

Cookie Jar (DJ Kue's Squirrel Funk MixRe)

Gym Class Heroes

Gym class heroes Radio killa, killa You know what it is
Gym class heroes, the dream
It's hard to look innocent when I got cookie crumbs all over my face I like girls
They like me
They look so good
In their seven jeans
Want you to be the one
And my only
I want be faithful
But I cant keep my hands out the cookie jar.
My hands, my hands, my ha uh my hands
Can't keep my hands, my hands, my, uh, my
Can't keep my hands, my hands, my, uh, my
Can't keep my hands, my hands my hands out the cookie jar. You see I got this problem
I need help tryin' to solve it
Cause meeting after meeting and I'm still a cookie-holic
You can hide them, I'ma find them, on the counter, in the closet
And I'll say I ain't do it with my face covered in chocolate
My girl be setting booby traps
To catch me eating Scooby snacks
I left crumbs in the bed once
But I told her I was through with that
She still don't be believing me
And I guess that I'm cool with that
But I got a sweet tooth, that'll never come loose
And the truth of the matter is. I like girls
They like me
They look so good
In their seven jeans
Want you to be the one
And my only
I want be faithful
But I cant keep my hands out the cookie jar.
My hands, my hands, my ha uh my hands
Can't keep my hands, my hands, my, uh, my
Can't keep my hands, my hands, my, uh, my
Can't keep my hands, my hands my hands out the cookie jar. I got a thing for Milano, Biscotti Italianos
And I never turn down some Oreo's if you got them
Butter Pecan Puerto Rican,

Or them Oatmeal Raisin Asians.
Hazelnut Brazilians,
Macadamia Caucasians,
Double stuffed or thin mint
It don't matter you getting it
Cause I got a sweet tooth that'll never come loose
And the fact of the matter is. I like girls
They like me
They look so good
In their seven jeans
Want you to be the one
And my only
I want be faithful
But I cant keep my hands out the cookie jar.
My hands, my hands, my ha uh my hands
Can't keep my hands, my hands, my, uh, my
Can't keep my hands, my hands, my, uh, my
Can't keep my hands, my hands my hands out the cookie jar. I'm a monster for these cookies
I'm a beast for they're treats
An animal for they're crackers
Head to feet they so damn sweet
Can't keep my hands, my hands, my ha uh my
Can't keep my hands, my hands, my hands out the cookie jar. And then you have it ha ha
I tried my best
I went to cookie anonymous
I guess I'm a failure
I can't seem to keep my damn hands out the cookie jar but,
It is what it is

Songwriters

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