Tribe (NGHTMRE Remix)

Theophilus London

I'm pagin' Aroma, pagin' Sada
Had lil' poom-poom, she called me dada
Kiss the poom-poom, so oochie-walla
Praise the fatha, praise the fatha, praise!
Jeana, Lisa, Frita
Can all just sit in the back of the Bimmer
Puffin' the lala, smokin' the reefer
HB shotgun rollin' the Keisha
I got a camera in, boo, but we lay low
We had our first kiss near the equator
And mama-se mama-sa, mama say so
And this thing may never get a day old
Back in Paris with Alice for dinner
Smokin' the Cuban, boy keep ya chin up
Girl in the blue dress look like a winner
Caught my eye in the back of the mirrorYou know I got to show love, show love
Show love, show love
You know I got to show love, show love
Show love, show love
You know I got to show loveOne hour later, I had to praise her
Cruise head to Spain, I think I'm Vega
Any flavor, every summer
Me and Brodinski bringin' the numbers
Groovin' the sides so we enter
Hop on the MDMA, feelin' better
Said that her favorite car was a Jetta
Sent me some champagne all with a letter
Made me say musa, musa, musa
I want to go down to St. Lucia
Got Brianna, bought for two
Scenery, boy it's all for you, hey!
I'ma reveal her, bump and feel her
Boys, gangsters, touch with the razors
Diamante velvet laces
The girl needs savin', boy go save herYou know I got to show love, show love
Show love, show love
You know I got to show love, show love
Show love, show love
You know I got to show loveAll the way, show love

Every day show love
What you say, show love
All the day, show loveYou know I got to show love, show love
Show love, show love

Songwriters
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