

# Plenty

Guru

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Then she gets plenty more, uhh

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Uhh, watchin' her drivin' by, in her new whip so fly  
Wish she could sing me a lullaby, to scoop her I've got to try  
In her eyes, there's a flame that burns right through my soul  
Can't pretend to be cool, about to lose my control  
Yeah, I know she's got plenty admirers, she's got many  
Like an exotic fantasy, into a frenzy she sends me  
Wow, I have to sit down, and gather my wits now  
I wanna caress those hips now, wanna kiss those lips now

Hey, baby, I know you called and I didn't answer twice  
But baby, that's okay it's nice  
For you to call anyway see, okay, see uhh  
Hey, baby, you know it's okay if you don't call me  
Anymore 'cos I got a plenty truckload of niggaz like you at my door

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And then she gets plenty more, uhh

Yup, and every day is her day, and every year is her year  
Anyone tried to violate, they could straight dissappear  
She don't care if you play yourself, tryin' to step to her  
The illest of gangsters, I show and respect to her  
Truly glamorous, she ain't impressed and it shows  
She don't like your new clothes, she don't care about your playa pose  
Do you suppose I could hook up and spend time with her?  
She's just how I dreamed, I'll bust my nine for her

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When she wants plenty, she gets plenty  
Any damn thang she wants, uhh

Uhh, surgeon general, I provide vitamins and minerals  
The charge that she's got on me, should be federal  
I was told never put the two before the one son  
But always cultivate your wisdom, to help you build your kingdom  
I wanna be the answer to every question she has  
So when I wish to enter, she'll be lettin' me pass  
I know she wants to be with GOD eventually, but still  
She got everythin', yeah, the girl's got plenty

Flowers in her bedroom, perfume on her neck  
Nectar from a Mason jar, seven dollar dress  
She's super cute and plenty bad, thirty, twenty two, thirty six and a half  
I, hope the dude will realize she got the silky, sexy bedroom eyes

Baby, baby, please don't break yo' neck, 'cos you gon' have a wreck  
'Cos when it comes to love I get plenty, degrees one twenty  
My back slipped out my dress, oops

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When she wants plenty, she gets plenty  
When she wants plenty, she gets plenty  
And she gets plenty more, yeah

When she wants plenty, she gets plenty  
When she wants plenty, she gets plenty  
When she wants plenty, she gets plenty  
And any damn thang I want, right?

That's right, in this game of life it takes a lot to win  
Plenty more baby's what I got to give  
Yeah, yeah, baby, that's really nice  
But I'm tryin' to read my book and you're in my light  
Uhh, a woman like you could help me reach the top  
If I get a chance to love you, I won't stop  
Damn! Oh, huh, what? Huh, what?  
I didn't hear you I was thinkin' bout some stuff

Baby, you so fine I wanna smack myself  
I don't need no support I'm gonna back myself  
Hoo, baby, you so sweet  
Now can you get the lotion and rub my feets  
In massage therapy I got a Master Degree  
I give you plenty more, than what you askin' from me

I need a little bit of space, a little bit of wealth, okay  
And oh, about the feets, a little to the left  
Like this, like that? Yeah  
Feels good right?  
You don't really care, I do  
Heh, you the queen, huh?  
More lotion  
C'mon, you got plenty  
That's good, alright?  
That's good right?