Can't Touch It

Ricki-Lee

Just past eleven o'clock, roll up in the club Wanna rock the spot Girls out, 'bout to bubble it up Boys take a look, see what you can't touch

Seven jeans and a Prada bag
Six inch heels, how ya liking that?
Working it out, he's checking it out
I'm gonna knock him down, round after round

I can feel the base line jumping Watch out there's my song

Ladies, let me see your hands up in the air Ladies, show 'em what you got Shake it all around, yeah, yeah

E yo, you wanna little of this? You want a little, wanna little of this? E yo, you wanna little of this? You want a little, wanna little of this?

Once you think you think you got it You can't touch it

I'm not what you think I am
You ain't gon' get what you think you can
Oh no, you ain't the man
You might be fine but I don't give a damn

'Cause I'm here with my girls tonight No strings attached, no guys required Wanna let my hair down, get out on the town DJ turn it up nice an' loud

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