

Bedda at Home

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You're that kind
That turns my head and makes me look
Whoa whoa whoa uh uh uh...uh
You're the kind
That makes me pull single dollars
Out my pocket book, ooh baby
You're sexiness and vivacity makes me
Wanna cook my favorite recipe
And place it on your table, baby
Your intoxicating and so divine
You're the kind that stays on a sista's mind

And I know you'll think this is crazy
But, I got something better at home
Ooh whoo oo woo woo
Hey hey I got something better at home

He's the kind that breaks it down
And curls my toes, woo woo woo baby ow
He's the kind that loves my mind and feeds my soul
And I love it baby

His intellect and utter respect, makes me wanna grow
And be my best
And I know...
He loves his baby

He sense of self and silliness
Makes the hardest things
The simplest and I look but don't touch
Never know baby

Cause, I got something better at home
Ooh ohoo ooo
Cause, I got something better at home
Ooh ohh woo wooo

Baby I know you love me
And your love is wonderful
You help me feel free
I wont betray you unintentionally, or intentionally
I got you babe
You can rest your shoulders and sleep at night
Okay

Alright cause I know
Cause I Know know know,
I know, I got something better at home
Oh
I know I got something better at home
I know oh oooh woo woo wooo
I got something better at home
Ohhhhhh oohhhhhh