

50 Shades Of Crazy

Chase Rice

You got a Daytona gold tan
Skin like the soft sand
Girl, you're as cool as the blue on a cold can
Little bit of wild child
Coming through that tipsy smile
With your wearing-whatever-the-hell-you-want kinda style
The kinda naughty habit I could get used to

You set a fire up and down my skin as your fingertips go scraping
And I'm as gone as I've ever been
And it ain't weed or whiskey, baby
You put your hands on me
I'll put my hands on you
We'll get outta hand, girl
I'll deal you whatever hand you want me to
I can't quit
Can't kick this kind of craving
Girl, you drive me
50 shades of crazy

Hint of a lime twist
Cinnamon lipstick
Your dropping hips give a glimpse of your secret
Starts with just a kiss
Then we take innocent
Put it in the rearview
And haul ass straight for sin

Girl, I lose my mind
A little more every time
I feel you reaching 'cross the line
Then I feel your body unwind

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