

So Gone (What My Mind Says) [feat. Paul Wall]

Jill Scott

You're gonna hear the pages turn
Let me take my Gazelles off...
Don't want this thing, but can't let go
Even though, I need it so
Your arms they soothe me, but I ain't no game
I ain't no toy, I ain't just brain, this ain't no movie mane
I'm a real woman, been down this road before
(I just need more) I just need more...
Why does my body ignore what my mind says?
I try to keep it intact, but I'm here in this bed...
I need to... listen, listen...
Why does my body ignore what my mind says?
I tried keepin it tight, but I'm here in this bed.
I need to... listen
Emotions deep down inside of me
I'm trying to hide, but they keep finding me
I want to lay low, but continuously you do...
(Uh, uh, uh!) All the right things (damn, damn, damn...)
So sweet to me (Eh, eh, eh)
What do I do?
Oh...
Why does my body ignore what my mind says?
I tried keepin it tight, but I'm here in this bed.
I need to... (damn, damn!)
Why does my body ignore what my mind says?
I tried keepin it tight, but I'm here in this bed.
Again, I'm scared...
Again (One, two) Oh...
[Paul Wall:]
You got that ocean of soul, baby you super thick
And I'm the man of steel with skills, call me super dick
I got that technique, that keeps you comin' back to back
And I know you feel it all in your stomach whenever you arch your back
(Yeah!) I'm a pull yo hair; (Yeah!) I know you love that
When I maneuver this tongue, your eyes roll back
I work them side angles; I'm a Kama Sutra pro
Kitchen table down to the flo, ass in the air while you bitin' that pillow
Girl you know how I chop and screw
That's what a diamond chip dick do

That's what a diamond chip dick do
Oh my mind says, and my body says... something different...
(He got that thickness, the kind that make you get up makin' biscuits with breakfast, so gone)
Why does my body ignore what my mind says?
I tried keepin it tight, but I'm here in this bed.
(He got that thickness, the kind that make you get up makin' biscuits with breakfast, so gone)
Again
(He got that thickness, the kind that make you get up makin' biscuits with breakfast, so gone)
Why does my body ignore what my mind says?
I tried keepin it tight, but I'm here in this bed.
Ahhh
I'm scared of this love...
He got that thickness, the kind that make you get up makin' biscuits with breakfast, so gone
And I ain't even thinkin' bout the next chick, that he mess with, so reckless... so gone...

Songwriters

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