

Delusional

Little Brother

Man, Tay.. Bout time y'all came out as y'all man
I told you Georgia Ave., they be POPPIN' shawty
You don't e'en know, be a rack of broads out this joint from high
ykahmsayin?
They bring 'em from all over, ykahmsayin? And good wit that bop
You know what it is doe, mama sauce and chicken wangs
It ain't a thang huh man, let's go..

Uh, she got that thang about her
The type of thang that make a nigga wanna sang about her
and when he sang, the whole crowd sang along about her
And when he get off the stage, he gon kick off his A's and tell his mom about
t her
So single and carefree, all the ballas willing to pay like a hairpiece
But she don't want no drama 'bout her
Cause when she get a man, that nigga understand
he walkin through the mall wit his arm around her
I used to see her in the back of my mind, all the various times
and be like, "Damn, mama!"; even my grandfather
say you was the marryin kind, not conceited
She just act stuck-up, to we not the fuck-ups
Cause to her it's more important, like the old folks say
"Boy it's more than courtin' when the seasons change
Then you need to change, and she be your umbrella in the freezin rain"
Now do your thang, mama

The, way you walk
The, way you're talkin to me
Got me de-luuuuuusional
(Just want you to know you're, very special)
The, way you walk
The, way you're talkin to me
Got me de-luuuuuusional
(And I wanna sing a song about youuuuuu)

You talkin good young'n
I mean I'm hearin all the things like you talkin somethin
I mean I'm hearin what you sayin and the things you wantin
Sayin I could give 'em to you, ain't no need in frontin'
You was stuck on the image, you ain't seen me comin
Work hard for everything, you don't see me stuntin
Pooh a whole runt here that won't catch me ?buttin?
I said all that to really say this young'n
You're worth more than a dime
See you everyday but it's not enough time
I'm a wordsmith, couldn't find the right lines
Beauty's skin deep, call the goods behind the blinds
Point them other niggaz to the back of the line
Now I'm thinkin change, couple carats in your future
Glass window-stained, at the summertime spot where the couples hang
Gettin ahead of myself, girl do ya thang
Gon do ya thang, gon do it..

Where it said looks don't matter turned a blind eye to beauty
A thin waistline and a giant wide booty
Lemme keep it conscious, I'm diggin on a cutie
who's doin sumthin to me, not a floozy wit da NA-AHH

Back on that ig'nant, forget Miss Amurrican
The universe spittin this here for Miss Thickness
So D.C. - so polite and chocolate-dury
Young'n on The Ave., got me sites the goddess..

She's the one, you call on when you need a friend (need a friend)
And EVERY-body wants to know her naaaaaame
When you're down and out, she let you hold a twenty to Friday
(Every first day from tennnn)
Miss Sexy Girl, just want you to come my way, ohhhh-hhh, yeah

[Chorus]