

Barbara Fairchild**"K-O-B-E"**

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* from his forthcoming album "Visions"

[Tyra]

Kobe, how many girls have said "I love you?"
Not like 'I love you Kobe!' like a fan
But like, for real, like, baby, marry me
I love you

[Kobe]

You're sweet
Once again (Once again)
Flawless (Flawless)
C'mon
Right
Uh, uh huh
Yo, yo, it's like this

Uh, what I live for? Basketball, beats and broads
>From Italy to the US, yes, it's raw
I'ma search for the one that make my wealth feel poor
Who can ignore the spotlight life of Grandma
My downfall is how I found the aura, so I searched in
There's plenty of women with sex appeal when it's filled
Can even complete the package, all I date is actresses
Can play it safe with them, my money ain't bait
But I must take risks to find a honey that's legit
Whether she push a buck and a six, bumpin' some mad
chips
Out on her own, or live out of moms and pop's home
Watch time, fashion, Adidas attire or Timbo's
I don't know, yo, these women come and go
Like the wind they blow, how do I know it's you for sure?
When God talk to me, give me a signal
But until then, all my ears hear, just let me flow
C'mon

1- [Tyra Banks]

K-O-B-E, I L-O-V-E you
I believe you are very fine
If you give me one chance, I promise to love you
And be with you forever more

K-O-B-E, I L-O-V-E you
I believe you are very fine
If you give me one chance, I promise to love you
And be with you forever more

[Kobe]

Check this out though
Real love last, now do you love me or my cash?
My name, fame, drop top, Benz or the wooden dash?
You know my stash, from Georgie cash
Platinum, US express, no paper cash
Spend it all now, or kiss to be rich cash
Hash, stocks and bonds, laugh when they crash
Are you the type that brag the jewels you flash
The type-type with your ex-man and push his Jag
The type that love no scrubs or pigeons and got mad
The type that can't stand a women with her own cash
You know, like lime, claim she ain't rat
The type that get loud in public, refrain my hand from a
slap
No time for y'all, too busy for y'all
Plenty of dimes turn me on and turn me off tryin' to
show off
Get lost, grow up, real women, roll up
Let yourself go, if you feel this, let me know
C'mon

Repeat 1

[Tyra] [Kobe]

K-O-B-E, I L-O-V-E you Bounce wit' me, bounce wit' me
K-O-B-E, I L-O-V-E you Right, right, uh, uh, uh

[Kobe]

Think ya eyein' me, all along, I'm eyein' you
The hunter becomes the hunted, girl, I'm preying on
you
Beautiful, the feelings we share are mutual
Passion that's telling me so for us is suitable
Un-controllable desire flows through me
When you say my name, such lust in your slang
No time for games, the games I play, all the same
Can't get witcha, when the door hitcha, when the Lord
splitcha
I figure, hour-glass figures could be dangerous
Cuz if your time runs out, they frame you for your clout
And having a past, well, I stereotype glass
All dimes ain't money, ass, and feignin' for a brother's
cash
Slash fame, slash power, slash respect

All of the above, makes me a supreme threat for
scrubs
Love but do you want? One more 'gain, let me know
The words flow, from the bottom of your soul
C'mon

Repeat 1 to fade

[Kobe]
It's like that
Right
KB
TB
Flawless
Like that, spit it out

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