

So Gone (what My Mind Says)

Jill Scott

"You're gonna hear the pages turn.
Let me take my Gazelle's 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
I need to listen, listen

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
I need to listen, 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)
So sweet to me
(Eh, eh, eh)
What do I do?
(Oh)

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 damn
Why does my body ignore what my mind says?
I try to keep it intact but I'm here in this bed.
Again, I'm scared again (1, 2)

Oh oh oh

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
I'm a pull yo hair; 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 biting 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

Why does my body ignore what my mind says?
I try to keep it intact, but I'm here in this bed.
Again.

He got that thickness, the kind that make you get up makin' biscuits with
Breakfast, so gone
Breakfast, so gone
Why does my body ignore what my mind says?
I try to keep it intact but I'm here in this bed.
Well. Gone, gone, gone
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

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