

I Gotta Have It

The way you look you make it hard to look away
The way you move, just like a shaker full of Tanqueray
You got that make, you got that vibe, you got that style
You got that taste that makes a man go wild
Your fire's burnin' through me, I can't get enough
Your bubbles really blur me
I'm flyin' high you got me tripped up like a drug

(chorus)

I gotta have it, I gotta have it, I gotta have it, I gotta have it
I gotta have it, I gotta have it, I gotta have it, I gotta have it

You got me stung feels like my head's up in a haze
Fill me with poison then you suck the venom from my veins
Feel like an addict down here crawlin' for you
A bit dramatic 'bout ya, I'm a fanatic 'bout ya
Your sexy curves are toxic with a sugar rim
I'm prayin just for one sip
Call up the preacher honey I'm about to sin

(repeat chorus)

The room is spinnin' everything is upside down
Too deep in it there's no way that I can turn around
You're in my blood as thick as mud what can I do
You're fine, fine, fine, fine
Your fire's burnin' through me, I can't get enough
Your bubbles really blur me
I'm flyin' high you got me tripped up like a drug

(repeat chorus)

*Written by Frankie Moreno
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