

# Hey There

DeJ Loaf

Future Hendrix  
DeJ Loaf, I got you, baby  
You got what I want  
You got what I want  
And I got what you need  
Hey there, hey there  
Freeband gang  
What we doin', what we doin'?

Hey there, hey there (Yeah, yeah, baby)  
Hey there, hey there (Try to turn up on 'em)  
Hey there, hey there (I see you lookin' good)  
Hey there, hey there (Fuck these hoes, nigga)  
Hey there (Aye, what we doin'?)  
Hey there (Aye, what we doin' then?)  
Hey there, hey there (Aye, what we doin', baby?)  
(Aye, what we doin' then?)

I still taste you on my lips, yeah I do  
Last night we made love 'til the sun came  
I know it's hard when I leave, I'm not with you  
But when I'm gone, hold it down, you're my love thing  
You be doin' it, that one and two, that four thing  
Let's slow it down a bit, I'll hit you with that foreplay  
Hop on top, I start to ride you, that's that horseplay  
Strip for my baby, bitch we ballin', that's that sports play  
I love you, I love you  
I feel it all in my stomach  
You a monster, baby, baby I want you  
I'm starin' you in the eyes and tellin' you that I want it  
No shame in my game, I'm a fein, I'm a junkie  
You need a line of my love, put this pussy all on you  
I got you bumpin' and grindin', got me screamin' and moanin'  
Who's knockin' at the door? My legs locked right now

Hey there, hey there (Yeah, yeah, baby)  
Hey there, hey there (Try to turn up on 'em)  
Hey there, hey there (I see you lookin' good)  
Hey there, hey there (Fuck these hoes, nigga)  
Hey there (Aye, what we doin'?)  
Hey there (Aye, what we doin' then?)  
Hey there, hey there (Aye, what we doin', baby?)  
(Aye, what we doin' then?)

I ain't tryna spare you, baby, ain't no tire, my trunk  
I get to come at you at least a hundred times out the month  
Soon as you wake, baby, ride on me, just for breakfast  
Paparazzi wastin' time if they're tryna catch us  
I done hit her with the new wave, she go crazy, baby D  
And say fuck the earth, it's us against everybody  
You on a team now, baby, yeah Pat Riley  
You with a king now, it's only right you shine like a queen

And I still taste you on my lips, oh yeah I do  
When we make love we on the top of the moon  
But that oh, oh say my name now  
Put my nose in that pussy, give you head now

She know I get that mula, man trappin' is a habit  
We ballin' every night, baby, woah Kemosabe  
Ain't no shame in my game, I'm a fiend, I'm a addict  
Whoever knockin' at the door, I told 'em I got to have it  
What's poppin'?

Hey there, hey there (Yeah, yeah, baby)  
Hey there, hey there (Try to turn up on 'em)  
Hey there, hey there (I see you lookin' good)  
Hey there, hey there (Fuck these hoes, nigga)  
Hey there (Aye, what we doin'?)  
Hey there (Aye, what we doin' then?)  
Hey there, hey there (Aye, what we doin', baby?)  
(Aye, what we doin' then?)

And I still taste you on my lips, oh yeah I do  
When we make love we on the top of the moon  
But that oh, oh say my name now  
Put my nose in that pussy, give you head now  
She know I get that mula, man trappin' is a habit  
We ballin' every night, baby, woah Kemosabe  
Ain't no shame in my game, I'm a fiend, I'm a addict  
Whoever knockin' at the door, I told 'em I got to have it  
What's poppin'?