

Thicke, She's Gangsta

All i wanted to do was get up and give love a chance
All i wanted to do was get it up and give love a chance
Ooo looking at you i got energy up in my pants
All i wanted to do was get up and get with you

In the bathroom
I'm high
The cocktail waitress
She's a nice girl, an ice girl
She blings like Vegas
When the phone bell rings
The cat bird sings
In the van gets famous
Pour some tricks on my plate
Here we go now
To the hotel, we don't tell Nathan
She's a leg long, a shoe fly
The worlds whole favorite
Gets a big deal done
Hot like butter
If she wants she takes it
Pour some tricks on my plate ego

All I really know is she's gangsta
I don't want to leave yet
Who knows of what she'll think of next

Plays pink guitar
Walks around me in bed
Runs her fingers through my hair
Likes the angels out my window
One of the fools
Winks that i won't do her best
Then she tells me whose it is
Lights go off and on and off and on and on

When we got in the car we get out of hand
She invited me places i came to fast
Now i'm calling her all the time
But she won't make no plans
All i wanted to do
Was get up in it with you
All i really know is she's gangsta
Man go out and vote she's gangsta
I don't want to leave yet
Who knows what she'll think of next