Digital Girl

Jamie Foxx

Yeah, girl, you so sexy do
As she just lay at your feet
I wanna see what's under there
There now put it in the air
Yeah, load it on my macbook air
It's a new form of macking, don't be old fashioned
Update your passion
Only reason why I be eye chattin'
It's when it's time for some action
I wanna hit it way, way out like John Paxton
But for now I just gotta watch her practice
Send her a picture so she see it
She says, I-I-I can't believe it
Ohh, she all on me, on me
Ohh, I think she want me, want me
I think she showed her homies
Why? 'Cause all the homies on me
Ayo, all the digital gonna have to do for now
But I'ma break it down when I get by your town
I love it, girl
The way you bring your light into this room
I love it, girl
The way your legs tied up when they're in them shoes, oh
I love it, girl
The way your lips looks after you apply the gloss
I love you, girl, girl
You look right in the screen and take it off, off
See I can't wait till I get a little taste of you
And I just upgraded to 10-80i, hi def just for you
My digital girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl
She's my digital girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl
She's my digital girl
My homies never seen
But I always got you right here for me
Tucked in my Louis computer bag
Wherever you are I could be

I'll type you a message for the next send off
You shoot me a video and then I load

Even though I hate this distance it keeps me persistent
One day I'll have your ass up in this kitchen
My digital girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl
She's my digital girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl
My digital girl
Not a day goes by shawty
Without you on my mind, shawty
Hey, don't care what you wear
Baby, I wanna see what's under there
When you seen the picture cut off the face
Now cover up the tattoo by the waist
Let the MC search till I reach third base
And when I get home I'ma hit home plate
Wait, would this be considered our first date?
Yay, this picture just looks so trash
Your body make a baller spend cook coked cash
Plus every good girl wanna go bad
And poles in the mag like Stacy Dash
Or Kim Kardashian and be a lady addict
You know what's a crazy thing?
A girl would make you wait longer than ac green
Passion of the Christ, thirty three year old virgin
That's disrespectful, baby, don't encourage him
I like them brown yellow Puerto Rican or Persian
Dashiki kimono or turban
They say I dress white but my swag so urban
Tryin' my work, I hear the way the text say
Baby, you up, question mark
She was my yes, S S I R
My digital girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl
My digital girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl
My digital girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl
Girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl

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