

Wristwatch (feat. Christian Collins)

Golden

Verse 1

She just wanna party, she ain't here to touch nobody.
But the way you dancing with her, I might have to take a picture.
I'll just take you home to mama. Put you in the mirror right.
Tell all of my friends that it's my girl, dancing in the limelight.
She's a criminal, no motive, and you're laughing in slow motion.
Playing mind games with her body, and her curves need more controlling.
I don't need it, I don't want it, but I really got to have it.
So I need it, I want it, now I'm here filling all up on it. Like,

Chorus

Tick tock, on my wrist watch, goes slow, when your hips drop.
Stealing my times a crime, you'll never get caught, for no, no.
All the way to the tiptop, you go, till my heart stops.
Stealing my times a crime, you'll never get caught, for no, no.

Verse 2

She make the hands of time, on my wrist watch, go slowly.
She got the hands of time, on my wrist watch, on my wrist watch.
Girl I know your independent, but ya need someone you know it.
Once I take you to the other side, won't need another moment.
I might put you into free, you won't fall.
Fly, Fly, like she ain't seen before.
In a sundress, laying out on lilies.
Let your back arch, like the gateway, to my city.
Girl you know I'm cooling at it. Don't act like you don't know it.
It's your fault, this side of me, so don't, be afraid, to show it.
I don't need it, I don't want it, but I really got to have it.
So I need it, I want it, now I'm bout to put a ring up on it. Like,

Chorus

Tick tock, on my wrist watch, goes slow, when your hips drop.
Stealing my times a crime, you'll never get caught, for no, no.
All the way to the tiptop, you go, till my heart stops.
Stealing my times a crime, you'll never get caught, for no, no.

Bridge

Wrist watch is the bank time, it's the currency.
Living on pennies and dimes, life is fluff and maternity.
Blink once, wonder where time's gone. Blink twice, and time stops.
Let the clock over fifty seconds with you.
Let the time pass I'm holding your hand.
Straight to the death, if you show that last breath. Yeah, yeah.

Spending time is suffering, with your pointless space connecting.
Create a portal fourth dimension.
Spend a year, on what feels like a second.
Yeah, a hurricane emotion, blurred.
It's probably to a focus, on her.

Chorus

Tick tock, on my wrist watch, goes slow, when your hips drop.
Stealing my times a crime, you'll never get caught, for no, no.
All the way to the tiptop, you go, till my heart stops.
Stealing my times a crime, you'll never get caught, for no, no.

Exit

She make the hands of time, on my wrist watch, go slowly.
She got the hands of time on my wrist watch, on my wrist watch.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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