

Give It To Me

The Maine

The way you moving,
Across the floor,
Don't have to say it,
You want some more
Give me some more, more, more
Give me some more, more, more
I want some more Give me what I want
Give me all you got
Give it to me (whoa, whoa)
Give me what I want
Give me all you got
Give it to me (whoa, whoa)
Just give it to me Tired of playing,
I'm getting bored.
No need to say it,
I want some more.
Give me some more, more, more
'Cause I'm getting bored, bored, bored.
Give me some more. Give me what I want
Give me all you got
Give it to me (whoa, whoa)
Give me what I want
Give me all you got
Give it to me (whoa, whoa) You got your daddy's wallet,
And your mother's eyes.
Soon enough girl you're going to realize
That when the pretty boys try to get next to you,
They really just want to have sex with you. It's the way you move,
And the clothes you wear,
The alcohol and the way that you don't care.
All I want to do is get next to you,
Next to you, next to you. That sinful stare,
Your poison kiss,
Like Satan's daughter's holy lips. Give me what I want
Give me all you got
Give it to me (whoa, whoa)
Give me what I want
Give me all you got
Give it to me (whoa, whoa)

Just give it to me (whoa, whoa) Oh, just give it to me (whoa, whoa)

Yeah darling, give it to me (whoa, whoa)

Oh baby, give it to me (whoa, whoa)

Go on and give it to me (whoa, whoa)

Songwriters

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