

# Turn on the Lights

Lloyd

If I gave you my heart, could you fall in love tonight?  
And girl, it's tearing me apart, 'cause I know he can't love you right. See, you deserve a night off that I know  
what to do with it,  
Take those Vikki's right off, grab that head and pull on it,  
Knew from the start, you'd only want a thug in your life. In any kind of weather, no one can do you better,  
That pussy, I ain't scared of, girl, I can make you wetter.  
So hop in my Carrera and beat it up.  
No bra under her sweater, I'm ready to eat it up.  
So turn on the lights, I'm looking for her, I'm looking for her,  
I'll fuck her good, then I'm cooking for her,  
She got me leaning, feels like I'm caught up  
Take this sip and follow up, and turn on the lights.  
Turn on the lights, turn on the lights.  
Baby, I would die just to show you why you're true.  
And they say big girls don't cry, wait 'till you see what I can do.  
And they'll never make it, gonna try you, got killers under my cruise ship,  
Strapped up on panmou, down where the suit is.  
Don't fuck with me, baby, 'cause I'm trying to fuck with you.  
In any kind of weather, no one can do you better,  
That pussy, I ain't scared of, girl, I can make you wetter.  
So hop in my Carrera and let me beat it up.  
No bra under her sweater, I'm ready to eat it up.  
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I'll fuck her good, then I'm cooking for her,  
She got me leaning, feels like I'm caught up  
Take this sip and follow up, and turn on the lights.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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