MotoLyrics.com Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Murphy Lee "Murphey Lee"

Visit "Murphey Lee" on MotoLyrics.com

U make a brotha wanna faint (daaaaaaaaamn) Or put u on a plate sock u up wit a muthafuckin biscuit Man it was a house party Ayo i probly sound corny I got oatmeal hormones ma instantly horny I mean...the way u carry yaself I mean..if i was u i'd probly marry myself I mean ya eyes did i say ya ass i mean ya eyes Face bangin haven't even got to ya thighs I mean the walk to walk is like the matrix I can set a drink on that ass if i had nowhere to place it face it How could anybody dislike u These otha girls r coo but not guite like u I mean... ayo i focus on my past a lot but relationships like twista gotta hold ya spot I mean... and u kno that my time is skimpy If im the only one in ya heart then it's probly empty girrrrrl

Zee(Hook)

Oooooooohh murphy murphy lee Ooooooooohh things ain't wut they used to be noooooo But ever since u hit tha road ive been spittin this relationship and im so in luv it makes me sick Oooooooohh murphy murphy leeeee Ooooooooohh things ain't wut they used to be noooooo I can't spend this time alone I teel ya without u U make me stroooooooooooger

Ya too fly to ba askin a guy why All my life luv kept on passin me by U can't change a woman by diamond chainin her Chains don't make change mathematically train her Its a 2 way thing got scott tell the motorola Wit high chairs and baby strollers I be the sun u be the moon let the kidz be the stars I kno who u is u kno who u r And wen the door close u kno i ain't goin that far U got keys to erry house keys to erry car

And hell yea i need luv to like LL I must be on neptune cuz luvs pharell but still Ya not fa much so girl it ain't no rushin But respect how it's always mo talkin then touchin Seein u no frontin Is way better then nuthin And it means sum to me so if u want it speak on it girrl

Zee(hook)

Ur a housewife The type a girl that always no wut time it is the tick tock type Keep ya own shoes tied Push ya own ride Quick to giv me money wen my bills too high I need top notch sex Wash dishes and sweep mop topless Never giv me stress luv wen i god bless Makin luv to the mind boo can be a mental mess And u don't like me like shaft but im ya luva mon On the otha hond can't stand u wit a nutha mon I went from timberlands tuxedos comabuns I gotta fast pase girl i don't wanna run I can't help it i ain't ready But u c havin a steady girl is a different world like freddy Luv is deadly in the shower singin medlies I'll make it up if ya let me girrrl

Zee (hook)

Visit Murphy Lee page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.