

Brush Me

Russ

Not about to do round two but I found you
We move with the moon, I make you how to
Golfed up, but I pull up solo-dolo on you
Chopped in school when we fuck, put the slow-mo on you

I'm a romantic man, gyal, despite what ya heard
Pop di champagne, gyal, body ya murda
I can be di patient and yu can be di nurse
Operation pun di table, proceed, go further
If ya foreign language, foreign be heard ya
If it is dis kinda lovin yu forget what yu deserva ya
I had di sweet spot for yu, tickle my nerve-ya
So gyal yu take me pon ma nerve ya

Want di sugar pie, pitty come touch me
Mi luv is style while you brind me, come touch me
Giv yu anything, I be the life full of luxury
Already anytime, gyal, come notch me
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