# Love Spell

## Masta Killa

[Intro: singer]
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
And you can have anything
Baby, if you roll with me
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

[Masta Killa]
Tell us, who is this refine black queen, eyes so innocent
Vanilla cherry scented, can I get to know you?
Let's exchange digits, slide, so we can pick it
The night is almost over, here, but she know to the sofa
Your place, or mines, she said "Mines'll be fine
I rarely found the time to dine and unwind
With working full time, you know, with school, partime
Are you listening?" I said "Yes, love, I'm knowledging
The ball game is on, kinda distracting my attention
Not to ignore you, I didn't mean to bore
Just thought I'd speak lessons, strive to listen more"
My cheri amore, you make the heart skip a beating
I miss your warm greeting, when we're not speaking
How's L.A. for the weekend, sound?
'Nuff deniro, shopping spree, Reserdero?
Momma said never trust him, it's only logic
I scope out every exit, and open and reposit

[Chorus: singer]
And you can have anything
Baby, if you roll with me
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I choose the best, but for myself
That makes you my queen
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

[Masta Killa]
How beautiful is she, to have the God Degree ready
Veggie stirred fried, with the cabbage inside
Pretty feet, pretty hands, there she lie tanning
Bending with the sand, I docked the yacht
Stepped a shore, greeted the queen
As only a king should, unvailed the hood
Kneel as she stood, before me
She spoke softly, but as, she stood naked
With the bow-legged stance, so sexy
Sweet temptation, look how the rain come down
Your hormones pound, you moan with passion
Uteris contracting, time for some action
Cream rising, your breast at attention
Who is the original man? Got your quoting
Lookin' in the mirror, you ride, I hold it open
Short long stroking to death... (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

[Chorus]

[Masta Killa]
And the drama stay major, I need a genie
If you can hold away, then come and see me
I'm guaranteed to make it rain, every spring but ahh
I know you love me, even when you cursing me out
Waited up til the candles burnt out
Ahhh -- please forgive me, I'm out here scrapin'
Drapin' niggaz up, stackin' and takin'
A whole lotta paper, it's gonna take years and years
For me to express, the love elevation
The hell we go through, gives me the motivation
To get it right, makin' up at night
It's all worth the aggrivation, black woman through you
I'mma build me a nation, nation... Gods and Earths (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

[Chorus]

[Outro: singer]
I choose the best, but for myself
That makes you my queen
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Lovin' you, it looks so sweet
So sexy, and still discrete
Lovin' you, it looks so sweet

So sexy, and still discrete

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