

Hey You

Dope Lemon

Hey! You! What ya doin' over there?
I can see what's on your mind is on my mind too
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Staying out late, gonna get drunk
Take me to the Ratcliff's Hollow and sippy up a drink
Swing ya hips like a cowgirl
Oh, put them shooters up
Got them stars on your heels
Ain't nothing else could matter for now, girl
Hmm, rosy on the cheek, you're making me blush
She whispers, "Follow me home," as she leans across
But shake a little salt and pepper and we'll float back to your
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Everybody is calling at the cab coming down the hill
Light me up a little twist and let's get real
Jump in the back, get a little naughty, baby
Feel a little tipsy, feel a little tipsy
Fumble for your keys, trying to get the bottle, baby
This is where you dance and be all cheeky

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