Automatic

Cowboy Troy & Atom

She's sitting at the bar sipping on a beverage try to use your platinum card to get leverage
It don't matter she's got her own she got diamonds for buttons on her cellular phone.
She's a cutie with a booty hotie with a body
Get on the dance floor gunna get naughty.
Don't mean no harm just a little fun it don't matter till breakfast till you see the sunCant find the key to the door were her heart is.
Can't find no magic word to say all the things I want to say
There's no equation for that rose she only knows when she goes
She's automatic
She's automatic
She turns on when she wants to.
Don't give her no static
She's automatic
She turns on when she wants to
Automatic
The beat gets fast and you're craving more
Suddenly you make your way to the floor
It's a hick hop beat boy your body is pumped
All the fine ladies shaking there buts
Steep up to one ask her to dance
It appears to you that she's in a trance
Take your time son play your position cause that's the primary missionCant find the key to the door were her heart is.
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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