

# Appetite

Usher

Wifey home, wedding band I'm a lucky man,  
You'd think I'd be satisfied and truthfully yes I am,  
But lately, only late at night I find it hard to sleep,  
Stay struggling with the part of me that wants to run the streets,  
My Mac is in my backpack, I'm surfing on the sites,  
I'm chatting, this ain't cheating, just telling myself a lie,  
And it's almost like I'm caught up and living another life,  
Man I'm hungry for something, I need to feed this appetite

Tempted I must confess, but I better not make a mess,  
Better give my girl my best put my b.s. under arrest,  
cuz I love my lady,  
Fellas if ya love your girl fight that appetite for the ladies, appetite for  
the ladies,  
Coulda picked up the phone, could of ended up doing wrong,  
Man I miss home, but I ate my dinner at home, cuz I love my lady,  
Fellas if ya love your girl fight that appetite for the ladies, appetite for  
the ladies

I'm not trying to be late, rush through security gates,  
With weather in Atlanta, all out going flights delayed,  
No rooms left in the Mandarin, I gotta figure out a play,  
Sparked up some conversation, she was going the same way,  
We started talking business, she handed me a card,  
We exchanged information, I rented me a car,  
While I'm driving she calling, I'm thinking this is how it starts,  
Fine as hell but I don't wanna break my baby's heart, no nonooo.

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They call me U.S.H.E.R R.A.Y.M.O.N.D,  
and I just wanna do right by my lady,  
But lately I been slippin up, fantasies bout dimes on the side,  
dark tint on my ride, I gotta 10 in ride, I can hide,  
I can't lie lie, but ever since I put that band on my hand,  
More and more chicks trying to get at me,  
then I don't know what to do,  
Just trying to handle my grown man B.I,  
Got a girl I don't want to lose, I don't want to lose,  
Break her heart, I do want to do, I don't want to be that fool,  
make that move,  
Bend them a bit, but never break the rules, bend a bit but never break the r  
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She got the door locked, and the lock don't fit, your key,  
Yah you punching up her numbers in the ADT,  
You'll be wondering how the hell I let this happen to me,  
Better not feed feed feed that appetite,  
Now your baby's gone, you putting out an APB  
And some other brother, been tossing up your PYT  
Get caught slippin you gone wish you would of listened to meeee,  
Brother don't feed feed feed that appetite.

Usher Usher Ussshh