

Lipstick

Tamia

Got on the little dress you like
The champagne is sitting on ice
With strawberries and candle lights
My heels about 7 inch high
The slit is running up my thigh
You the king, daddy, it's yours tonight

You're just so turned on that you can't even breathe
Your fingertips are all over me
No turning around cause
My contour is on the floor, french kisses for mi amor
You whisper to me, "I need some more"
Then you started losing control

Messing up my lipstick, pulling on my hair
Ruining my outfit, I don't even care
You need to understand that I'd do anything for my man
Nothing but Egyptian cotton on the bed
Don't you worry bout that, I jut wanna sweat
You need to understand that I'd do anything for my man
You keep on, messing up my lipstick
Ooh you're messing up my lipstick
You keep on, you keep on messing up my lipstick

The dinner that I prepared for you
Is forgetting cold because we skipped right to
The dessert cause you were in the mood
But later on, I'll heat it up
I'll feed you boy, come eat it up

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See baby, I just wanted to spice it up
Go hard before the night is up
Give you something unexpected
So you can't say you've been neglected
Practice until it's perfected
Cause pleasing you, that was my goal
So go ahead and lose control, baby

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