

# Outerspace (Chachi's Ride)

## Problem

Invite you to my place  
Grab you by the waist  
Look you in the face then send you to outer space  
Believe [?]  
Nobody gotta know, how far you go  
Let me  
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Look you in the face then send you to outer space  
Send you to outer space  
Send you to outer space  
Look you in the face then send you to outer space  
Blast off

No I don't wanna fuck with you, I can't lie  
But I love the things you do, to me  
And you know I ain't got no business talking to you  
After what I done found out  
But fuck that, I ain't tryna be alone

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Why, I could let you hit this then go to Mars  
Kiss on that pussy until you seeing stars  
You got a G working your G-spot  
Kiss it till that peak pop  
And lick up every drip drop  
I've been a bad boy I know  
And I don't deserve this  
Chance to make you blast  
Even though your only purpose is to cum  
Then to go, fuck it  
I ain't tryna be alone

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Grind nights and brighter days  
The fire he sways, nah you can't love her  
This [?]  
Ah man you can't cover that clitoris  
Blast off, mind races, sweaty palms  
And bouncing arms  
Feel like a kid but, becoming  
Every time she touches my soul  
He touches me  
Every time I'm inside of my soul I be  
I wanna write breakfast no checklist  
Our love is reckless  
We do it on the floor like the setless  
Young kids with a bido forever  
You've only got right now let's, do it together  
Separate the endeavours  
Kiss you on your head and let you know that I'm your man  
And pray this pain will forget us  
Fly baby, look me in the eye  
I won't hold you back, don't let your fears hold you back  
Don't let what steers you right show you slack  
But nevermind all that