Snatch

G.I.S.M.

All I see is legs, beyond control
Or demand
And all I see is legs, and in
My eyes and in my hands
All I see is legs,
Moving up to the cheeks
All I see is legs, they make me
ill and make me weak(Chorus)
Don't cry baby, now what's the catch
What's that word, they call it snatch
Don't worry baby, it's not your fault
Just because it's a body that's so not youAnd all I see is legs, then moving
Up to something sweet
And all I see is legs, and don't you
Think it would be neat?(Chorus) x3What's that word (x3)
They call him (x3)
Snatch(x3)

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