

Honeycomb

9th Prince

Boy you're something..
You give me something, got me so high
(You my Honeycomb)

Aiyyo, aiyyo
We can make love from midnight to sunshine
5'6'' with brown eyes, a ghetto love I analyze
No more fantasize, she caught me by surprise
Like the attacks, a terrorist bombing, against American allies
Thin waist, nice thighs, brown sugar, ya love got me high
Stimulate mothers and daughters, sisters and wives
Woman got 9 lives, from New York to Ocean Drive
You a part of my life, it's much deeper than just being my wife
Grocery shopping at Shop Rite, giving me stares on spotlight
I got a "Love Jones" for pretty poems
Your voice massage my ears, on touch tone phones
"Honeycombs" and lead bones, she respect my gangster like Al Capone
Come enter my zone, my bedroom's my throne, get ya back blown
9th Prince like Aaliyah "Rockin' Ya Boat"
'til you can't moan, I'm touchin' ya bone
Man in the wilderness, only ya love can heal this
Real people feel this, you got the cure for my "Sickness"
A little wickedness got me curious
Baby girl I'm serious, ain't nuttin' delirious
I'm furious like the streets of Los Angeles
She stayed away from the scandalous

12 o'clock midnight, candle-light dinner
Good girl pretender got a ass like Brenda
Sex and champagne on the agenda
Hit it by the fire-place in the winter
Breakin' down ya walls and ya center of ya body
Seen you at the Roxy
Girlfriend callin' me ice-man 'cause my chain is icy
It shines real bright in the light
Call up Reverend Run, we gettin' married tonight
You see me up at cheetahs, mingling with the stars
Let's take a stroll in the park, hold hands
Get our freak on while we on the monkey bars
She knows one day I'ma blow
I be strokin' to our favorite song on the radio
Victoria Secret flow
You smell like a red-rose, Bacardi and Alize
Ya love got me drunker than a whino, we can make our own pornos
She posed, no clothes, representin' Mahogany Queen
Still not a ho yo, you my "Honeycomb"

[Hook - to fade w/ variations]