

## Bag Of Toys

### "You Make Me Ill"

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They make me ill I know I feel you  
That's why we got to stick together  
Yep, yep, yep laughs I know it!

You make sick I want you and I'm hatin' it  
Got me lit like a candlestick Get too hot when you touch  
the tip  
I'm feeling it, I gotta get a grip on this  
Driving me crazy baby don't you quit Can't get enough  
of it  
You got me going again Baby you got me going again  
You make sick

We was on our way home on the freeway  
In the six double O bumpin' Isley  
He was gettin' kind of close, kind of touchy  
Guess he had a little too much Hennesy  
He told me that he wanna go home With me up on the  
hill to my condo  
Told me he would keep it all on the low-low  
But I told him go I don't really know though

He got closer to me He started getting deep  
He had me in a zone When he started to show me  
things  
I never saw before Baby was smooth but I knew it was  
game  
Helluva a cool but you man had the same The way he  
licked his lips  
And touched my hips I knew that he was slick

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So hot in my six now So hot, had to roll all the windows

down  
Isley got me thinking 'bout them sheets now  
Wondering should I really take it there now?  
He told me you would make it worth it  
But thinking how many times have I heard this  
Got him feeling but I'm not even nervous  
All his slick ass lines were kind of working

I felt my knees get weak But he was calling me  
Just couldn't take the heat Anyway it was two or three  
I had to get out the streets Baby was cool but I knew it  
was game  
He was too smooth to be screaming my name  
And even though we made the best of it I still told him  
this

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Hmm...yeah

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Driving me crazy baby don't you quit  
Can't get enough of it  
You got me going again  
Baby you got me going again  
You make sick

I want you and I hate it  
Hot when you touch the tip  
I'm feeling it  
I gotta get a grip of this

Driving me crazy baby don't you quit  
Can't no, no, no, no  
Oh, you make sick  
I want you and I'm hating it

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