

# 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?