

Jon B, Bonafide

Everybody's in the major leagues
Ain't nobody wanna be straight up
I see the hotties on the way to work
They be waiting outside the club
See Samantha got a glass of wine
And in the corner she be laggin' behind
To the ladies room to powder her lines
She be feeling like dyn-o-mite

Jizzable jazz, how could it be passed
So come move that ass
I know what you wanna do
She's looking for a phat wad
Lord of a god you look good
Premonitions saved for later
'Cause for now we're understood

[Chorus:]

A me oh my God ya look so fine
I can't touch you 'cause you're bonafide
A me oh my God ya look so fine
I can't touch you 'cause you're bonafide
A Virginia Slim, can I get in
I'll take you for a ride in the back of my jeep
I got hills in the back that are plenty steep
And you can do it 'cause you're bonafide

Yes all the eyes that be staring at me
Is it because I got my Rover outside
See I just don't understand
Is that you think you can play me fly
No I don't think so girl
I've been through it many times before
I got a tight poket book
And you know I ain't open it up for no ---

Jizzable jazz, how could it be passed
So come move that ass
I know what you wanna do
You're lookin' for a phat wad Lord of a god
I don't have it for you
So honey baby what you gonin' do

[Chorus:]

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Look into my eyes
Tell me what you see
I'm not pretentious
I invent this vibe you feel