

## **Jon B.**

### **"Bonifide"**

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#### (VERSE ONE)

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 the ladies room to powder her lines  
She be feelin' like dyn-o-mite

#### (BRIDGE ONE)

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)

Ah me oh my God ya look so fine  
I can't touch you cause you're bonafide  
Ah me oh my God ya look so fine  
I can't touch you 'cause you're 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 you're bonafide

#### (VERSE TWO)

yes all the eyes 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 don't think so girl  
I've been through it many times before  
I got a tight pocket book  
And you know i ain't open it up for no-- (oh)

#### (BRIDGE TWO)

Jizzable jazz, how could it be passed

So come move that ass  
I know what u wanna do  
You're lookin' for a phat wad Lord of a God  
I don't have it for u  
So honey baby what you gonna do

CHORUS (REPEAT)

(VERSE THREE)

Look into my eyes  
Tell me what u see  
I'm not pretentious  
I invent this vibe that you feel

CHORUS (REPEAT)

VAMP OUT

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