# Super Doll

## Shyne

Ain't no cure for this name that you put on me,
You're the only thing that look good on me.
On my way to the hopper to make a motion picture
Three hundred foot boat, ocean from villa.
Let's be fruitful and multiply,
I'm looking at our future with a vulture's eye.
Can't describe how it feels when I'm sitting here
You're the one, we're the pair.Pushing in your lips, 'cause my drug is your kiss
I'm pushing in your body, give you the feel that you need.
Pushing in back door, on the elevator to the top floor.
I'm pushing in, need to rush, the way that I'm in your body, the way your body touch.
I need them not ten wife, and you were downtown, off the block, ought you off the tax.
Long skirts and Channel all the tabs, got them been in a zone in the parking lot.
Black diamond earrings, bootine wearing, Felanciago bags have my name in.
Incline them a mourning to them lonely nights,
Close my eyes, hear your voice through the stereo, like
I'm nothing, but maybe I am, I applaud your existence, I've been knowing this thing.
Pink lipstick, etcetera, holy matrimony, forever us.Pushing in your lips, 'cause my drug is your kiss
I'm pushing in your body, give you the feel that you need.
Pushing in back door, on the elevator to the top floor.
I'm pushing in, need to rush, the way that I'm in your body, the way your body touch.
You're the superstar queen,
Can't nobody mess with our thing,
Sitting in myself block I saw things,
The young boys ain't what the boys is.
You was made for the whole gun,
Your skin complexion and your eye color
Your Louis flats and your flat stomach,
I might wanna make you my baby mother.
'cause, baby love, imma seen them all,
R&B, actresses, pop, superstars,
But none made me wanna give a ring,
What's a man's world without a queen?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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