

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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