50 Shades of Crazy

Chase Rice

You got a Daytona gold tan, skin like the soft sand
Girl you're as cool as the blue on a cold can
Little bit of wild child, coming through that tipsy smile
With you wearing whatever the hell you want kind of style
The kind of naughty habit I could get used to, hehYou set a fire up and down my skin as your fingertips go scraping
I'm as gone as I've ever been and it ain't weed or whiskey, baby
You put your hands on me, I'll put my hands on you
We'll get out of hand, girl, I'll give you whatever hand you want me to
I can't quit, can't kick this kind of craving
Girl you drive me fifty shades of crazyHint of a lime twist, cinnamon lipstick
You're dropping hips, giving glimpse of your secret
Starts with just a kiss, then we're taking us in
Put it in the rearview and haul ass straight for sinYou set a fire up and down my skin as your fingertips go scraping
I'm as gone as I've ever been and it ain't weed or whiskey, baby
You put your hands on me, I'll put my hands on you
We'll get out of hand, girl, I'll give you whatever hand you want me to
I can't quit, can't kick this kind of craving
Girl you drive me fifty shades of crazyGirl I lose my mind, a little more every time
I've been racing, cross the line
Let me make your body unwindYou set a fire up and down my skin as your fingertips go scraping
I'm as gone as I've ever been and it ain't weed or whiskey, baby
You put your hands on me, I'll put my hands on you
We'll get out of hand, girl, I'll give you whatever hand you want me to
I can't quit, can't kick this kind of craving
Girl you drive me fifty shades of crazy
Fifty shades of crazyYou put your hands on me, I'll put my hands on you
We'll get out of hand, girl, I'll give you whatever hand you want me to
I can't quit, can't kick this kind of craving
Girl you drive me fifty shades of crazy

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