

You ain't gettin' home - 1/3

Interprété par Eve.

CD SCORPIONS

First time I seen
your face
I was like damn
Put your arm around
My waist I was like man
Gentle with the touch
I ain't fuss still a strong hand
I ain't know if I should lust
Or play it like a man
True I'm human like you
But gotta play it smart
Questions I gotta ask
For we get this start
Pulse racing fast damn
Can you feel my heart
Got me feeling wild yeah
You doin' your playa part
Tryin' to feel you up
Excuse me I mean feel you out
What your life like tell me
What your mind about
Oh you ain't even trynna
Share no secrets straight to bis
Wifey, baby mother,
You got any kids
One word answers
Oh I ain't feeling that
Then the pain for
American express black
But I'm a play it cool and
Let you think you running things
You seem official long
As you ain't runnin' names
You ain't getting none
His touch it really
Turns me on
This message comes
From me to you
Please stop touchin' on me
(You know you want it)
But I got go
(x2)Listen baby you know
that
I'm attracted to you crazy
But I ain't gonna play stupid

You ain't gettin' home - 2/3

So you can try to play me
You ain't really tellin' me
Sht
Is startin' to drive me crazy
The only thing that's keepin'
Me still is sex appeal
Strong but silent type is
That you what the deal you
Know what I like on me
Gotta keep it real
Something in my mind sayin'
That you probably got the skills
But I ain't giving in your
Friends they feminine
And I don't know
How many of them
You might be swimmin' in
But them lips though make
Me wanna try my luck
Straight thug what I love
And you got me stuck
'Cause you dress right
I'm supposed to be pressed right
But on the real
You got me thinking if
I could be blessed tonight
Let me stop thinking
These things it's not polite
I wanna give it to you raw
But I'mma put up a fight You ain't getting
none
His touch it really
Turns me on
This message comes
From me to you
Please stop touchin' on me
(You know you want it)
But I got go
(x2)From subliminal seduction
Not really touchin'
But like rubbin' actin'
Lke you wantin' nothin'
Your eyes say it all
Playboy but you no rushin'
Treat me like your pray
Only your sexual huntin'
I'm runnin' frontin'
'Cause really I'm wantin' to
Let you lay me down

You ain't gettin' home - 3/3

Pound for pound
We be crushin'
I'm tight vexed 'cause
I'm really dwellin' on the sex
Chills up my spine the way
You smellin' up my neck
I'm like putty in your hand
I gotta keep my composure
Plus I'm trynna remember
How long I really known ya
You make it hard fightin'
You off is like a job
But I'm doin' good so far
Body startin' to throb
Should I give in ready
To open my garage
And let you park in the dark
But damn I gotta
Fight you off gotta roll out
But before I leave
You need know
That dinner was lovely
But I really gotta go