

# Appetite

## Daan

Usher, Usher, yeah man, true story  
Real G?s with me on this one  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Wifey home, wedding band, I?m a lucky man  
You?d think I?d be satisfied and truthfully, yes I am  
But lately, only late at night I find it hard to sleep  
Stay struggling with the part of me that wants to run the streets  
My Mac is in my backpack, I?m surfing on the sites  
I?m chatting, this ain?t cheating, just telling myself a lie  
And it?s almost like I?m caught up and living another life  
Man, I?m hungry for something, I need to feed this appetite  
Tempted I must confess  
But I better not make a mess  
Better give my girl my best  
Put my B.S. under arrest  
?Cause I love my lady  
Fellas if ya love your girl  
Fight that appetite for the ladies  
Appetite for the ladies  
Could?ve picked up the phone  
Could?ve ended up doing wrong  
Man I, I was on  
But I ate my dinner at home  
?Cause I love my lady  
Fellas if ya love your girl  
Fight that appetite for the ladies  
Appetite for the ladies  
I?m not trying to be late, rush through security gates  
With weather in Atlanta, all out going flights delayed  
No rooms left in the Mender Inn, I gotta figure out a play  
Sparked up some conversation, she was going the same way  
We started talking business, she handed me a card  
We exchanged information, I rented me a car  
While I?m driving she calling, I?m thinking this is how it starts  
Fine as hell but I don?t wanna break my baby?s heart, no, no  
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They call me U S H E R R A Y M O N D  
And I just wanna do right by my lady  
But lately I been slippin? up  
Fantasies ?bout dimes on the side  
Dark tint on my ride, I gotta 10 in ride  
I can hide, I can lie, lie  
But ever since I put that band on my hand  
More and more chicks trying to get at me  
Then I don?t know what to do  
Just trying to handle my grown man B I  
Got a girl I don?t want to lose, I don?t want to lose  
Break her heart, I do want to do  
I don?t want to be that fool, make that move  
Bend them a bit, but never break the rules  
Bend a bit but never break the rules  
Tempted I must confess  
But I better not make a mess  
Better give my girl my best  
Put my B.S. under arrest  
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Appetite for the ladies  
She got the door locked and the lock don?t fit your key

Yeah, you punching up her numbers in the ADT  
You?ll be wondering how the hell I let this happen to me  
    Better not feed, feed, feed that appetite  
    Now, your baby?s gone, you putting out an ABP  
    And some other brother been tossing up your PYT  
Get caught slippin?, you gon' wish you would?ve listen to me  
    Brother, don?t feed, feed, feed that appetite  
    Usher, Usher, Usher

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