

Real Body

D Smoke

Keep it up, I can't get enough of you, that's your real body, uh
That's your real body, uh, that's your real body, uh, that's your real body,
uh

Keep it up, you won't see enough of me, that's your real body, uh
That's your real body, uh, that's your real body

Told you they only imperfections

That's why when I address you, it's only respect you

Got a story to tell

Every scar, every line on your hips is only hieroglyphs

I'm reading your walls, I'm beating your odds

I couldn't help but notice that little oval-shaped birthmark on your hip

Or that mole located over your lip

I could overdose on you and go comatose and be a few hours late to everywhere I gotta go

You the genuine article like a diamond made out of coal

Plus inside, you got a heart of gold

I could try to find every blemish and erase it

But I'd rather trace it

I promise I'm not impatient

Everything but your heart is entirely naked

Got you under a microscope, I'm fully focused

Eliminated all distractions and integrated all our passion, we finally made it

And now for the conversation, listen

Keep it up, I can't get enough of you, that's your real body, uh

That's your real body, uh, that's your real body, uh, that's your real body,
uh

Keep it up, you won't see enough of me, that's your real body, uh

That's your real body, uh, that's your real body (That's my real body, yeah)

Thighs mimic strawberries

Ripe for the right picking

Rolls for your Thanksgiving

Full C, nappy, Hi-C drinking

Hit your stroke, boy, and go'n to me

Feel good to have no fear

Love it when you are near

Really, baby, fuck on me

Okay

Keep it up, I can't get enough of you, that's your real body, uh

That's your real body, uh, that's your real body, uh, that's your real body,
uh

Keep it up, you won't see enough of me, that's your real body, uh

That's your real body, uh, that's your real body

Ah, ah

Mind if I go again?

I see your stripes and you earned 'em from fluctuation

I can't wait to grip up, that's enough to play with

We gon' knock off that stress, I know how your day went

And I love when you top me

Lookin' down like, "Damn, that shit sloppy"

I'm a nigga, but damn, I be papi

You don't get it, but I talk that shit 'cause you love to hear it
Understand la panocha 'ta abierta
Tiramela pa' 'tras si estaría sé por
Te comeré la caja como un cerdo
Pero I'm a dog, seré tú perro
Supa

I want your real body
(This a real body)
I want your real body
I want your real body (This a real body)