

Jon B., Bonifide

(VERSE ONE)

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 feelin' like dyn-o-mite

(BRIDGE ONE)

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)

Ah me oh my God ya look so fine
I can't touch you cause you're bonafide
Ah 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

(VERSE TWO)

yes all the eyes that be staring at me
Is it because I got my rover outside
See i just don't understand
Is it 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 pocket book
And you know i ain't open it up for no-- (oh)

(BRIDGE TWO)

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

CHORUS (REPEAT)

(VERSE THREE)

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

CHORUS (REPEAT)

VAMP OUT