

Farmer's Daughter

Color Me Badd

The farmers daughter got a one track mind.
Give me some time to let me show you, baby.
Yo' daddy's in the house; he ain't lookin'.
I noticed you been peekin' at me, suga.
I wanna hit you, girl, behind the haystacks.
Ya finger lickin', like a funky chicken,
And I know ya like when I do that.
You can have my cars and my money,
'Cause all I need is what ya make me feel,
And I love ya.

You and me; word to mom,
Still checkin' each other out, hey.
You and me, take ya to the sexiest places.
Still, we got time for a little... Watch your mouth.
Oh, my bad, hope ya will spend the night.
We can do things we never even tried, mmmmmm.
Oh, farmer's daughter,
Child, you know what I want.

Apple, peaches, pumpkin pie.
That's the way you tasted inside, well,
Suga, tell me something good;
I would eat you if I could.
Saturday, we can freak in the woods,
And I'm gonna take you downtown on, say, Tuesday.
Oo, it good.
Alright now, express yourself.
Ah baby, alright.