

Temperature (Morten_HD bootleg)

Sean Paul

The gal dem Schillaci, Sean da Paul
So me give it to, so me give to, so me give it to, to all girls
Five million and forty naughty shorty,
Baby girl, all my girls, all my girls Sean da Paul sey, Well woman the way the time cold I wanna be keepin' you
warm

I got the right temperature to shelter you from the storm
Oh lord, gal I got the right tactics to turn you on, and girl I,
Wanna be the Papa, You can be the Mom, oh oh! Make I see the gal them bruk out pon the floor
From you don't want no worthless performer
From you don't want no man wey
Can't turn you on gal make I see your hand them up on ya
Can't tan pon it long, naw eat no yam, no steam fish, nor no green banana
But down in Jamaica we give it to you hot like a sauna Well woman the way the time cold I wanna be keepin'
you warm

I got the right temperature to shelter you from the storm
Oh lord, gal I got the right tactics to turn you on, and girl I,
Wanna be the Papa, You can be the Mom, oh oh! Bumper exposed and gal you got your chest out
But you no wasters cause gal you impress out,
And if you des out a me you fi test out,
Cause I got the remedy to make you de-stress out
Me haffi flaunt it because me God Bless out,
And girl if you want it you haffi confess out,
A no lie weh we need set speed a fi test the mattress out Well woman the way the time cold I wanna be keepin'
you warm

I got the right temperature to shelter you from the storm
Oh lord, gal I got the right tactics to turn you on, and girl I,
Wanna be the Papa, You can be the Mom, oh oh! Gal don't say me crazy now, this Strangelove it a no Bridgette
and Flava show

Time fi a make baby now so stop gwaan like you a act shady yo,
Woman don't play me know, cause a no Fred Sanford nor Grady yo,
My lovin' is the way to go, my lovin' is the way to go Well woman the way the time cold I wanna be keepin'
you warm

I got the right temperature to shelter you from the storm
Oh lord, gal I got the right tactics to turn you on, and girl I,
Wanna be the Papa, You can be the Mom, oh oh! When you roll with a player like me,
With a bredda like me girl there is no other
No need to talk it right here just park it right here keep it undercover
From me love how you fit inna you blouse
And you fat inna you jeans and mi waan discover

Everything out you baby girl can you hear when me utter, Well woman the way the time cold I wanna be keepin'
you warm

I got the right temperature to shelter you from the storm
Oh lord, gal I got the right tactics to turn you on, and girl I,
Wanna be the Papa, You can be the Mom, oh oh!

Songwriters

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