

Bobby Valentino, Tell Me Remix

[Bobby Valentino talking (Lil' Wayne)]

Bobby Valentino

[Bobby Valentino laughs]

(Ya back son)

Ah ayyo Tim drop that beat for me

[Lil' Wayne]

Hey slide over here and talk to the boy

What are you drinking? I'ma buy the bar

I was just thinking of seeing you tomorrow

Waking up with no panties, no bra

I ain't being nasty, I'm just being for real

Let me take off my belt and give you the whip appeal

Yeah you hear about what I do in the streets

But you gon' love what I do in the sheets

Ha!

[Bobby Valentino]

Say baby what's your story?

You got the goods it's plain to see

The kind that'll keep a brotha on his knees

And I'm so curious

After the club, hang out with me

Valentino is sure to please

For now, let's have a Apple Martini

And get to know each other

[Chorus]

Ooh ma tell me

How did you get that in those jeans?

The way you popping in, it's killing me

Look over here, come follow me

Tell me

How did you get that in those jeans?

The way you dropping in, it's killing me

I'll meet you in the VIP

[Bobby Valentino]

Ooh you sizzling, let me lay you on the floor

I'm a bad boy, just thought i'd let you know

These are the thoughts running through my mind

Cause I'm so curious yeah

Couple more shots then we out the door

Speed off in the coupe cause there's more in store

Can't wait till I pull in my driveway girl

Can tell by now I want you yeah

[Break]

You's a sexy thing

Ooh what's your name

Cause, you're the finest thing that walked in the club

Your girls, they don't compare to

You, can't help but stare at you

Let's make a toast to the good life

[Chorus (Lil' Wayne)]

Ooh lord tell me

How did you get that in those jeans?

The way you popping in, it's killing me

Look over here, come follow me

Tell me

How did you get that in those jeans? (I got you pimp)

The way you dropping in, it's killing me (It's ya baby, baby, ha!)

I'll meet you in the VIP

[Lil Wayne]

Fly for a baby, eyes all hazy
Izod maybe off the apest bathing
Ride with a gangsta, we high whether weather be
Precious like ya face so heavenly
I'm thanking God like I better be
You know I'm very street
And if we get caught, you can be my accessory
Access to the condo in Miami
Have breakfast on the floor, butt naked we tanning
But, I'm too dark to tan
Mama, pardon ya man
Let me spark while I can, you know
Now you got my eyes following the places you go
I'm caught up in ya vibe tryna kick it like judo
Luda outta town I got the keys to the true dough
And we ain't gotta tell no one about the things you know
You know, holla at a G though
I'm probably out wilding with Bobby Valentino

[Break]

You's a sexy thing
Ooh what's your name
Cause, you're the finest thing that walked in the club
Your girls, they don't compare to
You, can't help but stare at you
Let's make a toast to the good life

[Chorus]

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