

Bonafide

Jon B.

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 dynamite

Jizzable jazz, how could it be passed
Some 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 last, 'cause for now we're understood

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

Jizzable jazz, how could it be passes
So come move that ass, I know what you want to do
You're looking for a phat wad, Lord of a God
I don't have it for you, so honey baby, what you gonna do

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

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