Take You On

Peaches

I'll take you on

Take you on

Take you on

Take you on.

Take you on

Take you on Take you on.

Take you on

Take you on

Take you on.

Take you on

Take you on

Take you on.

Take you on

Take you on

Take you on.

Take you on

Take you on

Take you on.

Take you on

Take you on

Take you on.

Take you on Take you on Take you on.

I've blurred the lines and then I combine Come round up the garnish fine I'll take your kind I'm feelin' the signs And mom wanna be my valentine Stop drop and roll 'cause u catch my fire Lock you soul 'cause I take you higher With fire higher not required Just on desire, gotta call me siya Can my fist fit down your deepthroat Gotta tighten up that rain coat Yes I dropped you on your head But don't be sad come back to bed You'll be singing back in black Back to black, back to back Black is black, blonde on blonde Little miss song, gonna take you on

> I'll take you on I'll take you on

Take you on Take you on

Take you on

Take you on You cant mess with me You cant mess with me You cant mess with me You cant mess with me

You cant mess with me You cant mess with me You cant mess with me You cant mess with me

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com written by Nisker, Merrill Lyrics © Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/