

# Lipstick

Tamia

Got on the little dress you like  
The champagne is sitting on ice  
With strawberries and candle lights  
My heels about 7 inch high  
The slit is running up my thigh  
You the king, daddy, it's yours tonight

You're just so turned on that you can't even breathe  
Your fingertips are all over me  
No turning around cause  
My cotour is on the floor, french kisses for mi amor  
You whisper to me, "I need some more"  
Then you started losing control

Messing up my lipstick, pulling on my hair  
Ruining my outfit, I don't even care  
You need to understand that I'd do anything for my man  
Nothing but Egyptian cototn on thed bed  
Don't you worry bout that, I jut wanna sweat  
You need to understand that I'd do anything for my man  
You keep on, messing up my lispsstick  
Ooh you're messing up my lipstick  
You keep on, you keep on messing up my lispsstick

The dinner that I prepared for you  
Is fgetting cold because we skippied rght to  
The dessert cause you were in the mood  
But later on, I'll heat it up  
I'll feed you boy, come eat it up

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See baby, I just wanted to spice it up  
Go hard before the night is up  
Give you something unexpected  
So you can't say you've been neglected  
Practise until it's perfected  
Cause pleasing you, that was my goal  
So go ahead and lose control, baby

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