

LUNCH

Hwasa

Oh, mm-mm

I could eat that girl for lunch
Yeah, she dances on my tongue
Tastes like she might be the one
And I could never get enough
I could buy her so much stuff
It's a craving, not a crush, huh
"Call me when you're there"
Said, "I bought you somethin' rare
And I left it under 'Claire'"
So now, she's comin' up the stairs
So I'm pullin' up a chair
And I'm puttin' up my hair

Baby, I think you were made for me
Somebody write down the recipe
Been tryin' hard not to overeat
You're just so sweet
I'll run a shower for you like you want
Clothes on the counter for you, try 'em on
If I'm allowed, I'll help you take 'em off
Huh

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Oh, I just wanna get her off, oh
Oh
Oh, oh
Oh