

Up In Your Heart (feat. Gucci Mane) [Clean Edit]

Sean Garrett

Lyrics :(Bangladesh)

Once again I call Gucci, it's ya nikka Sean Garrett

(Gucci!)

I call my nigga Gucci, came through for Sean Garrett Girl it's obvious ya body wanna do something ta me

And ye - ye - yes it's obvious I'm tryna get you over here ta me

(Gucci!)

Girl I won't play witcha head I wanna get up in ya heart

Girl I won't play witcha head I wanna get up in ya heart

Girl - gir- gir - girl I won't play witcha head I wanna get up in ya heart

Girl I won't play witcha head I wanna get up in ya heart

Na na na - na na now you wonderin just why I like to wear a wyfe beata

Why I wear a wyfe beater, why *huh* I like to beat her

When I seen her she just like the way that nikka Sean treat her

I don't hit her wit no fists, shawty you know how I feed her

She say "go deep", I go deeper

I don't preach, I just please ya

If you know women like I know women ya better get up in em

Make em raise up they antennas

Better know just where to kiss em

She just might say "Hold up, stop. I mean like *huh* are you forreal??" Girl it's obvious ya body wanna do something ta me

And ye - ye - yes it's obvious I'm tryna get you over here ta me

Girl I won't play witcha head I wanna get up in ya heart

Girl I won't play witcha head I wanna get up in ya heart

Girl - gir- gir - girl I won't play witcha head I wanna get up in ya heart

Girl I won't play witcha head I wanna get up in ya heart

She loves me, she loves you not cause I got whatchu do not got

I let her shop until she drop and when she drop I get on top

Brrr....Brrrr

I call her mother nature, she call me Jack Frost or call me Gucci Mane the Glacier

(Woww)

Baby whats ya zodiac?

Pisces, I can roll with that

I'm rushin through her veins it's an attack on her cardiac

Red Diamonds in the club, Ace of Spade from the start

And since I'm the King of Kings she can be my Queen of Hearts

(Gucci!) Girl it's obvious ya body wanna do something ta me

And ye- ye - yes it's obvious I'm tryna get you over here ta me

Girl I won't play witcha head I wanna get up in ya heart

Girl I won't play witch a head I wanna get up in ya heart
Girl - gir- gir - girl I won't play witch a head I wanna get up in ya heart
Girl I won't play witch a head I wanna get up in ya heartYup...yup...I still mob in my black tee
She sleepin in my black tee and under it no panties
And she ain't gotta cook in there but money in the pantry
When company round she classy but when they gone she nastyYou gotta grip on the handle
bars wit no clothes on
And you niggas wonder why you can't keep ya girl home
(Yupp)
Young pimpin still kicken that same clear shit while I'm given your chick this real loveGirl it's
obvious ya body wanna do something ta me
And ye - ye - yes it's obvious I'm tryna get you over here ta me
Girl I won't play witch a head I wanna get up in ya heart
Girl I won't play witch a head I wanna get up in ya heart
Girl - gir- gir - girl I won't play witch a head I wanna get up in ya heart
Girl I won't play witch a head I wanna get up in ya heartBaby he thought I was amateur, told
him next time he played witch o heart I was taking yo ass
Now I'm taken yo -- girl you need attention and trust
I pay attention, one thing you ain't been gettin is love
And imma love yaaaaaaaaaaaaaGirl I won't play witch a head I wanna get up in ya heart
Girl I won't play witch a head I wanna get up in ya heart
Girl - gir- gir - girl I won't play witch a head I wanna get up in ya heart
Girl I won't play witch a head I wanna get up in ya heart

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>