Lynn w/ P's lines after pauses]