

Bust It Baby, Pt. 2 (Ft. Ne-Yo)

Plies

Bust it baby
Ay can I please talk to my
Bust it babies real quick homie,
Let me bring you in my world (Plies) and
Let you know what I call a bust it baby She got me speedin' in the fast lane,
Pedal to the floor man, tryna get back to her love, her love
Best believe she got that good thing,
She my lil' hood thing, ask around they know us, know us
They know that's my (bust it) baby
Everybody know that's my (bust it) baby
Everybody know that's my If I wasn't married to the streets, it would be you
Your lips, what make you so cute
Love when you poke yo mouth when you mad to,
Save yo number in my phone under lil' boo
Like yo sex, but in more love with what you do,
Turn me on how you stare at me when we through
When you give it to me, I don't wanna turn ya loose
Scared to moan round ya, so all I could say is ooh
My favorite panties uh yours, are the ones that see through
One with the pink trim on em, and they light blue
Speakin' for the goons, thank god for makin' you
Bust it baby, is what I call you Yea yea (so now),
They say he's an entertainer, (slow down)
Your just one more, (he don't respect you)
He just gone hurt you and neglect you
Well let em say what they wanna (yeah)
I made a promise (yeah),
To do you right and I'm gonna (hey)
Girl I do everything I can,
To prove I'm a better man,
Than your friends think I am

Songwriters

WASHINGTON, ALGERNOD / SMITH, SHAFFER / HARRIS, JAMES / LEWIS, TERRY / JACKSON,
JANET Published by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., JANET JACKSON DBA BLACK ICE
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>