Trade It All

Natasha St-Pier

Fabolous, Jagged Edge, don't be fool, I'd rather have you ma'
Than everything, I'd give it all, just for you, yeah
You're the one baby girl, I've never been so sure
Your skin's so pure, the type men go for
The type I drive the Benz slow for
The type I be beepin the horn, rollin down the windows for
Never been no whore
So to get you in closed doors, I buy you everything in those stores
This, that, and those yours
As long as Fabolous the only one you let that grin show for
You ain't gotta spend no more, I'm a put a rock on your hand
You ain't gotta say "we just friends" no more
I shine, you shine, it never been no flaws
I ain't like most who just wanna get in those drawers
'Cause every king need a queen
And with me and you girl I ain't tryna let a thing in between
It ain't a thing, nahmean, chicks hate, show 'em the ring and the green
And let your middle finger be seen, it's on
Girl I'd trade it all, money, cars and everything
All, even give up my street dream (my dream)
All, anything to have you on my team (I don't care baby)
All, baby girl I'd trade it all (I'd trade it, yeah)
Even give up my good green
All, and I'd give the watch and pinky ring (oh yeah)
All, anything to have you on my team
All, baby girl I'd trade it all

Uh, don't front ma', you know the way I ball's to pick and roll
Like Stockton and Malone when we play the mall
I be goin out my way to call
'Cause I love the way your hips make your jeans seem like they too small
Them see-through tops with your titties exposed
When you kick off them shoes there ain't bitty whose toes as pretty as those
That blonde hair look good, straight down, bun or the braids
And I ain't gon' talk about them light-browns under your shades
Bust right, thus tight
Got a thick set of thighs and struts like uh
Yo' the game taught this brother to mack
But I think I slipped when I saw them full lips covered with Mac

You got everything that others would lack
Along with the F-A, B-O, L-O, U-S
Your patience I personally admire
'Cause I started out a player now I'm 'bout to have my jersey retired, for real
There ain't no "mights" or "maybe"
I done did wrong, so I'm a make sure it's right for my baby
You know how tight that my day be
And how long and stressin them flights to L.A. be
Ain't no rumor gon' get back to your friends
Before I let a nigga disrespect you I be back in the pen
Front to back you a ten
You got me thinkin 'bout puttin a car seat in back of the Benz, uh

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