

# Skip the Talk'n (feat. Kevin Cossom)

## Ace Hood

Girl I feel like tonight gon' be a hell of a night  
I don't usually say that  
All this turn up in my system  
And my niggas just forgive us  
Sometimes we don't even know how to act  
Tell me where your head at  
I'll show you a good time  
Why don't you show me where your bed at If I got your permission girl I got tell the truth  
All these different women, only one I see is you  
Have you up all night just like a red-eye  
Already know what I wanna do  
Baby let's just skip the talking  
Baby let's just skip the talking  
Let's skip the talking, let's skip the talking  
Let's get right down to business baby  
Get right down to it, Get right down to it yeah Liquor got me talking, Kush got me faded  
Quit beating around the bush, Baby we can skip the basics  
Can't sit around and then act like I don't want you bad as I do  
From the first time that I laid eyes I had pictured you in my Coupe  
With that dress fitting perfect, handbag Birkin  
I'm just tryna change your life  
Them other niggas thirsty  
I'm a keep it real no bullshit and I need your body like now  
See we both grown and there ain't nothing wrong with a little bumping and grind  
Let's skip the club in my penthouse, we won't make it to the bedroom  
From the kitchen onto that couch, I'm tapping your spot to see what that do  
Girl I hear your body calling  
You running like a faucet  
This dick will give you amnesia girl, Can't remember what started  
I'm saying  
If I got your permission girl I got tell the truth  
All these different women, only one I see is you  
Have you up all night just like a red-eye  
Already know what I wanna do  
Baby let's just skip the talking Don't mean to be blunt, fuck it though I'm lying  
Your last man never played with it while he hitting that from behind  
Or get it in in that 4 do if that Porsche seats on recline  
I promise baby, I promise baby, you begging me to rewind  
Girl, I'll do you like a favor, don't care we wake the neighbors

You screaming oh lord, okay Anita Baker  
You dealing with a real nigga baby, won't even tell you no lie  
I see the want in your eyes and it ain't no need to wasting our time  
Said it's 5 in the morning, niggas still on it  
Breakfast in the bed, pussy weed money  
I do it Shawty, I do it Shawty, can't name one better  
I'm trynna get you wetter, I've been thinking this forever  
I'm saying If I got your permission girl I got tell the truth  
All these different women, only one I see is you  
Have you up all night just like a red-eye  
Already know what I wanna do  
Baby let's just skip the talking

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