

# Basic Instinct (U Got Me)

Ciara

U got me, see, I was out buying Chanel bags  
While I was doing that you turned up your swag  
U got me, yup, call me slippin', forget your hustle on  
Shottie, I ain't trippin' I been in the game since '03  
You can try but you still can do it like me  
I hate it when they talk about me  
But I love it when they talk about me I got a 'lil too prissy, I didn't expect y'all twisted tryna get me  
But I'm a need that you can gone write y'all blog  
I need y'all feedback, see, I was on the red carpet  
When I shoulda been in the studio lay it down hot chick Madder than a motherfucker  
I can lie a bitch madder than motherfucker  
Better than a motherfucker, been up all night like UPS trucker  
Back up on my job, I'm back up in the track, shottie give me that Back in my corsetto, got me taking off these 5  
inch stiletto's  
Back up out my phantom  
I'm back up in my jeep, back up in the streets  
Hey, hey, I'm all fired up And tell you aunt for me I'm all wired up  
Please no pictures, up off of my twitter  
I'm back up on my [unverified]  
And when I see the stage, I'm a black black dad I shoulda listen to myself  
Before I let you in, I shoulda warn myself  
Tell me again and again, I should've cautioned myself  
Before I fell in love with you  
But I just pushed myself, that's what lovers do Picking up the pieces of my heart  
I'm tired of lovin' you in the dark  
I wish I coulda seen, what you had planed for me  
Fancy clothes and fancy cars  
We go that far but turned to misery When you don't go  
Basic instinct, basic instinct  
But you basic instinct, basic instinct Yeah, oh, yeah

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>