

Sade % Stuart Matthewman**"Into You"**

Visit "[Into You](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Fabolous]

I can't really explain it

I'm so into you now, I want to be more than a friend of
you now

When they ask, I mention my baby girl in the interviews
now

And I don't bring the problems from the 90's into 2

Thou'

There's no reason to have a friend or two now

'Cuz the kid's ready to tell you how he feel in a few
vow's

Maybe, I speak in general now

But girl imma do whatever just to keep a grin on you
now

Where I go, they wear bikini's in the winter too now

What you think about, tan lines on the skin of you now

Why wouldn't I wanna spend a few thou'

On 5th Ave. shopping spree's, and them dinners at
Chao's

I ain't concerned what other men would do now

As long as when I slide up in you, you growl

And any dude with you, he better be a kin of you now

And I ain't jealous it's the principle now, I'm so into you

[Chorus: Ahsanti]

I

Really like what you've

Done to me

I can't really explain it

I'm so into you

I really like what you've

Done to me

I can't really explain it

I'm so into you

[Fabolous]

Come on ma, it's more than a flashin

I woulda traded it all, in orderly fashion

My villa in Florida we crashin

Just off the shore, so you can hear when water be
splashin

The drop top 3 and a quarter we dashin
The flawless diamonds and the border we flashin
The money, we oughtta be stashin
I make sure every quarter be cashed in, I can't really
explain it
My friend be thinkin I'm slippin
These girls be thinkin I'm trippin
What kinda weed he be smokin
What type of drinks he be sippin
Sweet thing, just to think of you dippin
Would have me with the blue's so hard, you would think
I was crippin
Now, you relaxin' in the Benz
Credit cards with no limits, so you don't worry about
maxxin' when you spend
Ever since you've been askin' 'bout the friends
How'd you like it if, both our name's had Jackson on the
ends, uh

[Chorus]

[Fabolous]

I don't wanna trip, but truth is
Girl the way you cook a steak, remind me of those
strips in Ruths Chris
You love my smile, no matter how chipped my tooth is
With you, it ain't becuase my whips is roofless
Or sit on chrome dipped dub deuces
And you aint flattered by canary envy es dipped Jesus'
Other ballers look dumb when they press you, 5 and 6's
You don't let them kinda numbers impress you
Even though I was somewhat successfull
Bein a player was becoming too stressfull
But every since, the superwoman has come to my
rescue
My winter's been wonderful, my summer's been special
Let's fly to St. Bart, while the villa be painted
Just so we can get really aquainted
The love is real, there's no way it could feel like it's
tainted
But I can't really explain it, uh, yeah

[Chorus]

Visit [Sade % Stuart Matthewman](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.