Practice Makes Perfect

La Toya London

So sweet I can hardly speak
Due to such trauma in my teeth
But your body language is telling me
That you're worth the pain
So weak I can hardly keep
Shaky legs holding up my feet
But your body language is telling me
That I?m not to blame
Practice makes perfect
Practice makes perfect sense
I've become what a mother wouldn't want in a son
And I have done a few things I regret
But practice makes perfect
Practice makes perfect sense to me
Wake up at first light, hearing you calling out
For your criminal clothing that fled the scene
Upon being ripped free
Conversation ensued
And I wanna do so many things to you
Sip after sip, you insist you're a hit
Sip after sip, yeah, I swear I can feel it
Practice makes perfect
Practice makes perfect sense
I've become what a mother wouldn't want in a son
And I have done a few things I regret
I've become what a mother wouldn't want in a son
And I have done what a mother wouldn't want
What a mother wouldn't want in a son
Practice makes perfect
Practice makes perfect sense
Practice makes perfect
Practice makes perfect sense
I've become what a mother wouldn't want in a son
And I have done a few things I regret
I've become what a mother wouldn't want in a son
And I have done what a mother wouldn't want
What a mother wouldn't want in a son
Practice makes perfect
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Practice makes perfect
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