

# Bonafide

Jon B

Everybody's in the major leagues  
Ain't nobody wanna be straight up  
I see the hotties on the way to work  
They be waiting outside the club See Samantha got a glass of wine  
And in the corner she be laggin' behind  
To the ladies room to powder her lines  
She be feeling like dynamite Jizzable jazz, how could it be passed  
Some come move that ass, I know what you wanna do  
She's looking for a phat wad, Lord of a God, you look good  
Premonitions saved for last, 'cause for now we're understood A me oh, my God ya look so fine  
I can't touch you 'cause you're bonafide  
A me oh, my God ya look so fine  
I can't touch you 'cause you're bonafide A Virgina Slim, can I get in  
I'll take you for a ride in the back of my jeep  
I got hills in the back that are plenty steep  
And you can do it 'cause you're bonafide Yes, all the eyes that be staring at you  
Is it because I got my Rover outside?  
See, I just don't understand  
Is it that you think you can play me fly? No, I don't think so girl  
I've been through it many times before  
I got a tight pocket book  
And you know, I ain't open it up for no Jizzable jazz, how could it be passes  
So come move that ass, I know what you want to do  
You're looking for a phat wad, Lord of a God  
I don't have it for you, so honey baby, what you gonna do A me oh, my God ya look so fine  
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I'll take you for a ride in the back of my jeep  
I got hills in the back that are plenty steep  
And you can do it 'cause you're bonafide Look into my eyes, tell me what you see  
[Incomprehensible]  
I'm not pretentious, I invent this vibe that you feel A me oh, my God ya look so fine  
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