

With You

Jamie Foxx

Girl I gots to get
Have you ever been to Spain in the slow lane?
Holdin' your name playin' Betty Wright no pain, no gain?
Let me show you wot your body is made fo'
Everything is on me it's all paid fo'
Bubble up, get in trouble up
And raise your level up, come on, come on
Put your heart in, I beg your pardon
I fly away my seat regarding
Girl I gots to get
I've been thinking for the longest time
All your blowing trees are on their wind
Why you act like I can't be
The only one for you? Yeah
Girl I gots to get
And every time I try to walk away
You put that ass on me and make me stay
Girl I'm feeling so deceived
You got me feeling so confused, no
I gots to get with you
Lay up and spend cheese, Malibu breeze
Pop bottles on the regular
I toast to good smokes, meet your kinfolks
And try to get next to ya
Good life the limelight, head down south
And get ya mind right
Sex so good you can't believe it
Later on we can have some kids, that's what it is
I'm not a player but I'm still a man
There's just some things you gotta understand
Oh, girl you know I ride for you
But sometimes you just put me through so much
(When I wanna get with you)
Girl I gots to get
And I know that if you get your way
You'll have me fiendin' for ya every day
Your smile, your kiss, your love
That's it for me when I
Girl I gots to get

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Later on we can have some kids, that's what it is
Now let the Game begin!
Next to you, your Lexus coupe
My four door Bentley, that Dre just sent me
Millionaire boys club, and my wrist freeze
Me and Jacob got a understandin', I don't spend cheese
And I don't see no rock on ya hand
So my question to you is, "Where's ya man?"
She said he been doing movies lately
And Game you got a baby face
Then she split like Tracy
I don't chase 'em, I replace 'em
Let 'em runaway, watch 'em come back like Mase
She an ATL freak, she can A town stomped
But she never been fucked on the beach
In Silk Channel sheets and it feel good baby
She looked back at me and said, "You so crazy"
After that she played me
I asked her, "Who's pussy is this?"
And she screamed out, "Jamie's"
And now that I have put it all out on the line
Close the deal and wave the hands of time
Your king, my queen, a wedding ring for you
Girl I wanna be with you
Any time, any place
Can I be with you?
Don't you know, there's some things
I just wanna be with you
Girl I'm still your man, girl I'm still your man
Sex so good you can't believe it
Later on we can have some kids, that's what it is
Lay up and spend cheese, Malibu breeze
Pop bottles on the regular
I toast to good smokes, meet your kinfolks
And try to get next to ya
Good life the limelight, head down south
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