

# Temperature (Bladtkramer Remix)

Sean Paul

The gal dem Schillaci, Sean da Paul  
So me give it to, so me give to, so me give it to, to all girls  
Five million and forty naughty shorty,  
Baby girl, all my girls, all my girls Sean da Paul sey, Well woman the way the time cold I wanna be keepin' you  
warm

I got the right temperature to shelter you from the storm  
Oh lord, gal I got the right tactics to turn you on, and girl I,  
Wanna be the Papa, You can be the Mom, oh oh! Make I see the gal them bruk out pon the floor  
From you don't want no worthless performer  
From you don't want no man wey  
Can't turn you on gal make I see your hand them up on ya  
Can't tan pon it long, naw eat no yam, no steam fish, nor no green banana  
But down in Jamaica we give it to you hot like a sauna Well woman the way the time cold I wanna be keepin'  
you warm

I got the right temperature to shelter you from the storm  
Oh lord, gal I got the right tactics to turn you on, and girl I,  
Wanna be the Papa, You can be the Mom, oh oh! Bumper exposed and gal you got your chest out  
But you no wasters cause gal you impress out,  
And if you des out a me you fi test out,  
Cause I got the remedy to make you de-stress out  
Me haffi flaunt it because me God Bless out,  
And girl if you want it you haffi confess out,  
A no lie weh we need set speed a fi test the mattress out Well woman the way the time cold I wanna be keepin'  
you warm

I got the right temperature to shelter you from the storm  
Oh lord, gal I got the right tactics to turn you on, and girl I,  
Wanna be the Papa, You can be the Mom, oh oh! Gal don't say me crazy now, this Strangelove it a no Bridgette  
and Flava show

Time fi a make baby now so stop gwaan like you a act shady yo,  
Woman don't play me know, cause a no Fred Sanford nor Grady yo,  
My lovin' is the way to go, my lovin' is the way to go Well woman the way the time cold I wanna be keepin'  
you warm

I got the right temperature to shelter you from the storm  
Oh lord, gal I got the right tactics to turn you on, and girl I,  
Wanna be the Papa, You can be the Mom, oh oh! When you roll with a player like me,  
With a bredda like me girl there is no other  
No need to talk it right here just park it right here keep it undercover  
From me love how you fit inna you blouse  
And you fat inna you jeans and mi waan discover

Everything out you baby girl can you hear when me utter, Well woman the way the time cold I wanna be keepin'  
you warm

I got the right temperature to shelter you from the storm  
Oh lord, gal I got the right tactics to turn you on, and girl I,  
Wanna be the Papa, You can be the Mom, oh oh!

Songwriters

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