

Usher, Lemme See (feat. Rick Ross)

Usher, baby
I hear you, yeah
Rock with me
Fuck with me

Hey girl, I'm debating if I should take you home
Should I take you home?
I don't mean to keep you waiting
But I just gotta know
If you're ready

She says she wanna take her skirt off
Be my guest!
I decided to take my shirt off
And show my chest!
And we been sipping on that Merlot
So you know what's next
Working intermissions, switching positions
We so explicit oh!

You've been saying all night long
That you couldn't wait to get me all alone
What you gon' do to me
Don't talk about it, be about it
Let me see, let me see, let me see
Girl, I can't wait to get you home
Talk a good game mate, come on
Holler 'bout what you gon' do to me
Don't talk about it, be about it
Let me see, let me see, let me see

I'll be anticipating
What you would do to me
What you gon' do to me
Sex, babe, education
Hands on when you're with me
Give your heart to me, yeah

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[Rick Ross:]
Got on all my ice, talkin' cash shit
Been balling all my life, Lamborghini's, fast whips
She down to ride and
Deserves a boss who down to provide
We run the streets but on G5's, I'm talkin' fly

Boots and blue jeans, Cartier, newer rings
You with a big boy, so we do the big things
Had the valley parkey, Chanel hoodie on
Looking like Trayvon Martin, George Zimmerman on warning
She on my morning poster,
So rocking my mimosa
I'm ballin' like LeBron,
We shoppin' in Milan
The 458 Ferrari, I park it on the lawn
I let em eat my tongue,
She blew up like a bomb
The sex is so explosive, her stuff is supersonic
She my new addiction, I swear I'm through with chronic
Rozay and Usher Raymond, girl we the hottest
Rocking the most ice, I said we the hottest

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