

## Sex Wit You

Heavy D

It ain't all about sex wit you (hey-ey)  
Cause all I wanna do is get next to you  
(hey-ey)

I love the way you swing and the things you do  
(hey-ey)

So what I gotta do, to get next to you? (hey hey)

Yo here's the scoop, I think of you, and I wanna get witcha  
My crew said I couldn't, but I knew that I could get ya  
From the first time I laid my eyes on ya  
It was on and-ah, I figured out that other girls were goners  
About the way you make me feel, I'm kinda diggin it  
I hope it don't take long for you and I to start swingin it  
And everything'll be dandy, momma gave you her last name  
but I'ma call you Candy, because it's handy  
Represent your bittersweetness, your uniqueness  
You're everything that I need and I mean this  
And for the love of it all, I'ma shine  
I couldn't sing it in a song, so I wrote it in a rhyme  
I gotta check ya, do what I gotta do to get ya  
I'm glad I met ya, heck I'll even sweat ya  
Won't even let a brotha flex witchu  
So what I gotta do to get next to you, huh?

I know a lotta brothers' crack for the back, makin pitches  
Swingin hit and misses, leavin you with dirty dishes  
I ain't ya regular, I'm tellin ya, I'm hella fella  
I ain't ya normal +Quiet Storm+, strictly accapella  
I'm tryna hook witcha, write a book witcha  
I heard ya made moves, I want what ya took witcha  
You're the kind of girl that makes me grin  
And +If Loving You is Wrong+ then I'm ready to sin  
I know you're down from the clown that you was dealin with  
Now, you caught him creepin, met a girl that he was sleepin with  
Now you believe in the taboo, from evil that men do  
and all you thinkin now, they don't deserve you  
You kinda fuss, got this gust in ya attitude  
But all you need is a dude to show you gratitude  
Won't even let a brotha flex witchu  
So what I gotta do to get next to you, huh?

What I gotta do? What I gotta do? (huh?)  
What I gotta do? What I gotta do? (C'mon)  
What I gotta do? What I gotta do (I gotta do)  
to get next to you? (yeah)  
What I gotta do? What I gotta do? (C'mon)  
What I gotta do? What I gotta do? (huh)  
What I gotta do? What I gotta do (Yo..)  
to get next to you? (hit it)

Now I could make ya grin again, smile and wanna win again  
Snug and hug ya like a glove, show you how to love again  
Everybody ain't the same, every dame ain't a gain  
I'm all the man you need to make ya life change  
You got style about ya, they all talk about ya

You're all I like with the sexy type of hawk about ya  
You're the girl that what a mill-ion dream  
Walk inside the club and be robbin the scene  
Got the nerve to be lookin all good and delicious  
Enough to make a dead man suspicious  
You cause drama when you walk the streets, mama  
When you speak, the whole block stops, because you're hot, mama  
And everybody wants a woman like you  
So what's a brother like me to do? Dig and I'm into you  
Won't even let me flex witchu  
So what I gotta do to get next to you, huh?

[Chorus]