

Fangs

Matt Champion

She rolled up in the Beamer, couldn't have looked cleaner
Skin like coffee, colour with lil' creamer
Sin City since I been thinkin' all of these thoughts in my head
She'd probably shoot me dead
God-damn, she got the hoops on
Hair bunned up in two just like a nunchuck
Would I give a fuck? I need to mature myself up
But I fell in love right when she said
"I wanna count the freckles on your face"
"Rearrange 'em, put 'em in the same place"
I'm obsessed, I'm obsessed, I'm obsessed

Little fangs, oh, little fangs, oh
Little fangs, little fangs
Little fangs, little fangs, little fangs
Don't you take her fangs
Little fangs, little fangs

Now move it left right left
Gone take it back a couple steps
Hands on your hips all night
Hold my hand til it feels right
Beat that left right left
Gone take it back couple steps
Hands on your hips all night
Hold my hand till it feels right

Yeah, I picture you suckin' it on the sofa
Eyes rolled back, somethin' like a coma
Pick you up, ride around to my favorite albums
Hit me up, cut me off, who be next?
When we text, freeze frame
Grab your hand, freeze frame
Tell me how you feel (tell me how you feel)
Never feel real (never feel real)

How was I supposed to know
Ow-oh, that you only wanted me tonight?

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Put yo hands up if ya ever been in love
I know I hate it, I hate it as much as you, oh, oh
Baby put your hands up if ya ever, if ya ever

If ya ever been in, in love