

My Hubby Lit

Chrisette Michele

Pick up your sneakers baby
They're all over our home, yeah
No they don't drive me crazy
I'm trying your nerves

If everything is perfect, and it kinda is
What will I tell my friends
'Cause they ain't never heard of, of
A really good man, uh

I got one and (Oh I got one yeah) yeah he's the shit
This my song (This my song) to celebrate him
I got one and he's chocolate (I do)
My hubby lit

(I got one) I got one and yeah he's the shit (Ooh yeah)
This my song to celebrate him (Ooh)
I got one and he's chocolate
My hubby lit

I don't hardly see him
He running businesses, yeah
And when I really see him, yeah
He taking me on trips, yes he is

All these orange boxes
He act like I'm a queen
I mean 'cause I am, you know
All these red bottoms
My baby spy on me, oh, ah

I got one and yeah he's the shit (Yeah I got one)
This my song to celebrate him (This my song)
I got one and he's chocolate
My hubby lit

(I got one) I got one and yeah he's the shit
This my song to celebrate him
I got one and (Oh yeah he's chocolate) He's chocolate
My hubby lit (My hubby lit)

Girls be complaining about their man
I feel guilty 'cause my man lit
He's so sweet and he's so into me
Here's my song to celebrate him

Girls, they be complaining
Oh he's so sweet
Here's my song, here's my song

I got one and yeah he's the shit
This my song to celebrate him
I got one and he's chocolate (He chocolate)
My hubby lit

I got one and yeah he's the shit (Yes I do)
This my song to celebrate him (I celebrate)

I got one and he's chocolate
My hubby lit (My hubby lit, my hubby lit)
My hubby lit
And so is his girl, don't forget