

# Fat Joe, What's Love (Feat Ashanti)

Fat Joe]  
Put the fuckin' mic on  
Mic is on  
Joe Crack the Don uh  
Yeah, Yeah, Y'All  
Irv Gotti

Ashanti:  
What's love?

[Fat Joe]  
Ashanti, Terror, Terror Squad  
It should be about us  
Be about trust

[Chorus: Ashanti]  
What's Love? (Got to do, got to do with it, babe)  
What's Love?  
It's about us  
It's be about trust babe  
What's Love? (Got to do, got to do with it, babe)  
What's Love?  
It should be about us  
It should be about trust babe  
What's Love?

[Verse 1: Fat Joe]  
Yeah, yeah, uh, uh, woo, yeah, slow down baby  
Let you know from the get go I don't go down lady  
I wanna chick with thick hips  
That licks her lips  
She can be the office type or like to strip  
Girl you get me aroused how you look in my eye  
But you talk too much man your ruinin' my high  
Don't wanna lose the feelin'  
Cause the roof an ceilin  
Is on fire & you lookin'  
Good for the gettin'  
I'm a rider  
Hooker in a hoodie or a linner I'm a provider  
You should see the jewelery on my women  
& I'm livin' it up  
The squad stay feelin' the truck  
With chicks that's willin' to triz with us uh  
You say you gotta man & your in love  
But what's love  
Gotta do with a little menage  
After the party  
Me & you  
Could just slide for a few  
& she could come too  
What's Love

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Fat Joe]  
Yeah, uh, yeah, yo, mommy, I know you got issues  
You gotta man  
But you need to understand  
That you got somethin' with you  
Ass is fat, frame is little  
Tattoo on your chest with his name in the middle  
Uh, I'm not a hater I just crush a lot  
& the way you shake your booty I don't want you to stop

You need to come a little closer  
(You need to come a little closer)  
& let me put you under my arm like a Don is  
supposed ta (supposed ta)  
Please believe  
You leave with me  
We'd be freakin' all night like we was on E  
You need to trust the God & jump in the car  
For a little hard 8 at the Taj Mahal  
What's Love

Chorus

[Verse 3: Fat Joe, Ashanti]

[Fat Joe]

Yeah, uh, yo, I stroll in the club with my hat down  
Michael Jack style (he he)  
Hot 7 who the Mack now?  
Not my fault cause they love the kid  
Might be the chain or the whip  
I don't know what it is  
We just party & bullshit  
Come on mommy put your body in motion  
You gotta nigga open  
You came here with the heart to cheat  
So you need to sing the song with me  
All my ladies come on

[Ashanti] (Fat Joe)

When I look in your eyes there's no stopin' me  
I want the Don Joey Crack on top of me (Uh-huh)  
Don't want your stacks (Yeah)  
Just break my back (Uh)  
Gonna cut you no slack (Whoa)  
Cause I'm on it like that (Uh, Come on)  
Come on (Yeah, Yeah, Y'All)  
and put it (Yeah, Yeah, Y'All)  
on me (Put it on ya girl)  
on me (I'm a put it on ya girl)

[Chorus] - repeat 2X