

Popa Wu

"You're My Everything"

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[Intro: King Just]

You're my everything (15X)
(Dedicated, to my everything
That's to you, you know who you are boo
You're my everything, yo)

[King Just]

She had a man, but I caught her eye thru a dollar van
Had Persians, skin tone like an Arabian
Maybe when, when we get a chance to meet each other
Face to face, to brace with one another
I tell her why I love her
Then thug her back out, dun-dun, I got a steakhouse
Crashin the sex, feeled aroma till she passed out
She called a timeout, laid back and let her air out
Let the room air out, champagne mixed with style
Kept us goin, till the early mornin
We was bonin, blowin our can, for shorty holdin
Blunts rollin, carryin flow on this love boat
Tranquilizin your thought with one note

[Chorus: King Just]

You my everything, won't you come shine with the King
And you can see the wonders and the joy life brings
Under my wing, is where you belong
And lovin you is right, then maybe I don't wanna be
wrong
'cause you my everything, oh you my everything
You my everything, oh you my everything
You my everything, oh you my everything
You my everything, oh you my everything

[King Just]

Look at Miss Symbol, wit the dimples and old pimples
Talkin like she like how I rock on instrumentals
Talkin like she been thru the same shit I been thru
Got me singin "I wanna get into you" stop it
Hot like the tropics, and not from the projects
Me and you boo, we like a plug to a socket
A pants to a pocket, and Houston to the Rockets
A doorknob to a closet, got you screamin "Stop it!"
Logical when we mix molecules

Better call Con Ed, 'cause we might blow a fuse
Ain't no rules, you choose whatever you do
You my everything, and I do everything for you
You my sun, moon and star, last drink at the bar
You the rims on my car, nah I ain't gon' go that far
There ain't nuthin that I put before you
That's when I'm knowin what I'm sayin here is true

[Chorus]

[King Just]

Ms. Everything, you so pretty, how how she diddie
With the tickle pity, you should be the New York City
Stay jiggy, that's why I got to keep you from my niggies
(Yo Just you got a lot like Backstreet) No diggy
Plus she digs me and makes my oatmeal lumpy
And asks the right questions like "Why they call you
bumpy?"
First girl to hump me, at the age of a virgin
Last girl to hit me off, 'cause my money's splurgin
I'm certain, this be the right one son
'cause she was hooked ever since I dropped Warrior's
Drum
Make you cum twenty times, with these rhymes of mine
Between love and hate there's a thin line
So I'm, gonna watch my step, and choose correct
But this is for thee, she can bounce like a bad check
R-E-S-P-E-C-T, respect me
Better than your ex, your man's Lex
So your next to be boyfriend
Ain't no toy friends, here
Ms. Everything, you my cootie in the chair
Booty from the rear, hotter shit this year
I swear, my dear

[Chorus 2X]

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