

# Jamaican Girl

Obie Trice

Call me baby, baby  
(She say)  
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(She say)

I just want you in my arms Obie  
Hold you till the morning Obie  
Know you got it going on Obie  
I don't hear what the rumbleclots say (She say)  
I just want you in my arms Obie  
Hold you till the morning Obie  
Know you got it going on Obie  
Sex and on that good love to me

She say she like em dark skinn-ded  
Not timid, wanna rumble in my loft is it  
Talk different, her walk's exscusite  
Switch is ridiculous, locks is twisted  
Like a block she said visit us  
Jamrock why don't you picture us, with  
Kids or whip, a ton of cannabis  
So I can can it on a cannoe  
Sippin coconuts like its a can of some brew  
I'm what she plan to hold on to (she say)

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Hold you till the morning Obie  
Know you got it going on Obie  
I don't hear what the rumbleclots say (She say)  
I just want you in my arms Obie  
Hold you till the morning Obie  
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Sex and on that good love to me

Haters wanna hate, hey no way, hey  
She'll slit ya throat, mess around with O  
She move a pound of coke, like brown with hopes  
Of being close to folk, if you clown ya poked  
No joke, murder she wrote, provoke me no a rotty  
Be a dead body, it be that dread hotty  
Me no know noone that more potty  
Down on her knees, up in the party to please my body (she say)

I just want you in my arms Obie  
Hold you till the morning Obie  
Know you got it going on Obie  
I don't hear what them rumbleclots say (She say)  
I just want you in my arms  
Till the break of dawn we can get it on Obie  
Ain't no need to prolong Obie  
Realest nigga on this song is Obie

Way she move, got me in her hypnotic ways

Her voice manuevers, got me thinking bout her day to day  
See I'm faced with beauty, there's nothing more for me to say  
Put on the dance floor and play with Obie  
And it's no cliché, O's great like the lake  
So she pon'd the river her way of doing the snake  
Jamaican God, make a true playa break  
Say it ain't so, ya truth is fate  
Incense lit when she's interested in insertion  
Any minute ya squirting, she gifted in  
Giving you the business, hurting em  
Plus she know that art of perversion (she say)

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I don't hear what the rumbleclots say (she say)  
I just want you in my arms Obie  
Hold you till the morning Obie  
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Sex and on that good love to me

Call me baby, baby (12x)