

Solomon Childs, Crazy Over You

[Intro: Solomon Childs]

My fault, man.... classic

Uh.... You know?.... I see you ma...

Let me talk to you for a minute, you heard?

Come here

[Solomon Childs]

They can't do it like we do, she got 22's on her Acura

Truck, impressed by the way that she talk

So in love with the way that she walk

Yeah, but you so faithful to Scram Jones, ass big as Miss Jones

Back to the drawing board, her pussy so good

I threw twenties on her mother's Accord

They can't do nothing for you girls

Them some little hustlers, and all you gonna do is get bored

Solomon, and I ain't the average

So we can celebrate Thanksgiving in Paris

Shit, money over flowing

Brown skin be blissfull, and temperature's rising

And ya man's a buster, how bout we get you something for ya finger

Them jeans that you got on, got a lotta things rising

Girl you keep the whole scene rising

[Chorus: Natalia]

So don't front, before you say you love me, boy

If she don't stop, it's only you, I'm loving, boy

And believe that I'm in love, with you

Is it crazy, what am I to do?