

Riptide

Emblem3

Pull me in just like a riptide
Yeah
Oh go ahead and
Drown me with your sweet soul
My heart is like a split divide
Half of it beats for me
When the other half beats for you

See it was me and Jose Cuerve with JT at a party
Sippin' Bacardi we've been dreaming a lot of pina coladas
So pour me a shot of tequila or vodka
Droppin' sake poems like a kamikazi
Champagne champion no dripping, we're sipping
Forget your sorry
Fill me up the margarita
Grindin' with the senorita
OJ Grey Goose screw drivin' screws loose
Wanna grow love?
Plant two lips on tulips
Come on baby
Give me mucho Besos and smooches
We're teeny bopping oh
Booty popping oh
Pink panty dropping oh
Mimosas and daiquiris with cherries on top of 'em
Rockin' with the best from the east to the wild wild west coast
Let's go

Pull me in just like a rip tide, yeah.
Go ahead and drown me with your sweet soul
My heart is like a split divide baby
Half of it beats for me
When the other half beats for you

When life hands you lemons take the lemons and bail
We put em in the necks of our Corona's and sail
Like rickety-rocka-di
Tickety-tocka-di
The Red Bull and Vodka's got the party rocking
We're grooving to the music and you're moving and you're losing
You're infused up in the tunes and now the energy is cruising
She's so sweet, yeah
My baby like a mango
Rose in my mouth well it takes two to tango

Grind on yeah
'Cause this pretty little mama trynna dance with me
Eh, eh, eh
Grind on yeah
'Cause this pretty little mama trynna dance with me
Eh, eh, eh
Grind on yeah
'Cause this pretty little mama trynna get some, get some,
Low key, low key
Gotta get my grind on.

Pull me in just like a rip tide, yeah.

Go ahead and drown me with your sweet soul
My heart is like a split divide baby
Yeah, half of it beats for me
When the other half beats for you

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
(Gonna dance the night away)
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
(Gonna dance the night away)
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
(Eh, eh, eh, gonna dance the night away, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

I'm on that couch in the back
Puffin on a djarum blacks
Got a ukulele and a pretty lady on my lap
Kiss kiss, cheek cheek
Wanna plant one in between
She's my beauty queen
Pretty eyes chrome green
A black dress looking sleaze
Victoria's Secret love spell so enchanting
Romance me, slow dance me, fancy
When you get a chance can you advance to the next beat

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'Cause this pretty little mama trynna dance with me
Eh, eh, eh
Grind on yeah
'Cause this pretty little mama trynna get some, get some,
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Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa