

Baha Men

"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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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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