

Taste

Rick James

Yo, baby
Didn't I say please don't ask me questions about my life
My life's an open secret
It's in the songs I write
It's in the way I sing
It's how I feel
Let me break this down for you
See if you can really understand me

Everybody wants to know about my style and where I'm from
Born a beast set out for feast at early age when I was young
Mary Jane, my claim to fame was all about me having fun
And smoking in the sun

Money in my pockets while the woman came and they'd go
Seven cars in my backyard cause that the way I loved to roll
Curse the day I started with play on something that would break my fa
ll
Just getting high that's all

Looking for a taste of love
Just a sweet taste of love
Just a taste of love... that could be so nice, be so nice

On the street I have to meet a dame I thought was really fine
Took her home up to my crib and that's the time she blew my mind
Everything was cool until the day Five-O knocked on the door
They made me hit the floor

Tried me for abuse and all these other lies were in the press
All they wanted was for me to cop a plea and just confess
Years when I was down I proved that I not only passed the test
But God was on my side... looking for a taste of love

Just a taste of love... just a sweet taste of love
Just a taste of love... looking for a taste of love
Just a taste of love... that would be so nice, be so nice

Just a taste of love... just a sweet taste of love
Just a taste of love... just a sweet taste of love
Just a taste of love... looking for a taste of love
That would be so nice, be so nice

Had it all baby... done it all... seen it all... I still see
It's all about love
And God is love baby
Have him in your life