

# Rochelle, You Got Something

I know you ain't him  
You don't stack millions  
You ain't got fancy things  
No pain on your skin  
But you got something  
That make me body sing

Midnights and mornings  
You got me thinking about us  
You got me blushing when we kiss and touch  
And I'm feeling love for

You got a something making me weak  
You got a something I'm on my knees  
You got a something revving me up  
I'm feeling something deep in my body

You got magic hands  
You got a temper  
You got a temperament  
You got fire  
They don't understand  
Might be a bad boy  
That's why I want you bad

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