

# Lirik Lagu Lagu

<http://liriklagulagu.com>

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## 112 - Love Me (feat. Ma\$e)

[Mase]

Do that Puff Daddy shit, son!  
Yeah, yeah, yeah,  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, what, what, what...

ATL, Harlem World, ATL  
ATL, Harlem World, ATL  
112, Harlem World, 112  
112, Harlem World, 112  
Harlem World, ATL, 112  
112, Harlem World, ATL

Yeah, kid you don't stop  
We won't stop,  
You don't stop,  
Come on,

[112]

Baby whenever I'm with you,  
No one else exists but you,  
Cuz you're the one for me,  
Every time that we're apart,  
You're always in my heart,  
And there you'll always be...

Baby don't go,  
Your love's so special,  
Can't let me go now,  
If I did wrong,  
I'm sorry,  
No other love,  
is for me...

[Chorus:]

Love me,  
Hold me,  
Squeeze me, (Love me, never let me go, baby)  
Hug me,  
Kiss me,  
And love me (Love me, never let go)...

Whenever I'm on my way home,  
Just can't wait to be alone,  
With you my baby,  
Anticipating how you'll feel,  
Listen to me I'm for real,  
When I say I love you...

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Baby don't go,  
Your love's so special,  
Can't let me go now,  
If I did wrong,  
I'm sorry,  
No other love,  
is for me...

[Chorus]

[Mase]

Yeah ,yeah, yeah  
What, what, what, come on  
Yeah, kid  
Harlem on the rise  
With 112 and you don't want no problem with these guys

Yo, you cats never want no problem like we want it,  
When Harlem World doubled up,  
We put G's on it,  
I'm pushin' new 700 M.G.'s on it,  
If that nigga can't see the ice,  
That mean my sleeve's on it,  
You know I dress as I'm suppose to,  
Stretch Lex with a chauffeur,  
Never sober,  
Red Testarossa,  
Cherry Rover,  
Bagettes in my Jehovah,  
Me and Puff at the Grammy's,  
Sittin' next to Oprah (and the winner is),

All we hear is platinum that,  
Platinum this,  
Platinum whips,  
Nobody got no platinum hits,  
Cats know with me platinum always wrap my wrist,  
I come to the awards,  
Quadruple platinum chicks,  
Little ones like twenty-five,  
What cats get smacked with,  
Big ones like forty fives,  
What cats get clapped with,  
I react sick whenever my dough ain't adequate,  
Harlem World-Junior Mafia,  
Yeah, that's it, come on...

[Chorus repeats until end]

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