

## Tyra Banks

### "K.o.b.e"

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[Tyra:]

Kobe, how many girls have said "I love you?"  
Not like 'I love you Kobe! ' like a fan  
But like, for real, like, baby, marry me  
I love you

[Kobe:]

You're sweet  
Once again (Once again)  
Flawless (Flawless)  
C'mon  
Right  
Uh, uh huh  
Yo, yo, it's like this

Uh, what I live for? Basketball, beats and broads  
From Italy to the US, yes, it's raw  
I'ma search for the one that make my wealth feel poor  
Who can ignore the spotlight life of Grandma  
My downfall is how I found the aura, so I searched in  
There's plenty of women with sex appeal when it's filled  
Can even complete the package, all I date is actresses  
Can play it safe with them, my money ain't bait  
But I must take risks to find a honey that's legit  
Whether she push a buck and a six, bumpin' some mad  
chips  
Out on her own, or live out of moms and pop's home  
Watch time, fashion, Adidas attire or Timbo's  
I don't know, yo, these women come and go  
Like the wind they blow, how do I know it's you for sure?  
When God talk to me, give me a signal  
But until then, all my ears hear, just let me flow  
C'mon

[1: Tyra Banks]

K-O-B-E, I L-O-V-E you  
I believe you are very fine  
If you give me one chance, I promise to love you  
And be with you forever more

K-O-B-E, I L-O-V-E you

I believe you are very fine  
If you give me one chance, I promise to love you  
And be with you forever more

[Kobe:]

Check this out though  
Real love last, now do you love me or my cash?  
My name, fame, drop top, Benz or the wooden dash?  
You know my stash, from Georgie cash  
Platinum, US express, no paper cash  
Spend it all now, or kiss to be rich cash  
Hash, stocks and bonds, laugh when they crash  
Are you the type that brag the jewels you flash  
The type-type with your ex-man and push his Jag  
The type that love no scrubs or pigeons and got mad  
The type that can't stand a women with her own cash  
You know, like lime, claim she ain't rat  
The type that get loud in public, refrain my hand from a  
slap  
No time for y'all, too busy for y'all  
Plenty of dimes turn me on and turn me off tryin' to  
show off  
Get lost, grow up, real women, roll up  
Let yourself go, if you feel this, let me know  
C'mon

[1]

[Tyra (Kobe):]

K-O-B-E, I L-O-V-E you (Bounce wit' me, bounce wit' me)  
K-O-B-E, I L-O-V-E you (Right, right, uh, uh, uh)

[Kobe:]

Think ya eyein' me, all along, I'm eyein' you  
The hunter becomes the hunted, girl, I'm preying on  
you  
Beautiful, the feelings we share are mutual  
Passion that's telling me so for us is suitable  
Un-controllable desire flows through me  
When you say my name, such lust in your slang  
No time for games, the games I play, all the same  
Can't get witcha, when the door hitcha, when the Lord  
splitcha  
I figure, hour-glass figures could be dangerous  
Cuz if your time runs out, they frame you for your clout  
And having a past, well, I stereotype glass  
All dimes ain't money, ass, and feignin' for a brother's  
cash  
Slash fame, slash power, slash respect  
All of the above, makes me a supreme threat for  
scrubs

Love but do you want? One more 'gain, let me know  
The words flow, from the bottom of your soul  
C'mon

[1: to fade]

[Kobe:]  
It's like that  
Right  
KB  
TB  
Flawless  
Like that, spit it out

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