

# So Gone (feat. Paul Wall)

Jill Scott

"You're gonna hear the pages turn.  
Let me take my Gazelle's off" Don't want this thing, but can't let go  
Even though, I need it so  
Your arms they soothe me  
But I ain't no game, I ain't no toy, I ain't just brain.  
This ain't no movie mane  
I'm a real woman  
Been down this road before  
I just need more  
I just need more Why does my body ignore what my mind says?  
I try to keep it intact, but I'm here in this bed.  
I need to listen, listen  
I need to listen, listen Why does my body ignore what my mind says?  
I try to keep it intact, but I'm here in this bed.  
I need to listen, listen  
I need to listen, listen Emotions deep down inside of me  
I'm trying to hide, but they keep finding me  
I want to lay low, but continuously you do  
Uh, uh, uh  
All the right things (damn)  
So sweet to me  
(Eh, eh, eh)  
What do I do?  
(Oh) Why does my body ignore what my mind says?  
I try to keep it intact, but I'm here in this bed.  
I need to damn  
Why does my body ignore what my mind says?  
I try to keep it intact but I'm here in this bed.  
Again, I'm scared again (1, 2)  
Oh oh oh You got that ocean of soul  
Baby you super thick  
And I'm the man of steel with skills  
Call me Super Dick  
I got that technique that keeps you comin' back to back  
And I know you feel it all in your stomach whenever you arch your back  
I'm a pull yo hair; I know you love that  
When I maneuver this tongue, your eyes roll back  
I work them side angles; I'm a Kama Sutra pro  
Kitchen table down to the flo

Ass in the air while you biting that pillow  
Girl you know how I chop and screw  
That's what a diamond chip dick do  
That's what a diamond chip dick do Oh my mind says, and my body says something different Why does my body  
ignore what my mind says?  
I try to keep it intact, but I'm here in this bed.

Again.

He got that thickness, the kind that make you get up makin' biscuits with  
Breakfast, so gone  
Breakfast, so gone  
Why does my body ignore what my mind says?  
I try to keep it intact but I'm here in this bed.  
Well. Gone, gone, gone  
I'm scared of this love.  
He got that thickness, the kind that make you get up makin' biscuits with  
Breakfast, so gone And I ain't even thinkin' bout the next chick that he mess with, so  
Reckless, so gone

Songwriters

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