

Jamaican Girl

Obie Trice

Call me baby, baby
(She say)
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(She say)

I just want you in my arms Obie
Hold you till the morning Obie
Know you got it going on Obie
I don't hear what the rumbleclots say (She say)
I just want you in my arms Obie
Hold you till the morning Obie
Know you got it going on Obie
Sex and on that good love to me

She say she like em dark skinn-ded
Not timid, wanna rumble in my loft is it
Talk different, her walk's exscusite
Switch is ridiculous, locks is twisted
Like a block she said visit us
Jamrock why don't you picture us, with
Kids or whip, a ton of cannabis
So I can can it on a cannoe
Sippin coconuts like its a can of some brew
I'm what she plan to hold on to (she say)

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Haters wanna hate, hey no way, hey
She'll slit ya throat, mess around with O
She move a pound of coke, like brown with hopes
Of being close to folk, if you clown ya poked
No joke, murder she wrote, provoke me no a rotty
Be a dead body, it be that dread hotty
Me no know noone that more potty
Down on her knees, up in the party to please my body (she say)

I just want you in my arms Obie
Hold you till the morning Obie
Know you got it going on Obie
I don't hear what them rumbleclots say (She say)
I just want you in my arms
Till the break of dawn we can get it on Obie
Ain't no need to prolong Obie
Realest nigga on this song is Obie

Way she move, got me in her hypnotic ways

Her voice manuevers, got me thinking bout her day to day
See I'm faced with beauty, there's nothing more for me to say
Put on the dance floor and play with Obie
And it's no cliché, O's great like the lake
So she pon'd the river her way of doing the snake
Jamaican God, make a true playa break
Say it ain't so, ya truth is fate
Incense lit when she's interested in insertion
Any minute ya squirting, she gifted in
Giving you the business, hurting em
Plus she know that art of perversion (she say)

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Call me baby, baby (12x)