Wrong Lover

J. Holiday

Intro
(You might need a passport for this one, It's international)
(J. Holiday)
And we got a special guest
(And guess who? Boss)
You know sometimes, ladies they move to fast and they choose the wrong one (Yea) But if you like me (Right)
You just might take yours back (I'm wit that) Like possession (Believe that) Yea (Talk to me homie)
Verse 1
By the way that you screamed my name I would have thought that you aint been claimed Now you up in here wit that lame. Looking back you choose the wrong lover (That's the wrong dude over there baby)
And I can tell that you feel the same You see me your expression changed and I don't wanna approach or disrespect so I text you I gotta have you tonight(Haha)So lets do it again meet me at the spot so we could dot, dot, dot, dot, dot, dot, Say alright, Alright She hit me back like three o'clock
Chorus
It's the way that you walk, Smooth (So sexy baby)
The way that you move, Ooh (I mean)
Girl I can't let you escape Might have to repossess you baby
It's the way that you walk, Smooth
The way that you move, Ooh
Since that night you was all mine you realize you choose the wrong lover
Verse 2
And by the way that you play your game I would have thought that your field done changed But baby now all you can say for yourself is I love ya, yea And it's written all on your face (All over your face) That you wanna meet me at your place But I don't wanna approach or disrespect so I text ya baby what's up for tonight (What's up baby get wit me)
So let's do it again meet me at the spot so we can dot,dot,dot,dot,dot,dot, Say alright, Alright
She hit me back like three o'clock
Chorus

It's the way that you walk, Smooth (I need you baby)
It's the way that you move, Ooh (You out wit that sucka)
(It's not a good look, not a good look)
Girl I can't let you escape
Might have to repossess you baby
It's the way that you walk,So smooth The way that you move,Ooh
Since that night you was all mine you realized you choose the wrong lover(Not frontin' baby I got more paper than him too, Not being arrogant. Or am I?)
Rap
I shines on a rainy night

My new Merceded bright
I let her hit the smoke me knowing it's unlady like
We countin' thousand stacks
I'm on my eighty ninth
She on her twenty first
Fill up your pretty purse
But then the tables turn
She actin' like she aint concerned
Runnin' wit a wide receiver cause his paper firm
Another angle came, player got his ankle sprain
Out for the season now she see that things are not the same
She made the wrong choice or picked the wrong man but baby I forgive you now get wit the program
It's Ricky Ross, J. holiday
Yous a star and I got the perfect part to play
Chorus Repeat
(You look like a million bucks baby)
(I hope you taste better than you look)
(Sexy a#)
(You know it's bout time you get wit a boss baby Rick Ross, J. Holiday)
(It's two of the finest, two of the biggest in the business)
(Google Me)

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