

# 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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