

Amerie F/ Cam'Ron, Why Don't We Fall In Love (

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Miscellaneous

Why Don't We Fall In Love (Remix)

[Intro: Cam'Ron]

Yo this is the Roc-a-Fella remix

Killa Cam man you what it is, Dipset

(Cam'Ron)

So many things I'm goin through (What you goin through?)

So much that I wanna do (What?)

It's startin to become so clear to me (Uh huh)

Tomorrow ain't really guaranteed (Right)

So many days I've thought of you, It's about time you knew the truth

(Holla then) Got to act quickly you and I (Uh huh)

And fall in love so many reasons why

(Cam'Ron)

Why don't we (So why don't we) don't we

Why don't we, why don't we, why don't we fall in love

(Slow down ma) Why don't we fall in love

(I got to get to know you first you know) It's so many reason

(It's alot of reasons) It's the only thing that matters to me

Why don't we fall in love (Holla at me though!)

(Cam'Ron)

It takes such a load off to let you know

That your the only one I never want to go

Things I never did now I want to do (That's sweet)

A love I never felt now I feel for you (How cute)

Why dont I just swallow each and every ounce of my pride

(You know what you gettin into right?)

Everything you do I wanna feel again, ain't no use for us to pretend (Ok)

(Cam'Ron)

Why don't we, don't we, why don't we (You asked for it) Why don't we

Why don't we fall in love (You know what you dealin with right?)

We, we can't we fall

Why don't we, why don't we (Yeah, yeah)

Why don't we fall in love

Oh! Fall in love.....Yeah

Come with me, tomorrow we're guaranteed, love, baby let's be

Baby, let's be

Why don't we, why don't we, why don't we fall in love

(Killa, Uh, Holla, Uh, Uh)

Why don't we, why don't we (Oh!) why don't we fall in love

(Fall in love, I don't even know you, what's your name?)

(Amerie)

Fall in love why cause you see the Florida plates?

Explorin the states, seven forty five a quarter to eight

Nah, not that Accord to the race

Enough malt liquor I'm cordial with grapes

You still get slaughtered and raped, camcordered and taped

Come uptown see the dogs and the apes

All the nasty little heffers with sores on they face

We keep the base in the Ford's and the safe

But everything will pour into place, forget your tour and your dates

Hit Greyhound with raw on your waist

Now your seemin leary, but your jeans are theory

Sweatsuit juciy ma your mean ya hear me

Wanna fall in love, well install the plug

Dope, I sold all them drugs

Hollows, cop killers, seen all those slugs

East, west, south, seen all those thugs

(Why don't we why don't we)
Just slow down a bit, hit the town and split
And dealin with Killa that mean you dealin with killers
My hooks are bananas the team is gorillas, holla!

[Outro: Cam'Ron]
Dipset, Killa Cam, Amerie, Taliban, R-O-C, get your boy man