If I had to write a list
Of all the things I can't resist
I'd write you
No one's made me feel like this
Call me out on all my shit
Until you

Girl you know that you're so fly
Where'd you come from (And I)
Excuse me miss (And I)
It's girls like you
Didn't know that y'all exist
Done playing games
Really want to give you my last name oh

Cause I think you just might be Mrs. Garland And I'd be crazy not to put a ring on it

There's no make up, in sweats
And she's still the baddest chick
In my room
When she flashes me that smile
So spontaneous and wild
Man I'm through

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I really want to give you my last name oh

Cause I think you just might be Mrs. Garland And I'd be crazy not to put a ring on it

So what you talkin' 'bout Let's go Get a bible girl Let's roll Get you a white dress You know you know you know Let's hit the chapel what you say?

Girl I can't explain the way that you Explain what you be doing to me Just give me your hand I'm waiting on your answer We could spend forever ok

Cause I think you just might be Mrs. Garland And I'd be crazy not to put a ring on it Cause I think you just might be Mrs. Garland And I'd be crazy not to put a ring on it

So what you talkin' 'bout

Let's go
Get a bible girl
Let's roll
Get you a white dress
You know you know you know
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Girl you know that you're so fly And I  $\label{eq:condition} \mbox{And I}$