

Viktor Vaughn, Let Me Watch

(Viktor Vaughn)

Mmm.. My cousin's friend's friend wanna meet me
Saw V on TV, said she needed a sweetie
Heard he was the type to do her name in graffiti
Greet her with a kiss *kiss*
Straight gentlemen need steelie, a G
Whatever is meant to be is meant to be
She can slip a smile that make a nigga flip wild
Her and bold name chain, diamond chip script style
With the matching bracelet, sweats with the K-Swiss
Athletic chick who run track
Hey miss, pleasure's all mine
Please call me Vik

(Nikki)

Okay, I did a full inspection
Head to toe we rocked black denim
Flashed the grin, sweetest sin
Said to him: "Hey, my name is Nikki
You twenty minutes late and almost missed me"
Turned off my CD, I was bumpin' vintage Biggie
Said: "I love the way you smile, but your eyes look tricky
"Yo I gotta be home by eight thirty or my moms'll kill me
She spazzes out when I'm late, plus she says that I'm too young to date
So overprotective, I wish she'd take a sedative and shit
Yea, but that's whatever
What's your perspective, tell me more about you Vik

(Viktor Vaughn)

It's love at first sight, that's the proof
He wasn't out right to thirst, but in truth
Fresh as a mayflower, face like power
He had the green light, she asked him: "What's the plan tonight?"
Flavor of the night, Sam Sara from Fahrenheit

(Nikki)

He talked, I listened, he listened I spoke
We walked arm-in-arm and split a cherrycoke
Spit religion and politics, Sega and chess
Roots of culture, hip-hop, skunk and sess
I caught him sneakin' peeks at my breasts
While frontin', name droppin' connects

(Viktor Vaughn)

First started out like she was just Vaughn's friend
Used to act grown for pretend, whispering
Speaking on the phone, for hours on end
On a bone from just listening and then:
"Call me back my mother home", spoke to tone, again
Call back and do the same thing tomorrow
If something don't give, I'll be forced to ignore her
Gettin' on my last nerves, forget it
All this talk and shit and V ain't even hit it yet
It's uncharacteristic of the Vik

(Nikki)

Hickies on my neck, the whole last night, I couldn't sleep
Practice the words I used to greet you, the next time we meet
Think of you and feel heat, that make my cheeks blush
Close my eyes and feel your touch, get chills when you slip me tongue
Picture me with you, could my fantasies of teen love come true?
Got me wondering, how far I'll go to prove my moms and everybody wrong
I miss you every time I hear a love song and whenever you're gone
Until I see you, then I feel short of breath

I think maybe I'm ready... to take the next step.. yes

(Viktor Vaughn)

I got your cab fare, dinner and a movie
Bring a change of clothes, just in case it's all groovy
Watch when I see you, I miss you a lot, yo
How about a nightcap, maybe a bottle of Mo
So V can bite your titties like a baby toddler, ho

(Nikki)

Oh no you didn't! You called me a what? Don't make me wig out
How you gonna last some shit like that slip out your mouth (nah, I was just)
If I was there, I'd smack you in your smirk (ooh), for acting like a jerk
Thought you was cool, but now I doubt the shit is gonna work
I'm not hurt, I'm pissed off, piss off, fuck this shit

(Viktor Vaughn)

I know I play too much
Hey on the way, could you please pick up two Dutch
Ok peace, see you when you touch
I wondered if she ever had a coodycat eight-eight
Vaughn can't wait to long-stroke it on the late-late

(Nikki)

Wait, first let's get this shit straight-straight
Don't call me out my name, I'm not the one to get played-played
Out... niggaz, go figure 'em out, they're all the same-same
With a lame-lame story, like my ex-man Mike
Got my best friend pregnant and he's still tryin' to call me
Well fuck Mike and fuck Vik too
I wound up on Prozac from all the shit he put me through
Only been off my prescription three weeks
And you got me flippin, rippin' my hair out
Never thought you'd treat me like a pigeon
I'm out, it's over, I'm gone
So long.

(Nikki & Vik)

I'd rather masturbate, than fuck with Vik Vaughn
I'd rather masturbate, than fuck with Vik Vaughn (let me watch!)
I'd rather masturbate, than fuck with Vik Vaughn
(Still... so...so...so what time you gonna be here?)
(Aight? You know I'm gonna be waitin', just holla and ring the buzzer.3.)