

B. Jon "Bonafide"

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Everybody's in the major leagues
Ain't nobody wanna be straight up
I see the hotties on the way to work
They be waiting outside the club
See Samantha got a glass of wine
And in the corner she be laggin' behind
To ladies room to powder her lines
She be feeling like dyn-o-mite
Jizzable jazz, how could it be passed
So come move that ass
I know what you wanna do
She's looking for a phat wad
Lord of a god you look good
Premonitions saved for later
Cause for now we're understood
Chorus
A me oh my God ya look so fine
I cant touch you cause you're so bonafide
A me oh my Bod ya look so fine
I cant touch you cause you're so bonafide
A Virginia Slim, can I get in
I'll take you for a ride in the back of my jeep
I got hills in the back that are plenty steep
And you can do it 'cause youre so bonafide
Yes all the eys that be staring at me
Is it because I got my Rover outside
See I just don't understand
Is it that you think you can play me fly
No I dont think so girl
Ive been through it many times before
I got a tight pocket book
And you know I ain't open it up for no --
Jizzable jazz, how could it be passed
So come move that ass
I know what you wanna do
She's looking for a phat wad
Lord of a god you look good
Premonitions saved for later
Cause for now we're understood
chorus (repeat)
Look into my eyes
Tell me what you see

I'm not pretentious
I invent this vibe that you feel
chorus (repeat)
vamp out

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