

My Man Music

Stooshe

(chorus)

Step left, step right, pull your knees tight,

Do the butterfly, to the side, to the side,

Now slide yeah, that's right yeah,

Then we're gonna bring it back to the old school vibe.

Come come with the rhythm, come with the bass

Turn to a hottie and go whine up your waist

Whine up your waist, whine up your waist,

Whine up, whine up, whine up your waist(verse)

Yeah you got me

Put on my face and pump my stereo

You can't stop, stop, stop me (nah)

A melody fillin' up my radio

Now i'm thinkin' oooooohh whaaaat do i fancy?

Hip-hop, electro.

I could be out dub-step raving, skanking' all night,

I still love classicalYeeaahhh,

We walk that talk with stooshe lines,

Flicks my switches all the time

Got me spinnin' like an old school '45

He's my A-list ev'ry night

Then he'll make you, shake you, break the mould

Right down to my neo soul yeah,

Music is my baby

He's gonna play me(chorus)

Step left, step right, pull your knees tight,

Do the butterfly, to the side, to the side,

Now slide yeah, that's right yeah

Now we're gonna bring it back to the old school vibe

Come come with the riddem, come with the bass

Turn to a hottie and go whine up your waist

Whine up your waist, whine up your waist,

Whine up, whine up, whine up your waistYeah he's so cool, I'm on a ride with every step he's taking

Make me brand new

I fall in love again again again

And every hits is oooooooooo what is that funk or blues or rock and roll

Baby got it so mixed in create a new ting, Its all so magicalYeah he moves my booty to the max

Goes to my head like a bottle of Jacks

At his bestest, yes he's on repeats

I don't care he's on repeats
Because he spun me round yeah roundabouts
And came down to my country house
I said, music you're my baby
Come here and play me(chorus)
Step left, step right, pull your knees tight,
Do the butterfly, to the side, to the side,
Now slide yeah, that's right yeah
Now we're gonna bring it back to the old school vibe
Come come with the riddem, come with the bass
Turn to a hottie and go whine up your waist
Whine up your waist, whine up your waist,
Whine up, whine up, whine up your waist(verse/rap)
I say we give you a liccle trouble, yeah we give you a liccle taste,
Stooshe 'pon da ditty, make you whine up your waist
My man make me move, my man make me do
All the tings that ya man can't do
Give you a little trouble, give you a little taste
Stooshe 'pon that ditty make you whine up your waist
Mamma make me move, my mom make me do,
All the tings that a man can't do,
That a man can't do x7
Break it downnnnnnnnn

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