

Your Body (Explicit Version)

Pretty Ricky

Yes sir

Yes sir

Yes sir

Yes sir I got new shoes on the ride (yes sir)

Rollin' down 95 (yes sir)

And you can see in my eyes (yes sir)

That I'm lookin' for a cutie pie (yes sir)

And we ain't gotta make love (yes sir)

And we can just cuddle up (yes sir)

But if she want me to beat it up (yes sir)

Then dammit, I'll beat it up (yes sir)

My body, your body (it's burnin' up)

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My body, your body (it's burnin' up) I don't know why, but the ladies call ol' baby blue the sticker

They take me and rape me and make me they victim

I lick em and freak 'em if they married I see ya

If they look like wifey material, then I keep 'em

Stuntin' through the city tryin' to find a lady who

Beautiful, but she gotta have booty too

Baby blue gonna let you do what you want to do

You can feel on it if you really want to

Get a taste of the salami

Knock knock knock knock you down like a tsunami

Bust in you like atomize

I'ma ahead of my class gettin' head in the jag

Look in the duffel bag see Benjamin heads on the cash I got new shoes on the ride (yes sir)

Rollin' down 95 (yes sir)

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My body, your body (it's burnin' up) Top down blue star tag

Ol' master bear skin rugs in the jag

Spectac with the bad chick in the back
Tryin' ta beat it up like an Everlast punching bag
Hotter than a bisquick biscuit out the oven
Your baby mama go on missions to get this lovin'
We kissin' and huggin' she never pick her phone up
You be lookin' for her while we doin' the grown up
She complain when she catch back spasms,
But she love when she get the back to back orgasms
Yes sir, the game is automatic, give it to 'em one time
They come back like addicts.I got new shoes on the ride (yes sir)
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My body, your body (it's burnin' up)Well let me step up in this thing
Right lookin' smellin' good
Lookin' good Spec and Baby Blue and Pleasure Fool
That's all we got!
Let me drop my top pull up in the parking lot
Grab a grape soda bag of chips
That's all I got
Park outside minglin' wit' my homeboys
Faked out fake hugs leave me alone boy
Plus the candy lookin' good enough to eat
You can tell by the way the girls actin' cross the street
But on the other hand
Alfalfa Just hit me on my metro
Say a party in the park hard baby let's go
The balla tick no questions asked, so I jumped out the white jag
Smooth like Shaq come her girl!I got new shoes on the ride (yes sir)
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Songwriters

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