

Keep Your Hands

Sylver

I saw you looking with hungry eyes
Thinking 'bou a free ticket to paradise
But listen up, I got news for you
He my lover, he my boo

He's so sweet, a natural high
All dressed up, looking fly
You won't succeed, now that's for sure
'cause I can give him so much more

I know your kind, what goes on in your mind
You can't have your own, so you want mine

Keep your hands of my man
Keep your hands of my man
The boy is mine, don't you understand
Don't even question, don't even try
The boy is mine, and don't cha deny
Don't even question, don't even try
The boy is mine!

I saw you talking all that jazz
But you ain't got no style, no class
Listen up, newsflash for you:
He my lover, he my boo

He's my soldier, dressed to kill
Never let's me pay the bill
It's not going down, that's for sure
I know his sweet spot, yeah, right there

I know your kind, what goes on in your mind
You can't have your own, so you want mine

You're wasting your time
His love is all in me
You're wasting your time
You're a fool, can't you see

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