

Obie Trice "Jamaican Girl"

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Call me baby, baby
She say
Call me baby, baby
She say

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She say

I just want you in my arms, Obie
Hold you till the morning, Obie
Know you got it going on, Obie
I don't hear what the rumble clots say

She say, I just want you in my arms, Obie
Hold you till the morning, Obie
Know you got it going on, Obie
Sex and on that good love to me

She say, she like 'em dark skinn-ded
Not timid, wanna rumble in my loft is it
Talk different, her walk's exquisite
Switch is ridiculous, locks is twisted
Like a block she said visit us

Jam rock why don't you picture us with
Kids or whip, a ton of cannabis?
So I can can it on a canoe
Sippin' coconuts like its a can of some brew
I'm what she plan to hold on to

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Haters wanna hate, hey no way, hey
She'll slit ya throat, mess around with O
She move a pound of coke like brown with hopes
Of being close to folk, if you clown ya poked

No joke, murder she wrote, provoke me no a roddy
Be a dead body, it be that dread hotty
Me no know no one that more potty
Down on her knees, up in the party to please my body

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She say, I just want you in my arms
Till the break of dawn, we can get it on, Obie
Ain't no need to prolong, Obie
Realest nigga on this song is Obie

Way she move, got me in her hypnotic ways
Her voice maneuvers, got me thinking 'bout her day to
day
See I'm faced with beauty so there's nothing more for
me to say
Put on the dance floor and play with Obie

And it's no cliché, O's great like the lake
So she pon'd the river her way of doing the snake
Jamaican God, make a true playa break
Say it ain't so, ya truth is fate

Incense lit when she's interested in insertion
Any minute ya squirting, she gifted in
Giving you the business, hurting 'em
Plus she know that art of perversion

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