Basic Instinct (u Got Me)

Ciara

U got me, see, I was out buying Chanel bags
While I was doing that you turned up your swag
U got me, yup, call me slippin', forget your hustle on
Shottie, I ain't trippin'
I been in the game since '03
You can try but you still can do it like me
I hate it when they talk about me
But I love it when they talk about me
I got a 'lil too prissy, I didn't expect y'all twisted tryna get me
But I'm a need that you can gone write y'all blog
I need y'all feedback, see, I was on the red carpet
When I shoulda been in the studio lay it down hot chick
Madder than a motherfucker
I can lie a bitch madder than motherfucker
Better than a motherfucker, been up all night like UPS trucker
Back up on my job, I'm back up in the track, shottie give me that
Back in my corsetto, got me taking off these 5 inch stiletto's
Back up out my phantom
I'm back up in my jeep, back up in the streets
Hey, hey, I'm all fired up
And tell you aunt for me I'm all wired up
Please no pictures, up off of my twitter
I'm back up on my [unverified]
And when I see the stage, I'm a black black dad
I shoulda listen to myself
Before I let you in, I shoulda warn myself
Tell me again and again, I should've cautioned myself
Before I fell in love with you
But I just pushed myself, that's what lovers do
Picking up the pieces of my heart
I'm tired of lovin' you in the dark
I wish I coulda seen, what you had planed for me
Fancy clothes and fancy cars
We go that far but turned to misery
When you don't go
Basic instinct, basic instinct
But you basic instinct, basic instinct
Yeah, oh, yeah

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