

# Don't Tell 'Em

Jeremih

Rhythm is a dancer, I need a companion  
Girl I guess that must be you  
Body like the summer, fucking like no other  
Don't you tell 'em what we do  
Don't tell 'em  
Don't tell 'em  
You don't even  
Don't tell 'em  
You don't even  
You don't even gotta tell 'em  
Don't you tell 'em  
Don't you tell 'em  
You and me  
Don't you tell 'em  
Don't you tell 'em  
You and me  
Don't you tell 'em  
Don't you tell 'em

Know you say you down wit it  
Won't tell em how you hit the ground wit it  
Girl you know I'm from Chicago, I like the full Bobby Brown wit it (in it)  
Nobody take me out tho  
You got gifts bring em down the south pole  
Marathon doll gon' puttin' miles  
Don't you worry bout it might gon' work it out  
Only is you got me feeling like this oohh why, why, why, why  
Loving while grabbing the rhythm of your hips  
That's right, right, right, right, right

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Dely fool, fool wit it  
But you know I know what to do wit it  
I get it that girl I'm talking laps  
You said you got to pull wit it  
And she say she with your best friends  
Then let me be down wit  
You know you feeling now so press play  
Just keep that ass wit

Only wit you got it feel like this  
Ooh why, why, why, why, why  
Loving and grabbing the rhythm of the hips

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Throw it up, 9-3-4 8-6-1-6  
I got a missed call from your bitch  
She been plug at me like ooh  
She wanna duck my dick and it's on it  
I like her in the shower when she's all fresh  
...I'mma giving it  
On my late night thirsty  
Cuz it was late night and I was thirsty  
Girl I've been to that ...I ain't tell it  
Ain't cover for that bitch, ain't no belly  
Like I can keep a secret  
If pretty's stuck I can hit a belly  
She got my number store and I can find it now  
A nigga is faithful but he run to play  
Hold up so tell me how it's pow up  
Don't make it for, so making the hula

Only you got me feeling like this  
Oh why, why, why  
Loving and grabbing the rhythm of the hips

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