

Waffles & Eggs (Produced by Cook Classic)

Trey Songz

Body on, your body on, your body on my mind
Body on, your body on, your body on my mind
Girl I think I found you, girl I think I found you
I won't leave without you, I won't leave without you
I've been sippin' and sippin' all night long
I've been tippin' and tippin' all night long
Body on, your body on, your body on my mind
Body on, your body on, your body on my mind Before we went to the crib, we stopped for waffles and eggs
And she got it crackin' before we got to the bed
Gone off that liquor, still didn't kiss her
Woke up, remember, another night with a stripper
What's your real name, baby? Another night with a stripper
Where you came from, baby? Another night with a stripper
I know you gotta know that you got it, girl, your body on my mind
Body on, your body on, your body on my mind
Baby bring it here, I've been watchin' all night
Say she get off late, I can wait a long time
Girl I love to feel your body on mine
We freakin' off late, but your body on time
If she ain't good for me, she the right wrong
I've been tippin' and tippin' all night long
Now I got her in the whip with some slippers and tights on
And she be suckin' that shit all the way home I drop bands on my baby, I blow bands on my baby
She ain't mine, but she's mine for the night
I drop bands on my baby, I throw bands on my baby
I blow money like it's nothin', count that money, then she comin'
Before we went to the crib, we stopped for waffles and eggs
And she got it crackin' before we got to the bed
Gone off that liquor, still didn't kiss her
Woke up, remember, another night with a stripper
So what's your real name, baby? Another night with a stripper
Where you came from, baby? Another night with a stripper
I know you gotta know that you got it, girl, your body on my mind
Body on, your body on, your body on my mind Bout to get you high, baby, that's a long flight
She sittin' on top, down for the long ride
Just another night here livin' our lives
Said I wasn't gon' do it but I do it every time
If she ain't good for me, she the right wrong
She blow my mind, yeah with the lights on

She rub my back 'fore we mob, get it on
She make it last, then I send her homeI drop bands on my baby, I blow bands on my baby
She ain't mine, but she's mine for the night
I drop bands on my baby, I throw bands on my baby
I blow money like it's nothin', she count money, then she comin'Before we went to the crib, we stopped for
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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