

How You Love Me

Talib Kweli

I hear footsteps, in the dark
Feel like I'm goin fuckin crazy

Every day since we first met
Can't even eat a bit
I can't seem to think straight
When I think about how you love me
Everyday is like a holiday
Something like Christmas Eve
My worst day is carefree
When I think about how you love me

When are we gonna grow up?
Why do I love you so much we so touched?
Excited by the drama we like when it show up
The fightin don't slow up, I light you like close ups
And I call you my Calamity Jane, you like my fantasy
Love cause the same chemical reaction in the brain as insanity
Holidays drinkin wit'cha family... passionate folks
Imagine if they had they own reality show - actually no
Desire's like fire; quit playin or get burned
or give it away on camera like Montana Fishburne
Our presence is a gift, a gift is our present
Breakup text call her a bitch under my breath
And then the makeup sex she forgive me in a session
I know she love me, she sendin a mixed message though

You need a chick with some fire
I mean unless you want a wife cold as ice
Livin life with the biggest debutante
Me and you we considered the upper echelon
The only one I come out my fitted for in a restaurant
You can get it huh; remember I was takin your digits
Same night I was makin the visit
Make it the mission to make you cum
When we done sometimes you hate to admit it
You a little numb from the toys
and love the noise that you make when you run from the boys
and comfort your man, insane how we go so crazy with it
This the asylum, so we call relationships committed
You ain't a bird I ain't them others guys that get lost in the name
You the butterfly, and I'm the moth to your flame
Love is dying while the mother's cryin
Big brother eyein me imposin their reality to Shutter Island

Our love is like a Psycho or a trilogy, the drama is killin me
I'm grown but the little boy is still in me
We discuss monogamy polygamy, the I's the probability
Your momma ain't feelin me, it stung like a killer bee
How far from the tree do the apple fall?
The things I said - was it how I felt, was it the alcohol?
Or do I really hate her after all?
I apologize for the statements that I made to her
First I swallowed my pride, then I ate my words
I tried to pass it off acted like it was nothin
The fact is I was discoverin my appetite for destruction
Everything else is bland once you tasted filet mignon

When I'm full I'm takin you home, you a plate for later on
I'll eat it up... or beat it up
Til your love runneth over, yo I need a cup

[Chorus]