

# Infatuated (Feat Boxxie)

## Memphis Bleek

I love, love that thing you do  
And I, I can't get my eyes, my mind off you  
I'm infatuated  
And your my baby, and you complete me  
Your number, I'll call, and maybe we can hook up later  
And keep it gangsterMy design one of a kind, yeah I'm on my grind  
Got a shorty that still trip, but I ain't lost my mind  
I just party and bullshit, my attitude, I'm good ma  
They say I'm hood rich because I drive big cars  
Getting guac  
Middle finger to cops  
They say when you meet the one, all the thug should stop  
I met this shorty the other morning, on my way in y'all  
She was bad, I didn't call, I'm a day in y'all  
But, that's the rules, we don't make em, we don't break em  
I don't sweat em, I forget em and find a way to shack em  
But, I put a holla to her, I spit some lava at her  
She from the burbs, I'm from the jecks, trust that don't matter  
She into books too, I'm off the books for the things I do  
But that's between me and you  
And I don't really full tag it a lot, I'm in the wagon a lot  
With different dimes on the passenger side  
I'm likeI love, love that thing you do  
And I, I can't get my eyes, my mind off you  
I'm infatuated  
And your my baby, and you complete me  
Your number, I'll call, and maybe we can hook up later  
And keep it gangsterEveryday I'm on my mind, but my minds on you (on you)  
All the time (all the time)  
And I scoop you like a solja' would  
I'm in the woods, top down, like I don't got a hood  
They say opposites attract, and it's true  
Cause girl I'm from the gutter, where the bundles will move  
And you, is from where its cool and quiet at night  
And ain't no young'ns supplying the white, right  
But that's a different story, lets get back to the night  
And you've got a body, I can handle it right?, right  
And I know you heard about me, beyond the rumors about me  
I'm the fliest a little youngin' could be, be

And you'll see with us together, its money, diamonds, whatever  
Little momma is you riding with me?, me  
And I love the thing you do, so baby girl never change  
And forever we can do that thing  
Cause I love, love that thing you do  
And I, I can't get my eyes, my mind off you  
I'm infatuated  
And your my baby, and you complete me  
Give me your number I'm gonna call you lady  
And maybe we can hook up later  
And keep it gangster Now you know my stees'  
Cause I ain't gotta smooth that to do that thing  
And it only took a night to get it right, grip it right, hit it right  
Figure out that you a rider for life, down for whatever  
We go through it together  
You know the boys style, way beyond all the regular  
I need a switch, like a fein need a fix  
Every g, need a down ass chick, to click  
That's sick I love, love that thing you do  
And I, I can't get my eyes, my mind off you  
I'm infatuated  
And your my baby, and you complete me  
Your number, I'll call, and maybe we can hook up later  
And keep it gangster I love, love that thing you do  
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Your number, I'll call, and maybe we can hook up later  
And keep it gangster

Songwriters

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