

# My Man Music

## Stooshe

(chorus)

Step left, step right, pull your knees tight,  
Do the butterfly, to the side, to the side,  
Now slide yeah, that's right yeah,  
Then we're gonna bring it back to the old school vibe.  
Come come with the rhythm, come with the bass  
Turn to a hottie and go whine up your waist  
Whine up your waist, whine up your waist,  
Whine up, whine up, whine up your waist

(verse)

Yeah you got me  
Put on my face and pump my stereo  
You can't stop, stop, stop me (nah)  
A melody fillin' up my radio  
Now i'm thinkin' oooooohh whaaaat do i fancy?  
Hip-hop, electro.  
I could be out dub-step raving, skanking' all night,  
I still love classical  
Yeeaahhh,  
We walk that talk with stooshe lines,  
Flicks my switches all the time  
Got me spinnin' like an old school '45  
He's my A-list ev'ry night  
Then he'll make you, shake you, break the mould  
Right down to my neo soul yeah,  
Music is my baby  
He's gonna play me

(chorus)

Step left, step right, pull your knees tight,  
Do the butterfly, to the side, to the side,  
Now slide yeah, that's right yeah  
Now we're gonna bring it back to the old school vibe  
Come come with the riddem, come with the bass  
Turn to a hottie and go whine up your waist  
Whine up your waist, whine up your waist,  
  
Whine up, whine up, whine up your waist  
Yeah he's so cool, I'm on a ride with every step he's taking  
Make me brand new

I fall in love again again again  
And every hits is oooooooooo what is that funk or blues or rock and roll  
Baby got it so mixed in create a new ting, Its all so magical  
Yeah he moves my booty to the max  
Goes to my head like a bottle of Jacks  
At his bestest, yes he's on repeats  
I don't care he's on repeats  
Because he spun me round yeah roundabouts  
And came down to my country house  
I said, music you're my baby  
Come here and play me  
(chorus)  
Step left, step right, pull your knees tight,  
Do the butterfly, to the side, to the side,  
Now slide yeah, that's right yeah  
Now we're gonna bring it back to the old school vibe  
Come come with the riddem, come with the bass  
Turn to a hottie and go whine up your waist  
Whine up your waist, whine up your waist,  
Whine up, whine up, whine up your waist  
(verse/rap)  
I say we give you a liccle trouble, yeah we give you a liccle taste,  
Stooshe 'pon da ditty, make you whine up your waist  
My man make me move, my man make me do  
All the tings that ya man can't do  
Give you a little trouble, give you a little taste  
Stooshe 'pon that ditty make you whine up your waist  
Mamma make me move, my mom make me do,  
All the tings that a man can't do,  
That a man can't do x7  
Break it downnnnnnnnn

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