Drop Dead

Robin Packalen

I don't even know you but it feels like you own me
You don't gotta say it, I can tell you that you know it
High heels and ripped jeans you came in for the kill
Baby how bad can you be?
Don't want to admit it but you hold my heart hostage
No point trying to keep my cool, I already lost it
I'm intoxicated on how you look at me
So why don't you show me how bad you can be?

You don't just make my heart skip a beat (You make it stop)
There's no way out, you'll be the death of me

You make me drop dead, on the floor
I lose all my self control
And I want it, yeah I want it
You got me make my body drop dead
Drop dead, on the floor
I lose my mind, I want more
And you know it, yeah you want it
You got me make my body drop dead

No I shouldn't do this but you got something special
Red lips try'na to warn me, I don't care 'bout being careful
I'm out of reasons to fight back how I feel
So come on and show me how bad you can be

You don't just make my heart skip a beat (you make it stop)
There's no way out, you'll be the death of me

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I lose all my self control
And I want it, yeah I want it
You got me make my body drop dead
Drop dead, on the floor
I lose my mind, I want more
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I don't even know you but it feels like you own me
No point trying to keep my cool, I already lost it
High heels and ripped jeans you came in for the kill
So come on and show me how bad you can be

You got me make my body drop dead, on the floor
I lose all my self control
And I want it, yeah I want it
You got me make my body drop dead
Drop dead, on the floor
I lose my mind, I want more
And you know it, yeah you want it
You got me make my body drop

You got me make my body go
Drop, drop dead

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