

# Pin Up Girl

J Sutta

You look delish, I bite my lips  
Don't wanna waste a little bit  
I swing my hips, I like my cherries  
I make them pop like soda pop

I like a whiskey, I take it dry  
It makes me tipsy, you wanna kiss me?  
Oh, oh hold up, not gonna quit  
Like MC Hammer, I'm too legit

I see you eying up my button  
And it's got ya on blushin', Whoa oh  
Can you take it?  
I see u sweatin' boy  
Whats' gonna happen? Whoa oh  
Just imagine me naked (naked, naked, naked)

I can be your pretty little pin-up girl  
I can be the bubble in your soda pop world  
I can make your dream possible-ble-ble  
Nothing's gonna take on your pin-up girl  
Your pin-up girl  
Your pin-up girl

Go get your camera, let's take a pic  
Oh let me see it, damn, I'm the shit  
Oh, teach me, teach me, What makes you tick?  
I'm feelin' crazy, let's make a flick

The way you eying up my body  
Boy, it's turnin' me on  
I cannot fake it  
I feel your hot breath runnin' down  
Back on my neck, Whoa oh  
It's got me shaking

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Tell me what you need girl  
I got it, You love it  
She want it, I'm with it  
Committed, Life ain't shit  
Unless we live it  
So fly you got me high  
Wanna come kick it with a stand up guy  
Hands on thighs, I hit that spot  
I make you hot, You let me watch  
Damn, damn  
Make me dance  
Make me want what's in your pants  
No regrets, Told you let's  
Hit the bed till both break sweat  
She really wants it bad  
I love the way you laugh  
You got the way I grab on that ass so fast  
Like rough when smash you bad

Under the cover sheets secrets lie

See the mysteries I can't describe  
Everything and anything you do  
It makes me on (Na, na, na, na)  
Oh (Na, na, na, na)

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