

411**"Just For You"**Visit "[Just For You](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Amber Tabares]

You came to the appointment, a little tiny space
Candles lit, and burning incense
We chilled on the futon smoking ganja 'til dawn
Hmm, me and you, I'm feelin the vibes - baby it's on
You showin yo' mind, I'm showin you mine
We discussin supreme mathematics and takin our time
Reading me with your third eye
Baby no worry, I'm an educated dime
See you touchin me, and I'm diggin it actin shy
Full of smiles, we can't help it, but why?
Through our eye contact our mindsets intensify
Fantasizing what's under that Vokal and you between
my thighs
See, you want studio time, in and outta town doin
shows
I'm studying to be a doctor for a future, who knows?
Listening to Dead Prez rap about "Gettin Free"
and becoming intellectually wealthy
Me and you discussing how to eat healthy
All this seems to be a dream
This young intelligent talented king sittin next to me
Caressing my mouth with his lips
Timing's right; ooh, I'm diggin this friendship
By the way Boo, whatever you do
Keep it St. Louis

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