

# Love Spell

Masta Killa

[Intro: singer]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
And you can have anything  
Baby, if you roll with me  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

[Masta Killa]

Tell us, who is this refine black queen, eyes so innocent  
Vanilla cherry scented, can I get to know you?  
Let's exchange digits, slide, so we can pick it  
The night is almost over, here, but she know to the sofa  
Your place, or mines, she said "Mines'll be fine  
I rarely found the time to dine and unwind  
With working full time, you know, with school, partime  
Are you listening?" I said "Yes, love, I'm knowledging  
The ball game is on, kinda distracting my attention  
Not to ignore you, I didn't mean to bore  
Just thought I'd speak lessons, strive to listen more"  
My cheri amore, you make the heart skip a beating  
I miss your warm greeting, when we're not speaking  
How's L.A. for the weekend, sound?  
'Nuff deniro, shopping spree, Reserdero?  
Momma said never trust him, it's only logic  
I scope out every exit, and open and reposit

[Chorus: singer]

And you can have anything  
Baby, if you roll with me  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
I choose the best, but for myself  
That makes you my queen  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

[Masta Killa]

How beautiful is she, to have the God Degree ready  
Veggie stirred fried, with the cabbage inside  
Pretty feet, pretty hands, there she lie tanning  
Bending with the sand, I docked the yacht  
Stepped a shore, greeted the queen  
As only a king should, unvailed the hood  
Kneel as she stood, before me  
She spoke softly, but as, she stood naked  
With the bow-legged stance, so sexy  
Sweet temptation, look how the rain come down  
Your hormones pound, you moan with passion  
Uteris contracting, time for some action  
Cream rising, your breast at attention  
Who is the original man? Got your quoting  
Lookin' in the mirror, you ride, I hold it open  
Short long stroking to death... (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

[Chorus]

[Masta Killa]

And the drama stay major, I need a genie  
If you can hold away, then come and see me

I'm guaranteed to make it rain, every spring but ahh  
I know you love me, even when you cursing me out  
Waited up til the candles burnt out  
Ahhh -- please forgive me, I'm out here scrapin'  
Drapin' niggaz up, stackin' and takin'  
A whole lotta paper, it's gonna take years and years  
For me to express, the love elevation  
The hell we go through, gives me the motivation  
To get it right, makin' up at night  
It's all worth the aggrivation, black woman through you  
I'mma build me a nation, nation... Gods and Earths (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,  
yeah)

[Chorus]

[Outro: singer]

I choose the best, but for myself  
That makes you my queen  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Lovin' you, it looks so sweet  
So sexy, and still discrete  
Lovin' you, it looks so sweet  
So sexy, and still discrete