

The Mood

Arin Ray

Baby
We been wildin'
All over the bedroom
Guess we chose violence
Over something
Say baby, ouu
We been wildin'
All over the bedroom

(Ou ou ouuuu)
All these nasty words
This that and the third
(Ooouuu)
Ouu she talkin' dirty
Angel on the earth
(Ooouuu)
Issa mood
Issa mood

I care, right now I'm about to give another fuck (Another fuck)
She got plenty to grip on, I wont slip she ain't have no tummy tucked
Wrapped in her legs, she got me mummied up
She mine, I go in bare like yogi dipping in that honey cup (Like that)
Lets run it up till we cant count positions
Its beginning to resemble Brazilian jujitsu without submissions
We never quit whether the couch or kitchen
I keep a towel for every ounce of liquid, not to be too specific

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(Oh yeah yeah, whats the mood)
Keep your eyes right there where I can see them
(Ohh yeah yeah, whats the mood)
That I just had to get you on my freaky shit
(Ohh yeah yeah, whats the mood)
Yeah,
Fun how them times in the bedroom
(Oh yeah yeah, whats the mood)
Ooouuu...

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