

# Joe

## "Thank God I Found You"

Visit "[Thank God I Found You](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Cluemanati  
MC to the J.O.E  
Nastradamus remix  
For the world  
Make it real, baby  
Uh, Desert Storm, baby  
Uh, check it  
This for you

Thank God I found you  
Let's show the world you're my golden girl, when we  
shoppin'  
They see us on the streets, they say, "Son, scooped a  
hot one"  
You taste like banana cake, you shaped like the  
number eight  
And you my number one candidate

I can't lose you, it's like I'm bettin' in Vegas, crucial  
Sweatin' knowin' these players is wantin' you, Boo  
I get the chills when you in my sight  
Feels like it's meant to be right  
I feel a rush when I kiss you at night, uh

Shorty knows she my baby girl and  
Players haters try hard to get her  
But she'll be lounging in my cradle tonight  
Typically I wouldn't say this  
But you see your love has got me faded  
No girl ever made me feel like you do

Oh I'm ma be here night after night to  
Feel your lovin' arms around me  
Baby baby, baby, baby, you make it all right  
No one but you, baby, baby can make me feel  
The way you make me, make me, make me feel

We make it last, make it last  
We make it last, make it last  
Make it last  
We make it last, make it last  
We make it last, make it last

Don't let our let our love end  
Oh don't you let it end  
Make it last forever and ever  
Thank God I found you

Your touch is wonderful  
Your love is so marvelous  
Joy, that's what I feel  
When I'm with you, yeah

Nothing, no one, no one, boy  
Could compare to what we have  
Oh, no, baby  
Love, it feels so good  
I'm so glad you're mine

We make it last, make it last  
We make it last, make it last  
Make it last forever  
We make it last, make it last  
We make it last, make it last

Don't let our love end  
No, no  
Make it last forever and ever  
Thank God I found you

What, a thug's dream wife, jeans tight, beautiful skin  
Matchin' brown Timbs, hot as jalapenos  
She knows how to hide the ninos  
The rap root of Valentino  
And B5 become the black Al Pacino

Relax, sweetie, in Benz you could watch the TV  
Or lay back and pump Mariah's hot CD  
And I'm ma touch you in the wrong places  
Or we could walk through the park  
Above in all faces, I'm lost in your love

Thank God I found you, you my crown jewel  
I'm sayin', Boo, the type I'd give my last name to  
At Lovers Lane put the top up  
When it start to rain in the parkin' lot  
Then we finish doin' our thing

Fog the windows gettin' very sentimental  
Sippin' Cosmos with the cherry in the middle  
I keep it honest, word to real, that's my promise  
Signin' off, truly yours, Nastradamus

Thank God I found you  
Thank God I found you  
I was so lost without you  
My every wish and every dream  
Somehow became reality  
But sometimes I can't blame my whole life

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

---

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