

Jamie O'Neal F/ Mark Wills

"Ayanna Monet"

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It's just a love song
You know
If you're lucky in your lifetime
Check it out
You'll meet that one
I did

[VERSE 1: J. Sands]

Yo, it was June 2nd, wisdom, you know the math
In the lab with J. Rawls all night ready to craft
See, I'm drivin down Penn. Ave. early morning
Turned on the wipers cause it just started storming
Without warning, my destination was the rest
But first make a stop and get some sliced turkey breast
From the deli, my stomach went 'errr' like Akinyele
Parked the ride, went inside, rain pourin on my Pelle
Dashin for the door, made it, soaken wet
Drippin puddles on the floor as I walk into the door mad
vexed
I guess that was the reason why I slept
Cause to my left I saw a sight that I'll never forget
It was the illest silhouette, I could hardly see the flesh
One quarter exposed, the other three fourths clothed
In linen, now I seen women but this was like a goddess
The oddest of situations, so much anticipation
For real, I could feel as our eyes soon met
Don't get me wrong, son, cause with shorties I'm like a
vet
But it wasn't the same, a introduction sparked the
flame
Poetically, without hesitation she said her name
I was Ayanna Monet, just came to town yesterday from
Atlanta, GA
Wasn't plannin to stay no more than a week or two,
maybe a month
I couldn't front, aiyo, yo queen, I don't mean to sound
blunt
But if you have the time, I love to spend it, no harm
intended
She recommended for me to have my phone number
extended

On a piece of paper, so maybe she could call me later
Actin all shy, blushin, adrenaline rushin as I'm walkin to
the door
Thinkin of the feelings that I never felt before, I adore
mi amor
A perfect combination, sparkle like a diamond
And to top it off the sun started shinin

[CHORUS: J. Sands]

Ayanna Monet
A girl I met around the way
Ayanna Monet
I think about her everyday
Ayanna Monet
The name I just can't help to say
Ayanna Monet
Ayanna Monet
Ayanna Monet

[VERSE 2: J. Sands]

Later on I'm at the rest listenin to Quest
Dig it, wide awake, can't sleep, shortie got me ????
I got so used to all these Daisy Duke freaks
That when earth took position
I stopped, looked and listened
I'm on a mission, somethin like an expedition
To catch the next edition of Miss Monet's wishings
A movie, a dinner, I don't know, I'm waitin
By the phone, just turned on a Sony PlayStation
Anticipatin the next time I'll speak
To the miss elegant, unique beauty, petite
It's deep, her mystique was magnifique, in fact
It sent me back, reminiscin over jazz tracks
At that second the phone rang, now I'm checkin
The caller identification for information
The number I didn't recognize off top
So I answered the telly cool like Arthur Fonzarelli
Yo, whaddaya know, it was the lady named Ayanna
Paused like a coma - far from drama
For the words that were spoken, I knew I had her open
And she felt the same, so it was peace, no game
I had to spark the flame, so I cordially invited, her
On a late night tour through Pittsburgh
We drove up the [Name] Shore wile she told me more
And how around me she felt secure
What was in store? I didn't know and really didn't care
Cause this here was a power move, soon the hour grew
Late, wait, she's tellin me that she's gonna be back
In a month if we want we can relax and see if feelings
remain
Sustain through the distance, time, it blew my mind

When she said she want my kinds and help me make
my next dime
Tell me Ayanna Monet isn't mine
Come on

[CHORUS]

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