

We up in the hotel so it's going down boo  
And I gotta bounce to but you want a round 2  
So I turn the lights back off and we're right back on  
And I forgot I gotta fly back home 'cause now I'm saying  
Where I'd put my passport? Where I'd put my passport?  
Where I'd put my passport? Where I'd put my passport?  
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You climb on my cockpit, you at the front of my plane  
I watch your clothes take off as soon as I open the lane  
We in Nirvana, in the sauna, treat me like Kurt Cobain  
And I'm in love like Courtney when you blow out my brains  
Sex pistol, watch me load up and aim  
I watch you cock that thing back and I just hope that it bang  
The way I bite, I bet you like, have you growing your fangs  
And now I can't get home and you are only to blame

My number on that hotel P card, it was Spring B-R-E-A-K  
In D.R where we are, I go up, she go down, I go down, she go up  
See-saw, reverse cowgirl like yee-haw, gone and take my tee off  
Take your tee off and I hit it like I teed off  
In your thighs, I give you Chinese eyes then I knock your chi o  
ff  
You know I gotta be off 'cause my plane leave soon  
And now a nigga can't leave the room 'cause...

We up in the hotel so it's going down boo  
And I gotta bounce to where you went around to  
So I turn the lights back off and we're right back on  
And I forgot I gotta fly back home