

The Real Thing

Jill Scott

You gotta do right by me, its mandatory baby
Sweeter than your favorite ice cream be,
bask in my glory baby
Don't play no games, that'll ruin thangs
And make me leave ya, or mistreat ya and you
don't want that
Don't hesitate, I could make you great
Like Cleopatra Jones I could set you straight

I'm the real thing, in stereo
I got a little highs, I got a little lows
Follow this, melodic flow
I could make it shine, I could make it glow

I'm more than a toy for your satisfaction
I'm a pay-per-view on your TV screen,
your main attraction
Your phosphorus, I'm your energy
When your lost, and you need some focus
come see me
I'll entice ya mind, I do it all the time
In the mornin', in the evenin',
when the doves cry
I can feed you gut, put you in a tub
When I turn it up, yeah brotha you know
what's up
A little bubbles and a body rub,
turn off the water (drip drip)
Don't think about dessert, I got enough
And a whole lot more to ggiivveee!

Glow Glow Glow...
When I turn it up, yeah brotha you know
what's up

Glow Glow Glow...

(oooooooooh)

[Chorus x2]