Like my hands in the air
Fingers kiss the sky
Smile on my lips, and I don't know why
I think I'm in love, I think I'm in love
I think I'm in love
With myself
I'm in love with myself, I'm in love with myself
I'm in love with myself, I'm in love

Kissing on my mirror Staring in my eyes Appreciating every curve and crevice Smack my thighs Smack it twice, watch it jiggle You a bad batch cookie, cream filling in the middle I'm a very picky girl And yes you can call me mama I got an A in self-esteem So save the drama for Obama Presidential in my stature Statuesque and big as hell If you in love with what you do, then leave them thirsties by the well If they talking bout you, let 'em You they entertainment Reading you yo rights, just make it rain what they arrangin' It's raining, it's pouring Men and they're boring Hallelujah thanking Jesus he made men so they could please us All these years been searching for something that would complete me Who knew that it would be me

I think I'm in love, I think I'm in love

I think I'm in love

Okay, this verse is about my best friend, bad as she can be The only one that's on her level happens to be me She'll give you a sprinkle, to them flounders bottom feeding But ween 'em As quick as she get that peen in Ditch like a queen can Skzzrt, after dinner I like that dessert But he thirsty like he in the desert What's worse, give it to him or get my own Think I'm bout to hit him with that scissor Cut, print, this scene is done Nice to know, you all so nice to know Level son, you on level one I'm like ding, ding, ding, elevation All my beautiful, big black beauty girls Brown paper bag, coke can, chill pants Light skin, curly hair Afro, in the air Love yourself like nobody else can

Like my hands in the air Fingers kiss the sky

Smile on my lips, and I don't know why
I think I'm in love, I think I'm in love
I think I'm in love
With myself
I'm in love with myself, I'm in love with myself
I'm in love with myself, I'm in love

Oh my god Bionik, Bionik Iconic, Iconic