

## Grips

Blaise Moore

Babe got me real fucked up  
Some tell me it's the way he like it, mmh  
Babe got me real hung up  
He like it even better when me fight it  
(Ohh, ohhh)

Hands on my waist  
Grips on my wrist  
Don't lie, don't trip  
Rips in my lace  
Grips in my hair  
Yeah, this is my prayer  
And I don't wanna, don't wanna, don't wanna play fair, oh  
I know it hurts and it hurts and it hurts, I'm aware  
I don't care

Babe got me real cut up  
All fours, begging for endorphins (Oh, I)  
Babe got me real high strung  
He like it even better when me cry for him (Oh, I)

Hands on my waist  
Grips on my wrist  
Don't lie, don't trip  
Rips in my lace  
Grips in my hair  
Yeah, this is my prayer  
And I don't wanna, don't wanna, don't wanna play fair  
I know it hurts and it hurts and it hurts, I'm aware  
I don't care

(Hands on my)  
(Hands on my)  
Fuck vanilla love oh  
He hit me like an upper  
He like me hi-def colour  
He give enough to recover, yeah  
Yeah, it hurts so good, no  
Yeah, It hurts so good, eh

Hands on my waist  
Grips on my wrist  
Don't lie, don't trip  
Rips in my lace  
Grips in my hair  
Yeah, this is my prayer  
And I don't wanna don't wanna don't wanna play fair, oh  
I know it hurts and it hurts and it hurts, I'm aware  
I don't care