

Bulletproof Love (feat. Method Man)

Adrian Younge & Ali Shaheed Muhammad

Man it is what it is,
Can't understand a man if you ain't lived what he lived
Roaches in the crib, Ain't got no food up in the fridge
Plus the crime running' rampant and it's screwing up the kids
Sway, admit - What kind of paradise is this?
I just want some 40 acres and some carats on the wrist
And there ain't no Iron Man that can
come and save us all? Power to the people and Luke Cage the cause
And the cops got it wrong, We don't think Cage involved
Look, dog, a hero never had one
Already took Malcolm and Martin this is the last one
I beg your pardon, somebody pulling' a fast one
And now we got a hero for hire and he a black one
And bullet-hole hoodies is the fashion
We in Harlem's Paradise tell the captain
That I'm about to trade the mic for a magnum
Yeah, cause this is bulletproof love
And you already know what a bulletproof does
So you can take it from a bulletproof thug
The hood got his back, dog
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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