

k.I.s.s. (Feat. Dirty Money & Murphy Lee)

Nelly

Uh-huh, uh, uh, uh, listen
The way your Apple Bottom pokin' out got me on a mission
I wanna get you in every kind of position
I don't wanna keep my cool baby, I can't keep my distance
Girl I salute you, I'll be at attention
I'm so into you, I just wanna be your lover
On the floor, in the chair, under covers
When I'm kissin' you I can't think about another (think about another)
Girl (think-a, think about another) turn the lights on[Chorus]
You're my pride and joy, you're my baby boy
People ask me how I feel, 'bout you
They ask me if I love you (baby, I want your love)
And if I'm crazy 'bout ya (baby, I want your love)
Kissin you is, all that I've been thinkin' of
Kissin you is, ooh, ooh
Kissin you is, all that I've been thinkin' of
Kissin you is, ooh, ooh See I'ma kiss you,
Wan' go up to your body,
Shawty you will never
Scorpio, girl I was built for pleasure
I'll make your body start rainin',
I change the weather
Let it fall on me,
I don't need no umbrella
I get it, from the back (from the back)
From the front (from the front)
On your side lil' mama, now here it come
Hey, I just wanna be your lover (yeah)
Now sing it for me girl[Chorus] Look, uh, yo, check it, uh
I'm in a Lex' bubbly talkin' to my text buddy
Said I forgot about her thinkin' 'bout my next money
Not only that honey, kissin's what I think of
You got the Wi-Fi, what's the code so we can link up
Kitchen flo', kitchen table, fuck the whole sink up
The best sprinkler, your back open like a pick-up
The mess that you're makin' we can blame it on the liquor
If that's not enough then you can blame it on Murph' baby[Chorus]

Songwriters

DICK, LUKE / JAMES, ADAMPublished by

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