

Bobby Valentino f/ Lil Wayne**"Tell Me"**

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[Bobby Valentino talking] (Lil Wayne)

Bobby Valentino

[Bobby Valentino laughs]

(Ya back son)

Ah aiyyo Tim drop that beat for me

[Lil Wayne]

Hey slide over here and talk to the boy

What are you drinking? I'ma buy the bar

I was just thinking of seeing you tomorrow

Waking up with no panties, no bra

I ain't being nasty, I'm just being for real

Let me take off my belt and give you the whip appeal

Yeah you hear about what I do in the streets

But you gon' love what I do in the sheets

Ha!

[Bobby Valentino]

Say baby what's your story?

You got the goods it's plain to see

The kind that'll keep a brotha on his knees

And I'm so curious

After the club, hang out with me

Valentino is sure to please

For now, let's have a Apple Martini

And get to know each other

[Chorus]

Ooh lord tell me

How did you get that in those jeans?

The way you popping in, it's killing me

Look over here, come follow me

Tell me

How did you get that in those jeans?

The way you dropping in, it's killing me

I'll meet you in the VIP

[Bobby Valentino]

Ooh you sizzling, let me lay you on the floor

I'm a bad boy, just thought i'd let you know

These are the thoughts running through my mind

Cause I'm so curious yeah
Couple more shots then we out the door
Speed off in the coupe cause there's more in store
Can't wait till I pull in my driveway girl
Can tell by now I want you yeah

[Break]

You's a sexy thing
Ooh what's your name
Cause, you're the finest thing that walked in the club
Your girls, they don't compare to
You, can't help but stare at you
Let's make a toast to the good life

[Chorus] (Lil Wayne)

Ooh lord tell me
How did you get that in those jeans?
The way you popping in, it's killing me
Look over here, come follow me
Tell me
How did you get that in those jeans?(I got you pimp)
The way you dropping in, it's killing me(It's ya baby,
baby, ha!)
I'll meet you in the VIP

[Lil Wayne]

Fly for a baby, eyes all hazy
Izod maybe off the apest bathing
Ride with a gangsta, we high whether weather be
Precious like ya face so heavenly
I'm thanking God like I better be
You know I'm very street
And if we get caught, you can be my accessory
Access to the condo in Miami
Have breakfast on the floor, butt naked we tanning
But, I'm too dark to tan
Mama, pardon ya man
Let me spark while I can, you know
Now you got my eyes following the places you go
I'm caught up in ya vibe tryna kick it like judo
Luda outta town I got the keys to the true dough
And we ain't gotta tell no one about the things you
know
You know, holla at a G though
I'm probably out wilding with Bobby Valentino

[Break]

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Your girls, they don't compare to

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Let's make a toast to the good life

[Chorus]

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