

Cella Dwellas "Perfect Match"

Visit "[Perfect Match](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Perfect combination
Ain't no other relationship
Like this
I know we're gonna last forever

At the edge of my bed I sit back and reminisce
Long talks and walks and also your soft kiss
We went shopping at Macy's, skating at Lacey's
Cut off all my dime pieces, even thick Stacey
Thinkin' in this rental blastin' instrumentals
How we first met was all on my mental
It was at Great Adventure, the 'Batman Ride'
Thought I was deaded 'cause first this fat man tried

The sun, beamin', federation schemin'
But you was clockin' DiBiase, musta been day-dreamin'
Waitin' on line, wishin' she was all mine
Shootin' the gift, exchanged digits, the whole nine
Spent about 850 in Atlantic City
After you, boo, my attitude is real
Scenery sunny, act one, near a money machine
Jumped out the cream Lex with Jacks, she rocked a
black tennis skirt

With Stan Smith's, about a size 6
Jewels, chinky eyes, long hair, bow legged, her thighs
Was thick like she ran track, for what it's worth
Shortie was made from the best things on this Earth
Like a Snapple I wanted to drink her to quench my thirst
Jumped in the coupe and threw my joint in reverse
Hey boo, I was watchin' you
Here's my number, call me at the crib at 2

Perfect combination
There's no other relationship
Like this
I know we're gonna last forever

Hey yo, tell me what went wrong to make me write this
song
Used to have it going on, our feelings was so strong
Your age 26, my number one draft pick

From all the rest, got first dibs plus your own crib
You just flew back in town, from where, son? From
Dallas

And said she wants the Tall Man to come to her palace
I'm over there tonight to watch the Bulls catch licks
From the Knicks and at halftime I watch Rod Strick's

Get bizzynizm, I feel lucky to shoot the gizm
In her triangular prism, and that's the realism
Where does she live, kid? Out in Bed-Stuy
Do or die, come on now, baby, 'cause I'm packin'
I got the phone call at 2, it's me, boo, oh
She said, "You know, why don't you come to the crib-o?
We could wine and dine and relax on the low
And drink Mo', by the way, I just saw your video"

Yeah, true, I'm comin' through, give me a hour
Jumped out the shower and buried my body in baby
powder
Dipped wears plus my hair smells like Nexus
Yo, I jump into the Lexus
On the highway, it's a Friday, can't wait to see her
I picked up two slices from the local pizzeria

Perfect combination
Ain't no other relationship
Like this
I know we're gonna last forever

Got to the crib about 8, she told me wait in the living
room
Be back real soon, on HBO tonight is, 'Platoon'
Laid back in this recliner, sex on my minder
Playin' Pitty Pat watchin', 'Fritz the Cat'
Whip in the drive-way and do wanna club, playin' Nas
'One Love'
Drinkin O.E., she told me her address was double 0-3
I slowly walked up the steps and rung her back bell
Talkin on my cell

I skated to the back, I see Black Knights and smell
Fahrenheit
That's when shortie took flight
What's the deal, fam? What's the real plan, shortie
flashed
Knockin' over trash like she was runnin' a 40 yard dash
Let's hit the club and start from scratch
'Cause all I wanted us to be was the perfect match

Perfect combination
You know, perfect combination

Perfect combination
You know, perfect combination

Visit [Cella Dwellas](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.