

## 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]