

Sunshine 1

Sir Michael Rocks

I wanna hear every part of this beat man
I wanna hear every note
Let me get in my zone
Cause I'm finna' rock with ya'll
And you finna' rock with me too
Don't resist the feeling
Don't be scared of what you don't know
Ignorance is the true enemy of wisdom
We back, we bad, we bad

So just grab both knees as
I take my face a little higher than your kneecaps
But a little bit below your naval
You make me want to eat without setting the table
But uh, let me quit let me sippin' in a Saturday
I had a date with queen fettuccine with the lamborghini
The 1993 just like mine
Kinda had a lot of shit in common than we had like wines
By the looks of her
Size 6 in those Brooks Brothers canvas kicks
Her booty bigger than her waist but she can manage it
Smoking on the copa cabana
She hot and tryin' to get her tan on
Grabbed the Ipad and cut the tan on
She finish it with lex, lessy, sexy, let's leave
We can blow this joint like yesterday
And now she text me
Pictures of her sitting in her drawers
Saying maybe one day you can know the rest of me

There's a lot of things I shouldn't be doing but I do em'
(Damn I know I never should've did that)
Finest girls in the world I thought I knew em'
(Man I know I never should've seen that)
And now you standin' there lookin' like the sunshine
(Sunshine, Sunshine, Sunshine, Sunshine)
I'm still waiting on my chance for that one time
(One time, One time)

Ay, this the moment I been waitin' on
So I gotta gather up my focus
I grab a ladder cause the ceiling is what we approach
And she was open
I was fillin' it
I told her next year the only girls I'm politicin' with is
Them top quality that know the legs
That know the bed better than the back of her hand
But you won't know until you can convince her you got her
And pencil down the Prada tags
We swimmin' in expensive waters hope you got a rag (splash)
The hickies on your inner thighs now you gotta laugh
It's funny how we was just talkin' loud with our clothes on
Now we losin' shirts and jeans the list goes on
The headboard is what you supposed to but your toes on
I'm close enough the smell your hair
Now we movin' from your neck, your ear, your waist, and back up to your lips
I slip a kiss before I go back to work

You slip a diss me and back with hurt say "You ain't ready for it" (Damn)

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