Automatic

Cowboy Troy

She's sittin' at the bar, sippin' on a beverage
Try to use your platinum card to get leverage
It don't matter, she's got her own
She's got diamonds for buttons on her cellular phone
She's a cutie with a booty, a hottie with a body
Get her on the dance floor, gonna get naughty
Don't mean no harm, just a little fun
'Til it's time for breakfast and you see the sun
Can't find the key to the door where her heart is
Can't find no magic word to say, all the things, I want to say
There's no equation for that rose, she only knows when she
Goes
She's automatic, she's automatic
She turns on when she wants to
Don't give her no static, she's automatic
She turns on when she wants to
Automatic
The beat gets fast and you're cravin' more
Suddenly you make you way to the floor
It's a hick-hop beat boy your body is pumped
All the fine ladies just shakin' their butts
Step up to one then you ask her to dance
It appears to you she's in a trance
Take your time son play your position
'Cause that's the primary mission
Can't find the key to the door where her heart is
Can't find no magic word to say all the things, I want to say
There's no equation for that rose, she only knows when she
Goes
She's automatic, she's automatic
She turns on when she wants to
Don't give her no static, she's automatic
She turns on when she wants to
Automatic
She's automatic, she's automatic
She turns on when she wants to
Don't give her no static, she's automatic
She turns on when she wants to
She's automatic, she's automatic

She turns on when she wants to
Don't give her no static, she's automatic
She turns on when she wants to
Automatic, automatic, automatic

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/