

Mamacita

Pharrell Williams

Mamacita, oh my God, I think you're on fire
Do you want me to get you water?
You make me want to be your baby father
'Cause the dance you do is getting hotter I better come for you before the boys follow
What you think?
I think you wanna
I think you wanna She wanna break it down
She want some reggaeton I been long overdue, something overdone
You been on the tuss, well I can make you overcome
I know he tellin' you what he can make you and
I know he tellin' you where he can take you and By the way, ma, hey is that your hair?
If it ain't, it took two days in the hair shop chair
I'm just jokin', I make ya smile right?
Come in, I mean excuse me, baby You dance so fast, ma, this ain't merente
But your butt is certain yo palente
Sh, I'm just bein' honest cause it's just nice
You're lookin' different, sayin' to yourself
"Is he alright?" Sure you're cute but you know
You won't dismiss this plight?
When my chain keep blinkin' like Christmas lights
Get it right Mamacita, oh my God, I think you're on fire
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Hey girl Let's go finish at Mi Casa, trust me, it'd be proper
I got muchos negros on my lache with the choppers

If they suspect us, someone trespassa
All you hear is brat and then scream 'Kukaracha' Trust me, P is no pimp
See I got heavy pockets, so I walk with a limp
One night with he, and I'll make ya scream
You'll wake up, like it's a dream Call downstairs, tell em to make us PJs
Right after that, dry cycle our PJs
Right after that, book us a PJ What you mean how? When you got money, it's easy
This ain't dookie, ma, I'm not Green Day
Wake up, you're about to miss your damn dream day
Now everybody just sing what the screen say, it goes Mamacita, oh my God, I think you're on fire
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Songwriters

Pharrell Williams Published by

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