

# Keep Your Hands

Sylver

I saw you looking with hungry eyes  
Thinking 'bou a free ticket to paradise  
But listen up, I got news for you  
He my lover, he my boo

He's so sweet, a natural high  
All dressed up, looking fly  
You won't succeed, now that's for sure  
'cause I can give him so much more

I know your kind, what goes on in your mind  
You can't have your own, so you want mine

Keep your hands of my man  
Keep your hands of my man  
The boy is mine, don't you understand  
Don't even question, don't even try  
The boy is mine, and don't cha deny  
Don't even question, don't even try  
The boy is mine!

I saw you talking all that jazz  
But you ain't got no style, no class  
Listen up, newsflash for you:  
He my lover, he my boo

He's my soldier, dressed to kill  
Never let's me pay the bill  
It's not going down, that's for sure  
I know his sweet spot, yeah, right there

I know your kind, what goes on in your mind  
You can't have your own, so you want mine

You're wasting your time  
His love is all in me  
You're wasting your time  
You're a fool, can't you see

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The boy is mine!  
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