

April 7

Russ

It's you
You that I been waiting for, you
Feeling things I never felt before, you
Didn't know if life was real, but I'm sure
It's you (You)
You that I been waiting for, you (You)
Feeling things I never felt before, you (You)
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Midwest girl, she nice and sweet
Barely a inch over five-foot-three
You religious, but you Christian
When you kneel down, keep your eyes on me
Out in the Caribbean, we island-hop
Hit it till you twitch like Kai Cenat
Skin on skin and glad I listened
To my heart when it sang out your name
Nothing was the same
You riding with me
I Fendi'd your feet
FaceTime, we on call
You wearing my drawers
My hoodies and sweats
I'll give you my best
'Cause it's you

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When you with me, leave your wallet at home
When you be calling my phone, I still light up
Every time I take you shopping, I'm blowing a couple thousand
Or more, and the clothes pile up
'Cause I love spoiling my baby
Jet to Colorado was eighty
You were a wreck when you wrecked your car
So I bought you a new Mercedes (Oh)
When I see you, girl, I'm looking at a flower
You spray a little Miss Dior out the shower
My inner child throws a party with you
Know I get annoying, girl, sorry, it's you
Part of me that never got to come out much
Is free at last, girl, I'm happy that you found us
I don't know what it is 'bout you
It's just you

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