

Your Body

Pretty Ricky

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yes sir
Yes sir
Yes sir
Yes sir I got new shoes on the ride
(Yes sir)
Rollin' down 95
(Yes sir)
And you can see in my eyes
(Yes sir)
That I'm lookin' for a cutiepie
(Yes sir) And we ain't gotta make love
(Yes sir)
And we can just cuddle up
(Yes sir)
But if she want me to beat it up
(Yes sir)
Then dammit, I'll beat it up
(Yes sir) My body, your body
(It's burnin' up)
My body, your body
(It's burnin' up)
My body, your body
(It's burnin' up)
My body, your body
(It's burnin' up) I don't know why
But the ladies call ol' Baby Blue the sticker
They take me and rape me and make me they victim
I lick em and freak 'em, if they married I sleek
If they look like wifey material, then I keep 'em Stuntin' through the city tryin' to find a lady who's
Beautiful, but she gotta have booty too
Baby Blue gonna let you do what you wanna do
You can feel on it if you really want to Get a taste of the salami

Knock, knock, knock, knock you down like a tsunami
Bust in you like atomic
I'mma ahead of my class, gettin' head in the jag
Look in the duffle bag see Benjamin heads on the cash I got new shoes on the ride
(Yes sir)
Rollin' down 95
(Yes sir)
And you can see in my eyes
(Yes sir)
That I'm lookin' for a cutiepie
(Yes sir) And we ain't gotta make love
(Yes sir)
And we can just cuddle up
(Yes sir)
But if she want me to beat it up
(Yes sir)
Then dammit, I'll beat it up
(Yes sir) My body, your body
(It's burnin' up)
My body, your body
(It's burnin' up)
My body, your body
(It's burnin' up)
My body, your body
(It's burnin' up) Top down, blue star tag
Ol' Master bear skin rugs in the Jag
Spectac with the bad chick in the back
Tryin' ta beat it up like an Everlast punching bag Hotter than a Bisquick biscuit out the oven
Your baby mama go on missions to get this lovin'
We kissin' and huggin' she never pick her phone up
You be lookin' for her while we doin' the grown up She complain when she catch back spasms
But she love when she get the back to back orgasms
Yes sir, the game is automatic, give it to 'em one time
They come back like addicts I got new shoes on the ride
(Yes sir)
Rollin' down 95
(Yes sir)
And you can see in my eyes
(Yes sir)
That I'm lookin' for a cutiepie
(Yes sir) And we ain't gotta make love
(Yes sir)
And we can just cuddle up
(Yes sir)
But if she want me to beat it up

(Yes sir)
Then dammit, I'll beat it up
(Yes sir)My body, your body
(It's burnin' up)
My body, your body
(It's burnin' up)
My body, your body
(It's burnin' up)
My body, your body
(It's burnin' up)Well let me step up in this thang
Right lookin', smellin' good
Lookin' good, Spec and Baby Blue and Pleasure Fool
That's all we gotLet me drop my top, pull up in the parking lot
Grab a grape soda, bag of chips
That's all I gotPark outside minglin wit' my homeboys
Faked out, fake hugs leave me alone boy
Plus the candy lookin' good enough to eat
You can tell by the way the girls actin' cross the streetBut on the other hand
Alfalfa just hit me on my Metro
Say a party in the park hard, baby let's go
The balla tick no questions asked
So I jumped out the white Jag
Smooth like Shaq come here girlI got new shoes on the ride
(Yes sir)
Rollin' down 95
(Yes sir)
And you can see in my eyes
(Yes sir)
That I'm lookin' for a cutiepie
(Yes sir)And we ain't gotta make love
(Yes sir)
And we can just cuddle up
(Yes sir)
But if she want me to beat it up
(Yes sir)
Then dammit, I'll beat it up
(Yes sir)My body, your body
(It's burnin' up)
My body, your body
(It's burnin' up)