

That's Alright

SiR

She a good girl, I'm a rude boy, but we attract
She got that act right, I attack that if she throw it back
We be slow dancin' to Uncle Luke
I let her move how she wanna move
I never really talk too much
She don't really want too, I know she's down to ride
Thought I said, now on your way over, she knows in her I confide
That ain't really how she maneuver, we prefer hearts to desire And I say the same thing about her panties (uh)
All her little friends can't stand me
'Cause they know, I would trade her love for a Grammy
But, she wanna, I wanna
And that's alright, that's alright, that's alright, that's alright
That's alright
And, she wanna, I wanna
And that's alright, that's alright, that's alright, that's alright
That's alright I'm a fool for what she do for me, that I am
I got the walk right but I talk like I'm a man
Now, my family tryin' to find out where I spend all my time now
I don't never tell them shit anytime she let me hit
I tell her that she's the best, she can't help but believe me
I never give up no rest, she make me feel like she need me
We prefer hearts at the door And I say the same thing about her panties (uh)
All her little friends can't stand me
'Cause they know, I would trade her love for a Grammy
But, she wanna, I wanna
And that's alright, that's alright, that's alright, that's alright
That's alright
And, she wanna, I wanna
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That's alright

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

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