

Born to Love You

LL Cool J

You're not a chicken-head going "hee-shey"
You're choosy in the bed like "hee-shey"
I know your man's in the feds but "hee-shey"
I can't figure out the reason you keep hawking me
Is it the, invisible settings on the baguettes?
The Benzes, Beamers and Corvettes?
Or the, wood-grain in the convertible Lex
Be ease, shopping sprees, what designer is next?
Is it the, Diablo, parked on Rodeo?
Half a mill' in the trunk and I ain't moved no llello
Could it be I'm, anti-pimp, hundred-thousand a clip
Hat low, doing donuts when I pull up out the dealership
Is it the, the Fortune 500 covers?
The family man that got one baby mother?
The way I brainwash y'all to love one another
And got the whole community bouncing in unity[Chorus: x2]
(Born to love you baby) Why?
(You know I love you baby) Why?
(Kiss and hug you baby) Why?
(I'll always love you baby) Why? You're not a chicken-head going "hee-shey"
You're choosy in the bed like "hee-shey"
I know your man's in the feds but "hee-shey"
I can't figure out the reason you be hawking me
Is it the, twenty million I be grabbing a flick?
Or my four-hundred million dollar Fubu clique?
Is it the, "In the House" syndication chips
Popping two bottles, shorty read my lips
They say Ladies, Love, Legend in Leather
Simple ain't it, uh, but quite clever
Is it the, fact I melt in liquid ice?
Tapped it once, you felt it twice
Is it the, multiple O's I'm known for those
Temptation Island, wilding cause my neck froze
Is it the, bowlegged, hard-headed
Little honey in my grill with her pinkies wetted?
Forget it[Chorus] You're not a chicken-head going "hee-shey"
You're choosy in the bed like "hee-shey"
I know your man's in the feds but "hee-shey"
I can't figure out the reason you keep hawking me

Is it the, way I caress and hold you close?
The iller, villa in Barbados?
Is it the, Countache rolling up to your door? Yeah
Tell your roommate you ain't dancing no more, yeah
Tell 'em your new man is cooler than before, yeah
Tell 'em bout them twenty-thousand on tour, yeah
Is it the, the way that I defend your honor?
Backhand your ex-man, tell him kill the drama?
Is it the, way the Maserati hug her body
Make you want to be my next hottie, uh-huh
From the bottom to the bottom to the top to the top
Cruise it don't stop[Chorus]

Songwriters

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