

Girl I Can't Help It

Tyrese

Yeah, it's like that
Yeah, yo, yo, yo, yo
Yo, we'll hit yall baby
Ya'll want to dance
It's gettin' serious
Well I'ma make ya dance
Ya'll want to move
Well I'ma make ya move
Tyrese, come on

It's about three o'clock in the mornin' (Uh huh)
But the party just really gettin' started (Say what?)
Everybody in the club been drinkin' (Uh huh)
And nobody in the club's still thinkin' (Come on)
Whoa, and ya come walkin' by me up in the V.I., I'm singin'
Whoa (Yeah) how can I not be expected to get at cha

I'm not tryin' to piss you off
But I can't leave you alone
Cause I want you babe
I want to give it to you
I want to be the only man
And maybe later on
You'll come with me to my home
And get on with it
But for now it's gettin' late baby
So if I sound crazy baby

Don't mind me baby, I'm just talkin'
Girl I can't help it, girl I can't help it
But when you walked by, just had to touch your body
Girl I can't help it, girl I can't help it
You're lookin' so good, you're lookin' so fine
I just had to know what you feel like
Sorry if a nigga made your man look, shorty
Girl I can't help it, girl I can't help it

Chill out girl, the club is crowded
So somebody gon' rub up against your body (ooh)
Anyway, what the hell did you come for (Ha ha)
Up in the air with them little bitty shorts on (Ya'll sing it)
Whoa ain't no reason this can't work out for everybody
Whoa 'cause you came with your girls and I came with my homies

(This the part I like right here)
Don't take it as a disrespect
Feeling good in the party
And girl I can't help myself (Not me)
Somebody else is goin' touch your body, baby
So I just had to beat him to the punch, baby
Cause I want to feel you

Yeah, yeah yo
I pulls up in my old four Benzy
Step out V.I.P. in a frenzy
Everything look hot, I'm on it
Pimp like me, makes sense, don't it?

(Whoa) I don't mean no disrespect, but damn shorty
(Whoa) I'm sayin', I just want to touch your body
Smile, you can't mind me, I'm in a world of my own
Left my chrome in my home I'm just tryin' to get dome
See me all bottled up, you all modeled up
And we followed up these chicks when they want be swallowed up
I'm like (whoa) still I moves with the crowd
Can't even hear what I'm sayin' 'cause the music is loud
It's like (whoa) what, whatever works
Easy street from the jump, if I smile though I smirk

So So Def

Tyrese

JD

K-Slim Callabo, holla