

Delicious

Willem Martens

(I don't know why you're looking at those other girls... I'm delicious)

They're disgusting, I'm delicious

They disgust me, I'm delicious

Let's discuss this, I'm delicious

Delicious

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My, my, apple of my eye

Think you're really hot

And I want you to be mine

I like the way it rains

when you think you're in shine

But, I, I, I...

Keep them other girls at bay

Or I will blow them all away

Keep them other girls at bay

Or I will blow them all away

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He's from South Beach

In his white tee

Said that I could be his wifey

My, my, think you're really fly

Don't look at all the other girls

Bye, bye...

Kiss me really hard, baby

Hold me really tight

But, I, I, I...

Keep them other girls at bay

Or I will blow them all away

Keep them other girls at bay
Or I will blow them all away
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I'm free and I'm fresh and I'm fine
I'm wild as can be, and I want
Want you boy, I want you boy
I'm cool and I'm calm, and dangerous
You saw me at one in the car
Caught you boy, I caught you boy
I'm delicious, you can't touch this
I'm that bitch that you can't fuck with

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