Forgive me, I'm too sexy in the morning time
Talking bout he gotta go, but he wanna stay and grind
Forgive me, I'm too sexy in the morning time
Knowing that he gotta go, but he wanna stay and grind

I'm sorry for being so fly
I didn't mean to row by
And catch the eye Of Your Guy
You know I keep em up rock like coke and bakin soda
That's why I'm taking over
He's mine but she can't get I'm off the sofa
Plus I'm the closest thing to Oprah
Billionaire shit, plus I got that fire chocha, that's no lie
I put my number in his Motorola, and since then it's been over
So apologies in order
I'm just hoping you...

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I'm wondering if I should tell him yes
I know his girl hating on me but she better rest
I know she wishing that I chill, I'mma let her sweat
Cause now she study in my office like Belachick
I'm a victim of high life, somebody gonna fizz
It cost a lot of bread just to get me out of bed
And I know that he be trying but he can't get me out his head
Killing em is a crime but remember when I said to...

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You know you sexy in the morning You know what's right feels nice when it started He never leave 'cause your body keep calling Pick the squeeze but he can't stop stalling (Again)

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