

## Joe Budden "Can't Control It"

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I Can't Control, It's Right In Front Of Me, You Bending  
Over, It's like my Fantasy, I Can't Control, You Taken  
Over Me, I Can't Control It, You Can't Control It

Yo, I Came In The Door You Could Hardly Ignore Him, I  
Mean It's Like This Whole Party Is For Him, She  
Standing There And As Soon As She Saw Him, I Got My  
Camera Phone Out, cuz i know she wanna call him, lets  
go somewhere quite less crowded, I'm tryin to see you  
and less outfit, the way she be movin it i know all about  
it, like she plan on tournin me out but i doubt it, i can't  
handle it, ?Ã,Â¿? jeans white on whites, know your boy  
trying the clothes of manicans, plus my eyes on points  
like camera lenz, enough with the small talk mom im  
tryin to dance again, you know your dude ain't leavin  
with out her, her face like halle berry n a lil bit jessica  
alba, starrin in her own motion picture, even tho im  
directing im tryin to be in motion with ya

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I'd be behing shorty in my b-boy stance, she bendin  
ova in her ???-stance, i'm something like a pimp, no  
??? no hoes on the strip, she stay where i go but your  
hoes on my dick, i don't need cars and clothes to be  
the shit, i don't even need ??? ?????, first day strip club  
real niggers smell me, second day on the phone, third  
day telly  
IF YOU KNOW THE REST OF THE LYRICS PUT THEM IN!!!!

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