

Eh look

Ye ain't gotta show me your spot cause I'm a find it tonight
I got every wine that you like a lil brian mcknight
Step out let me see that vicki secret design in the light
I'm a do sum shit with my hands and send your mind in the flight
Turn your phone off, you gon have the time of your life
Besides, you don't get no service when we climbin them heights
Let's take off, I got some 1st class shit for that gorgeous ass
That make you lay over other men get you boarding pass
I kiss you from your big toe to your hips though
To your waist and your belly button to your lips slow
Cause I'm into you, I want to interview every inch of you
Release all the tension niggas don't pay attention to
Rub between your thighs jus to make your knees shake
Then kiss you on your ankle cause I love the way your feet shake
With your purple toe nails, you work it so well
It's the perfect show cause we ain't close them curtains oh well
Let them haters watch they can take votes
And let them neighbours watch they can take notes

Baby we gon turn the lights down low
We ain't gotta rush let's get lost in every touch
Baby we ain't got nowhere to go
I want you to count every kiss from my lips on your hips
Now move it nice and slow
And I'm a make my way down you jus gotta lay down
Baby let me take control
When it seem the world movin to fast let me get that {slow motion}[x8]

You can get it somethin polite or have it rough as you like
I'm slow grind mode, so blind folds with buckets of ice
How you want it baby, eye contact, and hand grippin
Or me in it like a mechanic fixin a transmission
Uh ugh, that's head first in the hood could be your red skirt
Now spread it out real good until them legs hurt
Ankle grippin, changin position
Hangin off the edge of the bed but ain't no slippin I got you
You start cummin, I jump up out it jus to watch you
Now turn that ass over and come here cause I'm not through
Arch it up I kiss the smile on your back
Lift you from bed to the wall way down the hall in the back
All way down to the desk in my office on some principal shit
Bumpin the computer turnin on instrumentals and shit
And then you stop, I tell you it ain't nuttin wrong bout it
When we finish I'm gon make a song out it

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