

## Vast Aire "The Crush"

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This is not a love song. Naa.

[Verse 1:]

I had a crush on Tawanda she went to IS230  
Figure eight she was so curvy  
Had an arch in her back with mad jewelery  
Every Neanderthal wanted that cutie  
Good complexion not too thin  
She got the baddest trim  
I ain't talking about her hair cut  
She worked at my man's job  
She made 11th grader's wanna cradle rob  
She got the sweet potato, I got the corn on the cob  
Tuck your shirt in she don't take no slob  
If you saw her smile, she had a bad attitude and a  
wicked profile  
Gorgeous face and a nice style, it make you say "Damn  
you can have my  
Child"  
Got me thinking all this is worth my while  
With my head in the clouds screaming loud

[Chorus:]

I got a love Jones, for your body and your skin tone  
Five minutes alone I'm already on the bone  
Plus I love the fact you got a mind of your own  
So you can sit by the throne [x2]

[Verse 2:]

She looked good in the winter, better in the summer  
I met her at the bus stop, she gave me her number  
Sometimes we would go out and then slumber  
She me yours, I'll show you mine (She lift up her  
sweater)  
Back then no girl could do better  
I really dug Karen, or was it Annetta  
Or was it Vanessa, Stacey or Tracie  
I didn't like Jessica, she was too spacey  
Mia's got attitude, Janice got her tittie out  
Missy's gay, Via's got her ass out  
But Melissa's on the bed drinking wine

Don't hate on me Pa, I got pimp designs

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Pink cookies in a plastic bag getting crushed by the  
empire states  
Come on baby why wait  
Let's make whoopee today  
I'm a Frankenstein valentine (how's that)  
Caus I can separate my heart from my mind  
You were to emotional and then about 3 seconds I'm  
about to go postal  
In other words, crazy nigga with a gun  
I got a crush on you but you ain't the one  
She was using sex as a weapon  
Her aim was precise it kept me guessing  
It kept me stepping  
I was on my toes until I learnt my lesson  
My man tried to tell me I was slippin (slippin man)  
I ain't even no I was trippin  
But this is not a love song  
Well, maybe it is  
Maybe I'm frontin  
Why don't you pull my card  
If the deuce is wild, I'll let down my guard

[Chorus]

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