

# Express Lane

## Marques Houston

[Verse 1:] Looking at me, looking at you

If I can talk dirty, then you can talk too

Body look good, with a natural high

I'm missing on my love with them thighs in the sky

I know you got a man, I know you got a choice

Even though you got champagne on your voice

A little X-rated how you moving in the crowd

Drink up the Patron, go and walk it on out

[Hook:] You said the reason why you get dressed up and you look so cute when you come to the club

It's cause you worked all week and you didn't make enough

So the ballers gotta show you some love

Cause you got a 9 to 5 and your son getting older

And it seem like you're pushing to the curve

Baby daddy ain't there, baby daddy never care

And it's really starting to work your nerve

[Chorus:] You're in the express lane, talk to me

With beautiful, comfortable express seats

Call her at a bar, gotta get her num, go out

You're in the express lane

It's where you gonna be sipping on Goose

Looking at me, running your mouth

Expressive, the pain girl

You're in the express lane

[Verse 2:] And immediately throw the card up

I'm a hit the bar, you gone charge it on up

Go on get a glass, fill it on up

Keep the bar open like I'm looking for love

I ain't trying to trick, no I ain't no shrink

Sitting here, like to swallow Martini, like to drink

A plus it's your thing, baby do it well

Another sip of tonic ought to put you in a spell

[Hook:] Said the reason why you get dressed up and you look so cute when you come to the club

It's cause you worked all week and you didn't make enough

So the ballers gotta show you some love

Cause you got a 9 to 5 and your son getting older

And it seem like you're pushing to the curve

Baby daddy ain't there, baby daddy never care

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[Chorus:] You're in the express lane, talk to me  
With beautiful, comfortable express seats  
Call her at a bar, gotta get her num, go out  
You're in the express lane  
It's where you gonna be sipping on Goose  
Looking at me, running your mouth  
Expressive, the pain girl  
You're in the express lane  
[Verse 3:] Keep talking and you look so cute  
Keep talking to me, I'm listening to you  
Girl I know you can feel it in the air  
I'm hearing what you saying, even though I don't care  
[Chorus: x2] You're in the express lane, talk to me  
With beautiful, comfortable express seats  
Call her at a bar, gotta get her num, go out  
You're in the express lane  
It's where you gonna be sipping on Goose  
Looking at me, running your mouth  
Expressive, the pain girl  
Your in the express lane

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