

Call Me Habibi

Faydee

He calls me his habibi
His little secret
Tell me that he'll keep it
That he needs it

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Slow the pace, prize the taste
Got me belly dancing 'round your place
Be your genie, motivate
Eyes on me, hands on waist

Appelle-moi: " Mon amour "
J'ai eu besoin de toi toujours
Il n'y a pas de concours
Plus jamais mon amour

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My girl bad, she can get it in the worse way
I like the way she get mad, it's a good thing
Break that beat, shake it up like an earthquake
Wild thoughts every time that she's with me
She said, "Give me all your love"
Because I can't get enough

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