

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, heh
You 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
Hint 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 sin
You set a fire up and down my skin as your fingertips go
scraping

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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
Girl I lose my mind, a little more every time

I've been racing, cross the line

Let me make your body unwind
You 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 crazy
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

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