Wait

Flo Rida

Wait, wait, wait a minute
Wait, hol' up, wait a minute

I'm in my bag, she's likin' my style
I'm sportin' Louis V's and Jordan 23's
I took her back home to do some new things
She down the whole chaser, had a few drinks
I got drunk and nasty, came back in classic
Comin' a little close, it might make it little sassy
She like my style, I know all that shit
I'm down and I'm lit, she down and she thick (Now I'm screamin')
Wait, I grabbed the Rosé
It starts with my head, I'm having foreplay
I took her right down, lights down on my bed
Until I realize it's all in my head
She callin' my phone, I'm all in my way
And girl, in real life, I'm on the highway
You say you headin' down, I know you're not goin'
So baby, don't leave, come on until I can scream out

Wait, where you goin'? Wait
Baby, wait, where you goin'? Wait
Hold it down for me, wait a minute
Count on me, I'm on my way
Like five, four, three, two, one, just

Tell me without tellin' me you freaky, I'm tryna see (Yeah)
Tell me without tellin' me you ready, I count to three
One, two, three, put that bod all up on me
I can hardly wait to rock that body
Stay right there just like that, girl, I'm on the way
Call the paramedics (Hey), uh-huh
From the window to the wall, I'm smashin' (Hey) that bod-da-da
Now if you know, you know I got it, I put that on my mama
Stay right there just like that, I'm on the way (Hol' up, wait a minu
te)

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Baby, wait, where you goin'? Wait
Hold it down for me, wait a minute
Count on me, I'm on my way
Like five, four, three, two, one, just wait

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