

Baby Got Something – EMERALD

Hanging out, all about, main street. Late one night, with nothing to do.
Same old night, in the same place. The only thing that's missing, is you.

I guess, I don't really know, why I'm standing here.
Ain't nothing good, that happens, it seems.
Picking through a crowd, to get me outta this place.
That's when, you walked yourself, right in to me.

In to me....

I think I got something, to say to you. If I could only, stand there and speak.
I think I got something, to give to you. I think, that you got, something I need.

I'm not, the type of person, that talks too much.
It's hard to make, the words that I mean.
Not the sorta kind, that lie to be tough.
Not the kinda one, who's gonna waste what we got.
A long time painted, with the same old brush.
And that special little something between.

Baby got something, my baby got something. Baby got, something for me.
You got that something.

Baby got something, my baby got something. Baby got, something I need.
You got, something for me.

You got something.
Baby got something, my baby got something. Baby got, something for me.
Baby got something.