

Pineapple

Francesco Yates

Woo!
Ooh-ooh
Huh, ooh, ooh
Oh, whoa
You know that you're like a dandelion

Like a dandelion blown in the wind (Yeah)
Know where you're going and you know where you been (Oh, oh)
In every backstage room there's a flower that blooms
The music ends, baby, where you begin (Oh no)

You ride a pink panther, when you get blue, you swear
You quit the party and you go back to school (Ooh-ooh)
But heaven knows what you've seen, my lil' sweet tangerine
But your lips are like a tropical fruit (Ooh)
And it taste like

Pineapple, peaches and cream (Ooh)
Pineapple, sweetness to me, baby
Pineapple, my vanilla dream (Ooh-ooh)
Pineapple supreme

You're too famous for the boys in your bed (Your bed)
Billionaires in the palm of your hand (Your hand)
Private jets you're settin' on, dripped in Louis Vuitton
With your head you get ahead of your game (Your game)

Got a pink panther with the fairy dust
Nothing matters to you but your heart's one to lust
And you still stay rich (Stay rich)
'Cause you stay that bitch ('Cause you stay that bitch)
Everybody wants your sweet sugar buzz
And it taste like

Pineapple, peaches and cream
Pineapple, sweetness to me, baby
Pineapple, my vanilla dream, nah
Pineapple supreme (Hey, hey)

Ah-ah, ooh
A little taste of orange juice, baby (Ooh, baby)
Pineapple, pineapple, peach (Pineapple, pineapple, peach)
A little taste of orange juice, baby
And boy, it's so, so sweet
Taste like

Pineapple, peaches and cream (yeah, yeah)
Pineapple, sweetness to me, baby
Pineapple, my vanilla dream (ooh)
Pineapple supreme (ah-ah, ooh)

A little taste of orange juice, baby (Ooh-ooh, yeah)
Pineapple, pineapple, peach (Yeah)
Ah-ah-ah, a little taste of orange juice, baby
See you on the other side, ah