

# Where's the Love?

## Lil' Troy

Where the love at... Momma told me ther'd be days like this  
But I didn't listen  
Never question the woman's intuition  
My ambition is to give you what you missin  
Sweet love  
Take off your shoes, come and get your feet rubbed  
Us in the tub  
Taking bubble baths  
That'll be the shit  
Anybody that don't believe this can eat a dick  
I think we soul mates  
Cause we got so much in common  
You make them hoes wait  
When you find the proper woman  
Then next to me  
Put your head on my chest  
Attraction stimulates me  
But it's not all about sex  
I respect you got a mind  
And you... self sufficient  
Opinonated... yet know how to listen  
Now what's mine is yours  
If I'm ballin' you ballin  
'Tell that other nigga  
He can stop callin  
'Check this out  
Chorus  
\*background\* repeat  
I want to be your man  
\*along with background\*  
I want to be your man baby  
I'm talkin' about  
Providing you with all of life's securities  
I mean, I think the first step is  
Going to pick out some rings  
What you like  
Baggets and pistol skirts  
Can't I spend a night  
Without giving you my answer tonight  
Cause I gotta catch a early flight  
What you yellin' about  
The simple fact that I'm bailin' out

I'm makin' moves  
My albums sellin' out  
I need some affection  
Love can't you teach me a lesson  
I might be sittin' fat down here in Texas  
But the thugs ain't mean  
So how deep is your love for me  
How real do you cut for me  
If the laws came and got me  
How long would you be stuck with me  
If not long then don't fuck with me  
I want you down on my team  
And support  
When I'm tryin' to make my green  
It's for real  
I'll throw some karots in your ring  
I'll make it last forever  
Cause you know had that cash forever  
We can ball till we pass together baby  
Where the love atChorus  
\*along with background\*  
yeah... that nigga Lil' Troy  
Short Stop Records  
Puttin' down like a G yo  
That's how we get our groove onRecognize the mobb  
I bet you co-working star  
When they see the flowers that I'm sendin' to your job  
Read the cards  
Stick it in your purse  
Let's keep it rosey  
Cause everybody so noseay  
So you can't believe what people say  
Misery, loves company tell them keep away  
It'll be ok  
If you trust in me to make it right  
Before I hit you I'll freak ya  
That's on my baby's life  
Will you be my wife  
Please take this ring  
And a service to token  
To make you realize baby I ain't jokin'  
I'm coping  
But my advisaries got me not  
I need a god-fearing woman  
Who understands my heart  
Leave your baggage from past relationships  
Out of the picture  
I put my old flames out  
I done changed

All of my digits  
And that's realChorus  
\*along with background\*  
I want to be your man  
Sober  
Ain't really no need to question me  
It'll make no difference to us  
For my loyalty or my commitment life  
You know my presence  
But you alone  
To let you know  
You don't want to mess with me  
You need to spend time with meI bring the heat  
You want to play  
It ain't a thing to me  
You say you changed  
You look the same to me  
Eat and ball too much  
On the real, cause I done stall too much  
Girl I want you all too much  
Ain't no way in the world  
Me and you can ball too much  
Imagine having cabbage  
Straight lavish  
Friends wish they can have it  
Cause I push a rolez, sip crystal glasses  
I'm all wet  
Don't listen to your friends about me cheatin'  
They dont' know that  
Your best friend want me  
Tell that hoe that  
For show that  
You know she want the kids  
You should have knew this  
True this  
Two real niggas left  
I'm one of the fewest  
Holla at me girl  
I'm all this  
We can do this  
Do that love thing girl  
So I can prove thatChorus... till fade

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>