Boy you're something..
You give me something, got me so high
(You my Honeycomb)

Aiyyo, aiyyo We can make love from midnight to sunshine 5'6'' with brown eyes, a ghetto love I analyze No more fantasize, she caught me by surprise Like the attacks, a terrorist bombing, against American allies Thin waist, nice thighs, brown sugar, ya love got me high Stimulate mothers and daughters, sisters and wives Woman got 9 lives, from New York to Ocean Drive You a part of my life, it's much deeper than just being my wife Grocery shopping at Shop Rite, giving me stares on spotlight I got a "Love Jones" for pretty poems Your voice massage my ears, on touch tone phones "Honeycombs" and lead bones, she respect my gangster like Al Capone Come enter my zone, my bedroom's my throne, get ya back blown 9th Prince like Aaliyah "Rockin' Ya Boat" 'til you can't moan, I'm touchin' ya bone Man in the wilderness, only ya love can heal this Real people feel this, you got the cure for my "Sickness" A little wickedness got me curious Baby girl I'm serious, ain't nuttin' delirious I'm furious like the streets of Los Angeles She stayed away from the scandalous

12 o'clock midnight, candle-light dinner Good girl pretender got a ass like Brenda Sex and champagne on the agenda Hit it by the fire-place in the winter Breakin' down ya walls and ya center of ya body Seen you at the Roxy Girlfriend callin' me ice-man 'cause my chain is icy It shines real bright in the light Call up Reverand Run, we gettin' married tonight You see me up at cheetahs, mingling with the stars Let's take a stroll in the park, hold hands Get our freak on while we on the monkey bars She knows one day I'ma blow I be strokin' to our favorite song on the radio Victoria Secret flow You smell like a red-rose, Bacardi and Alize Ya love got me drunker than a whino, we can make our own pornos She posed, no clothes, representin' Mahogany Queen Still not a ho yo, you my "Honeycomb"

[Hook - to fade w/ variations]