

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]