

## Farmer's Daughter

Color Me Badd

The farmers daughter got a one track mind.  
Give me some time to let me show you, baby.  
Yo' daddy's in the house; he ain't lookin'.  
I noticed you been peekin' at me, suga.  
I wanna hit you, girl, behind the haystacks.  
Ya finger lickin', like a funky chicken,  
And I know ya like when I do that.  
You can have my cars and my money,  
'Cause all I need is what ya make me feel,  
And I love ya.

You and me; word to mom,  
Still checkin' each other out, hey.  
You and me, take ya to the sexiest places.  
Still, we got time for a little... Watch your mouth.  
Oh, my bad, hope ya will spend the night.  
We can do things we never even tried, mmmmmm.  
Oh, farmer's daughter,  
Child, you know what I want.

Apple, peaches, pumpkin pie.  
That's the way you tasted inside, well,  
Suga, tell me something good;  
I would eat you if I could.  
Saturday, we can freak in the woods,  
And I'm gonna take you downtown on, say, Tuesday.  
Oo, it good.  
Alright now, express yourself.  
Ah baby, alright.