

Mariah Carey, Thank God I Found You (Remix)

Cluemanati
MC to the J-O-E
Nastradamus remix
For the world
Make it real, baby
Uh, Desert Storm, baby
Uh, check it
This for you

Let's show the world you're my golden girl, when we shoppin'
They see us on the streets, they say, "Son, scooped a hot one"
You taste like banana cake, you shaped like the number eight
And you my number one candidate
I can't lose you, it's like I'm bettin' in Vegas, crucial
Sweatin' knowin' these players is wantin' you, Boo
I get the chills when you in my sight
Feels like it's meant to be right
I feel a rush when I kiss you at night, uh

Shorty knows she my baby girl and
Players haters try hard to get her
But she'll be lounging in my cradle tonight, uh-huh
Typically I wouldn't say this
But you see your love has got me faded
No girl ever made me feel like you do, ow

Oh...I'mma be here night after night to
Feel your lovin' arms around me, baby
Baby, baby, baby, you make it all right
No one but you, baby, can make me feel
The way you make me, make me, make me feel, whoa...

Whoa...oh...oh...
Make it last
Ooh...ooh...ooh...ooh...
Don't our let our love end
Oh...don't you let it end
Make it last forever and ever
Thank God I found you

Your touch is wonderful {So wonderful}
Your love is so marvelous
Joy, that's what I feel
When I'm with you, yeah

Nothing, no one (No one, boy)
Could compare to what we have (Oh, no, baby)
Love, it feels so good
I'm so glad you're mine

Oh...oh...oh...oh...oh...
Make it last forever
Ooh...ooh...ooh...
Don't let our love end (No, no, no, no, no, no)
Make it last forever and ever
Thank God I found you

What, a thug's dream wife, jeans tight, beautiful skin
Matchin' brown Timbs, hot as jalapenos
She knows how to hide the ninos
The rap root of Valentino
And B5 become the black Al Pacino
Relax, sweetie, in Benz you could watch the TV
Or lay back and pump Mariah's hot CD

And I'mma touch you in the wrong places
Or we could walk through the park
Above in all faces, I'm lost in your love
Thank God I found you, you my crown jewel
I'm sayin', Boo, the type I'd give my last name to
At Lovers Lane put the top up
When it start to rain in the parkin' lot
Then we finish doin' our thing
Fog the windows gettin' very sentimental
Sippin' Cosmos with the cherry in the middle
I keep it honest, word to real, that's my promise
Signin' off, truly yours, Nastradamus

Thank God I found you
I was so lost without you
My every wish and every dream
Somehow became reality