

Interlude

Angie Stone

Allow me to drop spoken word verbs
That burn like herbs mixed with desire
Cold from fear? come here and I'll breathe you fire
Till you dripping wet of sweat
We form puddles in the bottom of our heart is of a storm cloud
set
Can you feel me yet? and you can bet it's more real than any feels
of gold could imply
When I whisper sweet nothing so sweet while your eyes close in
concentration
Dedicated to these new founds infatuation with what I spit
We giggle 'cause I haven't even written it yet
The style came so free that I started getting it the split second
before I gave
And now it was just the 2 of us here to savour this moment
And save our savour our spear chocolate end
'Cause I detect that you may respect it
The same reverse that I do
Rhyme pro sounded the high core
You want it? I'm on it, 'cause I think I might like you
And you like this you know something I find it odd
I kiss you up to God as I thank you for you and all you do
Angie Stone, we love you.