

Suit and Tie (Pikcha Remix)

Justin Timberlake

I be on my suit and tie shit, tie shit, tie
I be on my suit and tie shit, tie shit
Can I show you a few things?
A few things, a few things, little baby 'cause
I be on my suit and tie shit, tie shit
I be on my suit and tie shit, tie shit
Let me show you a few things
Let me show you a few things Wait a minute, you ready, JT? I can't wait 'til I get you on the floor, good-looking
Going out so hot, just like an oven
And I'll burn myself, but just had to touch it
It's so fly and it's all mine
Hey baby, we don't mind all the watching, hi
'Cause if they study close, real close, they might learn something
She ain't nothing but a little doozy when she does it
She's so fly (She's so fly) tonight And as long as I've got my suit and tie
I'ma leave it all on the floor tonight
And you got fixed up to the nines
Let me show you a few things (show you a few things)
All pressed up in black and white
And you're dressed in that dress I like
Love is swinging in the air tonight
Let me show you a few things (show you a few things)
Let me show you a few things
Show you a few things, about love
While we're in the swing of love
Let me show you a few things
Show you a few things, about love, hey Stop, let me get a good look at it
Ooh so thick, now I know why they call it a fatty
And oh shit so sick got a hit and picked up a habit
That's alright, 'cause you're all mine
Ooh go on and show 'em who you call daddy
I guess they're just mad 'cause girl, they wish they had it
Ooh my killer, my "Thriller" yeah you're a classic
And you're all mine tonight And as long as I've got my suit and tie
I'ma leave it all on the floor tonight
And you got fixed up to the nines
Let me show you a few things (show you a few things)
All pressed up in black and white
And you're dressed in that dress I like

Love is swinging in the air tonight
 Let me show you a few things (show you a few things)
 Let me show you a few things
 Show you a few things, about love
 While we're in the swing of love
 Let me show you a few things
 Show you a few things, about love, hey Get out ya seat, Hov, uh
 All black at the white shows
 White shoes at the black shows
 Green card for the Cuban link
 Y'all sit back and enjoy the light show
 Nothing exceeds like excess
 Stoute got gout from having the best of the best, is this what it's all about?
 I'm at the rest-aurant with my rent, disturbing the guests
 Years of distress, tears on the dress
 Try to hide her face with some makeup sex uh
 This is truffle season
 Tom Ford tuxedos for no reason
 All Saints for my angel
 Alexander Wang too
 Ass-tight denim and some Dunks
 I'll show you how to do this young uh!
 No papers, catch vapors
 Get high, out Vegas
 D'usses on doubles, ain't looking for trouble
 You just got good genes so a nigga tryna cuff you
 Tell your mother that I love her 'cause I love you
 Tell your father we go farther as a couple
 They ain't lose a daughter, got a son
 I show you how to do this hun! As long as I've got my suit and tie
 I'ma leave it all on the floor tonight
 Baby got fixed up to the nines
 Let me show you a few things (show you a few things)
 All pressed up in black and white
 And you're dressed in that dress I like
 Love is swinging in the air tonight
 Let me show you a few things (show you a few things)
 Let me show you a few things
 Show you a few things, about love (love, love)
 (Let, let) Let me show you a few things
 Show you a few things, about love, hey oh

Songwriters

SHAWN CARTER, JEROME HARMON, DUANE STUBBS TERRY, JOHN F WILSON, CHARLES STILL,
 TIMOTHY MOSLEY, JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE, JAMES FAUNTLEROY Published by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., OLE MM, Universal Music Publishing Group, Peermusic Publishing
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>