

Love Me

Stooshe

Whoa, yeah yeah yeah
Courtney! Rip
Whatever man, everyone does that ad-lib, ha!
Now girls, what we gonna call these guys that don't like it?
The Waste Men! You can explore me all Sunday, as Sunday's my only day off
You know that I don't wanna hang with no stranger. (No)
After I'm done I won't be gone, but I have to say
All your chocolate got me meltin' baby,
Got me meltin', oh my days, yeah yeah yeah!
Let me give you double helpings, you'll be screaming
Baby baby baby baby, uh uh! Oh oh oh, make me cum and I'll go
'Cause I won't need you no more (no!)
Foreplay is fine, but I ain't got the time
Why don't you hurry up, yeah hurry up, yeah hurry up!
Fuck me You better call your friend Johnny, you wanna hope he's in town
Cause you know when you blow that I don't want no, d-d-d-d-danger!
Without him it ain't going down, but I have to say
Milky bar kid got me melting
Sugar with that geek chic all the way
Put it in and don't you scream not unless it's dirty, dirty filthy dirty, uh uh! Oh oh oh, make me cum and I'll go
'Cause I won't need you no more (no!)
Foreplay is fine, but I ain't got the time
Why don't you hurry up, yeah hurry up, yeah hurry up! It's Travie! (Fuck me) Listen, I don't know what you
take me as
But it's obvious your girlfriends got you gassed
I've spent most my life chasing ass
Now I'm tired, so we gonna have to make this fast!
On second thought I hit the E-brake
Let me set the D-5 up, we're gonna make a freaky tape,
kiss me off right here I'm a freak but hey,
Piss me off and I swear to God, I'ma leak the tape
And matter fact I'd rather masturbate
Then to deal with another basket case
Ah what a waste of a fat booty!
I used to beg but why bother when they hand it to me Listen mate, I don't mean to brag
I'm telling you I'ma be the best you've had
So let's roll! Don't be taking your time
Get it up, put it in, blow my mind!
And the rest, are explicit!

Ha-ha I'm joking you know I don't do that Oh oh oh, make me cum and I'll go
'Cause I won't need you no more (no!)
Foreplay is fine, but I ain't got the time
Why don't you hurry up, yeah hurry up, yeah hurry up! Where's the music gone?
Fuck me Why don't you, fuck me Hey Diddle Diddle, my cat needs a fiddle ha ha!

Songwriters

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