

Jamaican Girl

Obie Trice

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Call me baby, baby
She say
Call me baby, baby
She say Call me baby, baby
She say
Call me baby, baby
She say I just want you in my arms, Obie
Hold you till the morning, Obie
Know you got it going on, Obie
I don't hear what the rumble clots say She say, I just want you in my arms, Obie
Hold you till the morning, Obie
Know you got it going on, Obie
Sex and on that good love to me She say, she like 'em dark skinn-ded
Not timid, wanna rumble in my loft is it
Talk different, her walk's exquisite
Switch is ridiculous, locks is twisted
Like a block she said visit us Jam rock why don't you picture us with
Kids or whip, a ton of cannabis?
So I can can it on a canoe
Sippin' coconuts like its a can of some brew
I'm what she plan to hold on to She say, I just want you in my arms, Obie
Hold you till the morning, Obie
Know you got it going on, Obie
I don't hear what the rumble clots say She say, I just want you in my arms, Obie
Hold you till the morning, Obie
Know you got it going on, Obie
Sex and on that good love to me Haters wanna hate, hey no way, hey
She'll slit ya throat, mess around with O
She move a pound of coke like brown with hopes
Of being close to folk, if you clown ya poked No joke, murder she wrote, provoke me no a roddy
Be a dead body, it be that dread hotty
Me no know no one that more potty

Down on her knees, up in the party to please my body
She say, I just want you in my arms, Obie
Hold you till the morning, Obie
Know you got it going on, Obie
I don't hear what them rumble clots say
She say, I just want you in my arms
Till the break of dawn, we can get it on, Obie
Ain't no need to prolong, Obie
Realest nigga on this song is Obie
Way she move, got me in her hypnotic ways
Her voice maneuvers, got me thinking 'bout her day to day
See I'm faced with beauty so there's nothing more for me to say
Put on the dance floor and play with Obie
And it's no cliché, O's great like the lake
So she pon'd the river her way of doing the snake
Jamaican God, make a true playa break
Say it ain't so, ya truth is fate
Incense lit when she's interested in insertion
Any minute ya squirting, she gifted in
Giving you the business, hurting 'em
Plus she know that art of perversion
She say, I just want you in my arms, Obie
Hold you till the morning, Obie
Know you got it going on, Obie
I don't hear what the rumble clots say
She say, I just want you in my arms, Obie
Hold you till the morning, Obie
Know you got it going on, Obie
Sex and on that good love to me
Call me baby, baby
Call me baby, baby
Call me baby, baby

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