

# Ciara, The Way You Move

(Jazze Pha)  
Ladies and gentlemen!  
Ciara

(Verse 1)  
He said  
'Hi, my name is so and so  
Baby can you tell me yours?  
You look like you came to do  
One thing (Set it off)  
I started on the left  
And I had to take him to the right  
He was out of breath  
But he kept on dancin' all night

(Pre-hook)  
You tryin, admit it  
But you just can fight the feelin inside  
You know it  
And I can see it in your eyes  
You want me  
You smooth as a mother  
You're so undercover  
By the way that you was watchin' me

(Hook)  
Ooh! uh  
The way you look at me  
I'm feelin' you, uh  
I just can't help it  
Tryin' to keep it cool, uh  
I can feel it in the beat, uh  
When you do those things to me, uh  
Don't let nothin' stop you  
M-ooo-ve, ring the alarm  
The club is jumpin' now  
So get up!

(Verse 2)  
I said 'Ciara's on you radio,  
Everybody turn it up'  
Spicy just like hot sauce  
Careful, you might burn it up  
You can do the pop lock  
Ragtime, don't stop  
That's the way you gotta get  
Get it, make ya body rock

(Pre-hook)  
You tryin, admit it  
But you just can beat the feelin inside  
You know it  
'cause I can see it in your eyes  
You want me  
You smooth as a mother  
You're so undercover  
By the way that you was watchin' me

(Hook)  
Ooh! uh  
The way you look at me  
I'm feelin' you, uh  
I just can't help it  
Tryin' to keep it cool, uh



I can feel it in the beat, uh  
When you do those things to me, uh  
Don't let nothin' stop you  
M-ooo-ve, ring the alarm  
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So get up!

(Bridge)

Ooh, I love the way you vibe with me  
Dance with me forever  
We can have a good time, follow me  
To the beat together  
You and me, one on one  
Breakin' it down  
You can't walk away now  
We got to turn this place out

(Chamillionaire Rap)

It's the kid that stay ridin' big  
The one the police tried to catch ridin' dirty  
In the club before eleven o'clock  
Like I'm tryin to catch it down kinda early  
Look, ya thick her hair brown and curly  
She love the way my ride shinin pearly  
City boys say she fine a pretty  
In the country boys say she fine and 'purrrty'  
My pockets thick as green, it's curvy  
And the ladies know soon as they see my jewelry  
If bein' fresh to death is a crime  
I think it's time for me to see the jury

(Chamillionaire)

You know Chamillionaire stay on the grind  
A hustla like me is hard to find  
I ain't really impressed, yes  
Unless it's about some dollar signs  
Ain't really no need to call you fine  
I know you be hearin' that all the time  
I'm watchin' you do ya step, do ya step  
Yep it's goin down

(Hook)

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So get up!



I got to have you baby  
Uh, I feel it  
I got to have you baby  
I got to have you baby  
Uh, I feel it  
I got to have you baby