

## Jill Scott "Bedda At Home"

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*[Verse:]*

You're that kind  
That turns my head and makes me look  
Whoa whoa whoa uh uh uh...uh  
You're the kind  
That makes me pull single dollars  
Out my pocket book, ooh baby  
You're sexiness in my restitute makes me  
Wanna cook my favorite recipe  
And place it on your table, baby  
Your in-toxic ting and so divine  
You're the kind that stays on a sista's mind

*[Chorus:]*

And I know you'll think this is crazy  
But, I got something better at home  
Ooh whoo oo woo woo  
Hey hey I got something better at home

*[Verse:]*

He's the kind that breaks it down  
And curls my toes, woo woo woo baby ow  
He's the kind that loves my mind and feeds my soul  
And I love it baby

His intellect and outer respect, makes me wanna crawl  
And be my best

And I know...  
He loves his baby

He sense of self and silliness  
Makes the hardest things  
The simplest and I look but don't touch  
Never know baby

*[Chorus:]*

Cuz, I got something better at home  
Ooh ohoo ooo  
Cuz, I got something better at home  
Ooh ohh woo woo

*[Bridge:]*

Baby I know you love me  
And your love is wonderful  
You help me feel free  
I wont betray you unintentionally, or intentionally  
I got you babe  
You can rest your shoulders and sleep at night  
Okay

*[Chorus:]*

Alright cuz I know  
Cuz I Know know know,  
I know, I got something better at home  
Oh  
I know I got something better at home  
I know oh ooh woo woo woo  
I got something better at home  
Ohhhhh oohhhhhh

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