

With Me

De La Soul

Dance with me, come on dance with me baby
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Dance with me, come on dance with me babyHow you gon' tell me to mind my own biz
When you lookin' like somethin' I need to know about? You know
I used to go about it the wrong way, tuggin' your arm when you'd pass
But I see you got class besides all thatYeah I'm picky in my own way too
While the rest of these fools is lookin' to screw your brains out
I blamed that on why I stand froze
Practicin' my hello's, hey lady, how you doin'?Renewin' these vows is like fifty steps beyond from here
Shit I don't even know your name yet
Ain't sure what your character contains yet
But damn lady, you could be my ValentineCupid got his infrared on my chest clocked
Let the rest flock, they just birds anyway
I grow my confidence in words the Henny way
Yeah, buy me a drink so we can sink into that thought pathDance with me, come on dance with me baby
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Dance with me, come on dance with me babyNow you know you ain't right, eyein' me up all night
Despite the fact some kid is runnin' chitta-chat in your ear
How the hell we get here, with me over here, and you over there
When we can make, such an obvious pair?Why miss? Have you misread my shyness for conceit?
I'm peepin' how you move it to the pace of the beat
Got my eyes on wide as they constantly collide with yours
Your heavenly body rushin' the tide to shoreYour heavenly body rushin' these guys to the floor
To find pleasure in your double digit design
But these clowns look hurt
And as a woman's ex-nigga I'm a woman expertUnderstandin' how the ovaries and all that shit work
Extremely dreamy, my eyes you look surprised
That I'm movin' closer, don't be, I'm supposed to D.C.
Are you for real or a tease?Now let that drink set in sweet, we up close and personal
Ain't nuttin' dull about this, sharp like Swiss precision
My every move from the door
Terran escortin' us to V.I.P., we live in D.C.Shoestring dress I wanna fuck and make your hair look a mess
Suckin' the straw huh? You know the head game
First place chick girl I'm all about winnin' too

I want my trophy life-sized in a see through
This ain't your average, whip on your battered bridge
Drivin' song, your partner isn't your type
So I type it long with that ink that won't budge
Or smudge off your memory, courtesy of SkyTel
My mail, pop up like some bubbles found on VH-1
Also need the math to your tele P H one
Not the old man in the club who needs his dub to get rubbed
But sound the buzzer, I'm comin' to sub
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