

Bedda At Home (Acoustic Versio

Jill Scott

[Verse]

You're that kind
That turns my head and makes me look
Whoa whoa whoa uh uh uh...uh
You're the kind That makes me pull single dollars
Out my pocket book, ooh baby
You're sexiness in my restitute makes me
Want to cook my favorite recipe And place it on your table, baby
Your in-toxic ting and so divine
You're the kind that stays on a sista's mind [Chorus]
And I know you'll think this is crazy
But, I got something better at home
Ooh whoo oo woo woo
Hey hey I got something better at home [Verse:]
He's the kind that breaks it down
And curls my toes, woo woo woo baby ow
He's the kind that loves my mind and feeds my soul
And I love it baby His intellect and outer respect, makes me want to crawl
And be my best
And I know...
He loves his baby He sense of self and silliness
Makes the hardest things
The simplest and I look but don't touch
Never know baby [Chorus:]
'Cause, I got something better at home
Ooh ohoo ooo
'Cause, I got something better at home
Ooh ohh woo wooo [Bridge:]
Baby I know you love me
And your love is wonderful
You help me feel free
I won't betray you unintentionally, or intentionally
I got you babe
You can rest your shoulders and sleep at night
Okay [Chorus]
Alright 'cause I know
'Cause I Know know know,
I know, I got something better at home
Oh

I know I got something better at home

I know oh oooh woo woo wooo

I got something better at home

Ohhhhh oohhhhhh

Songwriters

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