

The Body (feat. Jeremih)

Wale

Baby you got a body like a Benz
And I'm just tryna drive it once again
Baby you got a body like a Benz
And I'm just tryna drive it once again Shawty can I be your tank, yeah
I start of with that "What you drinkin'?"
Pardon if I'm road raging
But I know you heard my drive is crazy
Yeah, let me pace that, with some patience
Let me do it till I fill every void
You're like a Maybach, thinking damn, they ain't even make 'em like you no more
It's like a high beam gleaming through your eye (bling)
I can door you up, baby suicide
A little wordplay, I'm hoping I can make you smile
Least until I'm out of line like a DUI
Girl you remind me of my Jeep
Can I see what's up with that G-Wagon
Can I take you off of these streets
To the side of me, I'm tryna see your hazards
Tryna be with the baddest, won't be the fastest
Gotta make it last, I hope you comfortable
I need to get to you, you're like a 62
A little work, then it's curtains when I'm skrrtin' through
Came through in the brew, tryna leave in the coupe
That mean I gots a few, but I believe in you
Tryna chase the cat, know I'm killin' the dog
You ain't feeling me naw, that mean I don't need the roof
You remind me of my Jeep, I wanna ride it
You something like my car
I got the keys to them, I need the keys to you You put on a show, you don't need no clothes
Give me little bit more, always take it slow
I know you don't wanna stop, I'm tryna make it go
Now speed it up like a Maserati, and look at me and pose
Baby you got a body like a Benz
And I'm just tryna drive it once again
Baby you got a body like a Benz
And I'm just tryna drive it once again
A good woman is scarce to us
And I wasn't prepared to love
And it sound crazy, but your miles crazy
I'm just here cause your character good (truth be told)
A good nigga is rare to her (truth be told)
You heard it all but hear this love

One night with dude, I be the reason you cute
So let me know am I clear enough, yeah wassup
Way I, way I, that's the way I think
Shawty straight like, a concert on Bay Orange street
In the morning I slide over, she needs a ride I'm like
"Tight, let's keep it AMG"
Slidin' down, precipitating is straight
Top down, let me kiss your physique
I'm diggin' your flee, I'm checkin' your gear
Can tell you had a good year, spent a grip on your feet
She like when I drive it, I like it in park
Pull that thing over you likely to sore
I got her floating like riding on stars
So I keep it GPS, see where this going
Nothing will stop it, I slide in no problem
Ch-ch-chop it, my swipe your parts
Sections her weapon, my snake in her garden
So know when I'm not here the viper is on You put on a show, you don't need no clothes
Give me little bit more, always take it slow
I know you don't wanna stop, I'm tryna make it go
Now speed it up like a Maserati, and look at me and pose
Baby you got a body like a Benz
And I'm just tryna drive it once again
Baby you got a body like a Benz
And I'm just tryna drive it once again (Baby you got a body like a Benz
And I'm just tryna drive it once again
Baby you got a body like a Benz
And I'm just tryna drive it once again)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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