

Memphis Bleek Feat. Boxie "Infatuated"

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I love, love that thing you do
And I, I can't get my eyes
My mind off you, I'm infatuated
And you're my baby and you complete me
Your number, I'll call and maybe
And can hook up later and keep it gangster

My design one of a kind, yeah, I'm on my grind
Got a shorty that still trip but I ain't lost my mind
I just party and bullshit, my attitude, I'm good ma
They say I'm hood rich because I drive big cars

Getting Guac, middle finger to cops
They say when you meet the one, all the thug should
stop
I met this shorty the other morning on my way in, y'all
She was bad, I didn't call, I'm a day in, y'all

But, that's the rules, we don't make 'em, we don't break
'em
I don't sweat 'em, I forget 'em and find a way to shack
'em
But, I put a holla to her, I spit some lava at her
She from the burbs, I'm from the jecks, trust that don't
matter

She into books too, I'm off the books for the things I do
But that's between me and you
And I don't really phone tag it a lot, I'm in the wagon a
lot
With different dimes on the passenger side, I'm like

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Everyday I'm on my grind but my minds on you
(On you)
All the time

(All the time)

And I scoop you like a soldier would
I'm in the woods, top down like I don't got a hood
They say opposites attract and it's true
'Cause, girl, I'm from the gutter, where the bundles will
move

And you is from where it's cool and quiet at night
And ain't no young'ns supplying the white, right
But that's a different story, let's get back to the night
And you've got a body, I can handle it right? Right

And I know you heard about me, beyond the rumors
about me
I'm the flyest a little youngin' could be, be
And you'll see with us together, it's money, diamonds,
whatever
Little momma is you ridin' with me, me?

And I love the thing you do, so, baby, girl, never
change
And forever we can do that thing, 'cause

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Now you know my stees'
'Cause I ain't gotta smooth that to do that thing
And it only took a night to get it right, grip it right, hit it
right
Figure out that you a rider for life, down for whatever

We go through it together
You know the boys style, way beyond all the regular
I need a switch, like a fiend need a fix
Every G need a down ass chick, to click, that's sick

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