

# Happiness

Jaheim

You're the only girl that I've been dreamin' of  
Always on the low, never beefin' love  
And when my lady's in flip mode  
You do me right after every wild out episode  
Back rubs and hot tubs  
When you give it to me girl I can't get enough  
Butta love so sweet, sweet enough to eat  
That type of shit that puts that ass to sleep  
I'm talkin' 'bout that happiness  
Whole lot of lovin' without the stress  
You're not my only but my favorite  
I tried to let go but I can't forget  
Shorty you're that blazefulness  
Soft and swingin' from right to left  
Get it anyway you like it from front to back  
However you want it I can handle that  
Now I'd be the first to admit it  
Had me straight flippin' out when a nigga hit it  
See love was so right, ass was so tight  
Just the way I like it, right, right, right  
A ghetto queen on my team  
If love was a game, you'd be first down, second string  
Shorty you play your position well  
I guess by now you can tell  
Girl, you bring me happiness  
Whole lot of lovin' without the stress  
You're not my only but my favorite  
I tried to let go but I can't forget  
Shorty you're that blazefulness  
Soft and swingin' from right to left  
Get it anyway you like it from from to back  
However you want it I can handle that  
What, what, what, what  
Girl you're sick with it  
The way a nigga feelin' when you blessin' it  
You got me buggin' out see I'm 'bout to flip  
But before I lose control I gotta get a grip  
Then I take a sip  
Of the Hennessey

That comes from baby mama always stressin' me  
But I know that's not you're style not your pedigree  
'Cause all you really want is to be with me, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Talkin' 'bout happiness  
Whole lot of lovin' without the stress  
You're not my only but my favorite  
I tried to let go but I can't forget  
Shorty you're that blazefulness  
Soft and swingin' from right to left  
Get it anyway you like it from from to back  
However you want it I can handle that  
Girl, you're sick with it  
The way a nigga feelin' when you blessin' it  
You got me buggin' out see I'm 'bout to flip  
But I don't wanna lose control I gotta get a grip  
Then I take a sip  
Of the Hennessey  
That comes from baby mama always stressin' me  
But I know that's not you're style not your pedigree  
'Cause all you really want is to be with me, yeah, yeah, yeah

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