

J.R. Writer

"Xtacy"

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[Verse 1: J.R. Writer]

Ma I'm what you've been missing in your life
You've been missing me at nights
Plus I'm looking for what you call Miss for Mr.Right
Ma I'll make you look, look again and whisper to me like
(J.R.)
Shh, no more bickering and fights
Here's your ticket for your flight
Outta town, no more ghetto
Round stones and pebbles in your round-toe stilettos
Hop in the roof and roll around with a rebel (J.R.)
I ain't trying to crown you will settle
I'm just looking for a date to the mall; I can take to the
bar
You can call me sensational R
Stick with me for a day ma; I'll make you a star (J.R.)
You ain't never met a player as hard
They just love the way I'm playing my cards
So I stay with a broad, her and her friend wanna
straight up mÃ©nage
We all skate to the car, interior got her saying (J.R.)
So I guess I'm headed to the telly
Down to FDR new Carrera on Pirelli's
I'm trying to put her and her friend together on they
belly
It's me y'all, y'all me, forget who's on the celly (J.R.)
Is what you gon be screaming through the walls
Damn they gon even hear you screaming through the
halls
It's gonna be like something you ain't dream about
before
It's something ??? a week about for sure

[Hook: J.R. Writer]

I'm slick as the 70's
got chicks to the left of me and to the right of me
The kid's just like ecstasy
All in her brain, got her calling my name

[Chorus: Nicole Wray]

J.R. - I want to be in your arms

I want you to say you love me
I want to feel your presence
Oh baby, baby

[Verse 2: J.R. Writer]

You can never catch the kid on a bird chase
The guy's kinda swift so there's not a lot chicks I can't
hit on the first date
Aim for the ones who won't kiss on the first date (J.R.)
I'll be the to give her her first taste
Blowing like it was her birthday but I take it slow (why)
Cause that diva there, don't know J and Mo
I'll make ya take it low, next minute saying woah (woah)
(J.R.)
Baby bro, take it slow
Alright listen, boom (what's that)
I just play it smooth
Find her a bathing suit, jacuzzi in the living room
Procrastinating I know that I'm a hit it soon (J.R.)
But it's okay to procrast...
Pimp hands strong, pour some Ros  in a glass
To the point that everything I say make her laugh
Next minute she'll want me to role play on her ass like
(J.R.)
Come role play with me fast, yeah
She won't know what type of sex we a fin a do
Play a cop come from the bed like a criminal
She'll say damn I don't think I could ever get rid of you
(J.R.)
I want you forever with me, it's true
She must love the way I do these step dance
So cool, old school, Gucci sweat bands
Gucci sweatpants, the groupies left, yeah (J.R.)
I just can't help myself man...

[Hook: J.R. Writer]

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got chicks to the left of me and to the right of me
The kid's just like ecstasy
All in her brain, got her calling my name

[Chorus: Nicole Wray]

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