

U Turn

Chase Rice

Girl there's something about the shine and the pop of your lip gloss

All that high busting out of your tiny tank top

I'm picking up every little bit of the tease you've been laying down

(Got my head spinning round, damn near knocking me out, yeah) See I was headed to get a drink at the bar
round the back

But you pumped the brakes on my Nikes, stopped them dead in their tracks

Flipped my snap-back back, spun a whole one eighty

Had to work up the nerve just to tell you, baby You turn, you turn the heat on

You turn every little bit of me on

A little drawl when you talk, little wiggle in your walk

The way you moving it, yeah you got me losing it

You've got, you've got me feeling four sheets

To the wind, the wind without no drinks

We got the band rocking right

Got the green light in your eyes

Want to hold you all night

Watching you turn, you turn

Yeah watching you turn, you turn

Yeah watching you turn When I saw you break it down low you bout near gave me whiplash

Then you had to go and pull me in close by my dog tags

And now we're swaying, swaying side to side

(And I've got wandering hands getting lost in your wonderland) Damn, what's that tattoo sneaking out of them
hip-huggers?

I bet I'd see the other half if them boys will play some Usher

Yeah, yeah, you make me want to tell you all my confessions, girl

And not keep you guessing, girl You turn, you turn the heat on

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