

Bedda At Home

[Jill Scott](#)

You're the kind
That turns my head and makes me look
You're the kind
That makes me pull single dollars
Out my pocket book, ooh baby You're sexiness and vivacity
Make me wanna cook my favorite recipe
And place it on your table, baby
Your intoxicating and so divine
You're the kind that stays on a sista's mind And I know you'll think this is crazy but
I, I've got something bedda at home
I got something bedda at home He's the kind that breaks it down and curls my toes
He's the kind that loves my mind and feeds my soul
And I love it, baby His intellect and utter respect
Makes me wanna crawl and be my best
And I know he loves his baby His sense of self and silliness
Makes the hardest things the simplest
And I, I look but I don't touch
No, no, no baby 'Cuz I, I got something bedda at home
'Cuz I, I got something bedda at home Baby, I know you love me
And your love is wonderful
You help me feel free
I won't betray you unintentionally or intentionally I got you, babe
You can rest your shoulders
And sleep at night, okay, alright 'Cuz I know
'Cuz I know, know, know
I know I got something bedda at home
I know I got something bedda at home Alright, alright, okay, let's calm down
[Incomprehensible]

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