

# True Romance

Chris Webby

I can't tell if I love you baby

I can't tell if I love you baby  
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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