

Ashanti, Crime

Ya got my body pulsatin'
I'm layin in this room ready and I'm waitin'
See that boy is kinda sick wit it
Layed it on thick, had a girl twisted
He know just what to do with it
How to make it move (stop, stop)
How to make my body (rock, rock)
How to make these goodies (drop, drop)
Said I'm so caught up in it
That I done got lost up in it
Oooo ya got my body, body, body tremblin'
Now can you hear my heart beat (listen, listen)
Now is it a crime
That he's not mine, he's not mine
And I can't lie
I think that's why it feels like
Now is it a crime
That he's not mine, he's not mine
And I can't lie
I think that's why it feels like
Now before you go and pass judgment on me
Let me explain the rest of the story
He never had a ring on his finger
Never ever even brought her name up
See I fell, before I knew the situation
And like hell, I tried everything to escape em
But he had my mind trapped, and he had my body rapped around his touch
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