

Control

Akon

Type of body that she always want flaunt it
If she give it to me, I will never not want it
She's hot as a ghetto but I won't drop it
If she give it to me, I must stay silent
But I can't stay silent
Cos for your body
I go to the Congo, to the Kilago
Keeping it fresh and my dough
Buy everything about you colossal

You dey set my soul on fire
The things you do dey sha me laya
27/4 I no dey tire
True talk, not a liar

Control
Baby gimme control, yeah
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Gotta learn to keep your hands outta my pocket
If I give you money then I gotta get profit
True businessman, them call it
And if you have any problems, I must solve it
Girl let me be the one you call
Get someone in my life to marry
Don't worry about anything at all
You type of bag that I want to carry

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Na your body wey dey burst up my head, oh
You be lady for street but a freak for my bed, oh
I no go leave you go always dey my side
Them no go put asunder no matter how dem try
Baby revolution
turn me on

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Come on, come on, come on, come on to me, girl, eh

Roll on, ...