

## Helmut Zacharias

### "You're My Everything"

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[Intro: King Just]

You're my everything (15X)  
(Dedicated, to my everything  
That's to you, you know who you are boo  
You're my everything, yo)

[King Just]

She had a man, but I caught her eye thru a dollar van  
Had Persians, skin tone like an Arabian  
Maybe when, when we get a chance to meet each other  
Face to face, to brace with one another  
I tell her why I love her  
Then thug her back out, dun-dun, I got a steakhouse  
Crashin the sex, feeled aroma till she passed out  
She called a timeout, laid back and let her air out  
Let the room air out, champagne mixed with style  
Kept us goin, till the early mornin  
We was bonin, blowin our can, for shorty holdin  
Blunts rollin, carryin flow on this love boat  
Tranquilizin your thought with one note

[Chorus: King Just]

You my everything, won't you come shine with the King  
And you can see the wonders and the joy life brings  
Under my wing, is where you belong  
And lovin you is right, then maybe I don't wanna be  
wrong  
Cuz you my everything, oh you my everything  
You my everything, oh you my everything  
You my everything, oh you my everything  
You my everything, oh you my everything

[King Just]

Look at Miss Symbol, wit the dimples and old pimples  
Talkin like she like how I rock on instrumentals  
Talkin like she been thru the same shit I been thru  
Got me singin "I wanna get into you" stop it  
Hot like the tropics, and not from the projects  
Me and you boo, we like a plug to a socket  
A pants to a pocket, and Houston to the Rockets  
A doorknob to a closet, got you screamin "Stop it!"

Logical when we mix molecules  
Better call Con Ed, cuz we might blow a fuse  
Ain't no rules, you choose whatever you do  
You my everything, and I do everything for you  
You my sun, moon and star, last drink at the bar  
You the rims on my car, nah I ain't gon' go that far  
There ain't nuthin that I put before you  
That's when I'm knowin what I'm sayin here is true

[Chorus]

[King Just]

Ms. Everything, you so pretty, how how she diddie  
With the tickle pity, you should be the New York City  
Stay jiggy, that's why I got to keep you from my niggies  
(Yo Just you got a lot like Backstreet) No diggy  
Plus she digs me and makes my oatmeal lumpy  
And asks the right questions like "Why they call you  
bumpy?"

First girl to hump me, at the age of a virgin  
Last girl to hit me off, cuz my money's splurgin  
I'm certain, this be the right one son  
Cuz she was hooked ever since I dropped Warrior's  
Drum

Make you cum twenty times, with these rhymes of mine  
Between love and hate there's a thin line  
So I'm, gonna watch my step, and choose correct  
But this is for thee, she can bounce like a bad check  
R-E-S-P-E-C-T, respect me  
Better than your ex, your man's Lex  
So your next to be boyfriend  
Ain't no toy friends, here  
Ms. Everything, you my cootie in the chair  
Booty from the rear, hotter shit this year  
I swear, my dear

[Chorus 2X]

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