

# True Romance

Chris Webby

I can't tell if I love you baby

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I don't know if I should take that chance

'Cause even though you drive me crazy

I can't seem to stay out of yo' pants

So you could be my lady

And I'ma be yo' tramp

Yeah you out on the run

Intoxicated by the true romance, that true romance, ay

Faded off that true romance, that true romance, ay

So high from the true romance, that true romance, ay

Ban on that true romance, that true romance, ay

You drive me nuts with that catnip girl

Lay you down on that mattress girl

Saw that ass and I knew I had to have it girl

Quit playin' games, you ain't Katniss, girl

Sex until it's early like you just ain't got no worries

You and me out on the run, you my Alabama Worley

I'm gettin' a rubber and then I'ma fuck her

From what I've heard I'm a hell of a lover

A bit of a dog I guess, ay

Shout out to all of my eskimo brothers I'm showin' you what I discovered in  
yoga

Hittin' that pussy in lots of ways

Now we're doggin' turn you over, till you screamin', "Namaste"

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It's that true romance I, feel like I'm so damn high

Rub my fingers down yo' spine and grab you by yo' tan lines

I got a dirty mind, I can't clean it up

Listen girl, you just really gotta teach me what you really want

So I know how to beat it up

No need to be shy with the freaky stuff

Baby I don't want the key to your heart

I want you up in the back seat of my car

I'm not like all guys that you meet at the bar

Come to my world you'll be back by tomorrow

Singin', "Aw, nah, hell nah, y'all been up and gunnin' now"

And I don't gotta be your boyfriend, let's just fuck around because

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