

Gerald Levert, Thinkin' Bout It (Remix)

(feat. Rah Digga)

[Rah Digga (Gerald Levert)]

Uh, Rah Digga y'all

Blaq Rain y'all (ooh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

Yea yea, lettin' it be known (oh well, well, well, well, well)

I ain't tryin' to do the commitment thing

Know what I'm sayin', this is my story (I gotta let you know, babe)

Now, we been dealin' quite some time

Hooked up wit' you while I was still in my prime

Wanted to tell ya, face to face

But you heard it on the streets, so I plead my case

It's the 90's, what you expect

Nothin' wrong with a little bit of casual sex, hun

I'm jus' livin', I bear no bringin'

Never really was tryin' to do the wifey thing, wha

[Verse One: Gerald Levert]

Girl I been waiting on this day

Bet you thought you'd never hear me say

You been creepin' around all over town

Been layin' it down, been messin' around

What goes around always comes around

Baby girl thought we was down

Girl I hope you change your freaky ways

Cuz I really wanna stay

Tell me is it fair since I been there

And that I should share your underwear

Do you really think he cares?

[CHORUS]

All this time

I've been sleeping with you

You've been sleeping with me

And you been strokin' him

And lovin' him and kissin' him

And huggin' him

Oh why, you been creepin' with him

He's been sexing your friend

And I got you thinkin' 'bout it

Thinkin' about it, thinking about it, thinking about it

[Verse Two: Gerald Levert]

Girl I think that I should let you know

That I'm gonna have to up and go

If you keep givin' it up and cutting up

And act too fast giving up the ass

I love you but I had enough

Do it again, it's gon' be your last

I can forgive but won't forget

The things you did you'll soon regret

Ever dissin' me cuz this could be

The end of we, can't you see?

Girl, you're hurting me

[CHORUS x2]

[Bridge: Gerald Levert]

For the life of me

I just can't conceive

Why I just can't leave while you do this to me baby

I feel like a fool

But what can I do

You're love's got me weak, babe
Why must I endure your constant greed
Your endless need to be so damn freaky
Now I'll understand
Cuz it once was me
Guess payback's a mother, baby
Oh why, why, why, why, why, why
Tell me why, why are you so freaky
Tell me why you're so freaky, oh

[Repeat CHORUS]

[Rah Digga]

Let me put it like this
Between you and him, the dude aint got no wins
But I' the type girl come straight from home
Couldn't be no surprise cuz I let it be known
Talkin' bout put it on ya, somebody should've warned ya
Didn't mean to hurt your feelings
Can't lie to ya, home boy, little boy appealing
Sorry I betrayed your trust
Somethin' bout shorty and his pelvic crust
How he pull my hair, how he stroke when he bust
Plus, he aint no joke wit' the orals
Mine's, behind close doors, he know no immorals
Don't sweat it boy, you're the bomb
Givin' me easy access, like I'm CD-ROM
What you want baby, you make it hot
And honey over there, in case you missed a spot

[Background vocalists]

Th-thinkin' about it
Th-thinkin' about it
Thinkin' bout it
Th-thinkin' about it
[Repeat until fade]