

## Sean Garrett "Up In Your Heart"

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Lyrics :

(Bangladesh)

Once again I call Gucci, it's ya nikka Sean Garrett  
(Gucci!)

I call my nigga Gucci, came through for Sean Garrett

Girl it's obvious ya body wanna do something ta me  
And ye - ye - yes it's obvious I'm tryna get you over  
here ta me

(Gucci!)

Girl I won't play witcha head I wanna get up in ya heart

Girl I won't play witcha head I wanna get up in ya heart

Girl - gir- gir - girl I won't play witcha head I wanna get  
up in ya heart

Girl I won't play witcha head I wanna get up in ya heart

Na na na - na na now you wonderin just why I like to  
wear a wyfe beata

Why I wear a wyfe beater, why \*huh\* I like to beat her  
When I seen her she just like the way that nikka Sean  
treat her

I don't hit her wit no fists, shawty you know how I feed  
her

She say "go deep", I go deeper

I don't preach, I just please ya

If you know women like I know women ya better get up  
in em

Make em raise up they antennas

Better know just where to kiss em

She just might say "Hold up, stop. I mean like \*huh\* are  
you forreal??"

Girl it's obvious ya body wanna do something ta me  
And ye - ye - yes it's obvious I'm tryna get you over  
here ta me

Girl I won't play witcha head I wanna get up in ya heart

Girl I won't play witcha head I wanna get up in ya heart

Girl - gir- gir - girl I won't play witcha head I wanna get  
up in ya heart

Girl I won't play witcha head I wanna get up in ya heart

She loves me, she loves you not cause I got whatchu do  
not got  
I let her shop until she drop and when she drop I get on  
top  
Brrr....Brrrr  
I call her mother nature, she call me Jack Frost or call  
me Gucci Mane the Glacier  
(Woww)  
Baby whats ya zodiac?  
Pisces, I can roll with that  
I'm rushin through her veins it's an attack on her  
cardiac  
Red Diamonds in the club, Ace of Spade from the start  
And since I'm the King of Kings she can be my Queen  
of Hearts  
(Gucci!)

Girl it's obvious ya body wanna do something ta me  
And ye- ye - yes it's obvious I'm tryna get you over here  
ta me  
Girl I won't play witch a head I wanna get up in ya heart  
Girl I won't play witch a head I wanna get up in ya heart  
Girl - gir- gir - girl I won't play witch a head I wanna get  
up in ya heart  
Girl I won't play witch a head I wanna get up in ya heart

Yup...yup...I still mob in my black tee  
She sleepin in my black tee and under it no panties  
And she ain't gotta cook in there but money in the  
pantry  
When company round she classy but when they gone  
she nasty

You gotta grip on the handle bars wit no clothes on  
And you niggas wonder why you can't keep ya girl  
home  
(Yupp)  
Young pimpin still kicken that same clear shit while I'm  
given your chick this real love

Girl it's obvious ya body wanna do something ta me  
And ye - ye - yes it's obvious I'm tryna get you over  
here ta me  
Girl I won't play witch a head I wanna get up in ya heart  
Girl I won't play witch a head I wanna get up in ya heart  
Girl - gir- gir - girl I won't play witch a head I wanna get  
up in ya heart  
Girl I won't play witch a head I wanna get up in ya heart

Baby he thought I was amateur, told him next time he  
played witcho heart I was taking yo ass

Now I'm taken yo -- girl you need attention and trust  
I pay attention, one thing you ain't been gettin is love  
And imma love yaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

Girl I won't play witch a head I wanna get up in ya heart  
Girl I won't play witch a head I wanna get up in ya heart  
Girl - gir- gir - girl I won't play witch a head I wanna get  
up in ya heart  
Girl I won't play witch a head I wanna get up in ya heart

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