

Tamale

Mr. Vegas

Ketch this ketch dah one yah pon yu musical disk just ketch this
She's ah she's ah she's ah she's ah

She's a tamale drunk on Courvoisier
She want to party after the party
She want to private dance with somebody
Cause her body gotta a mind of its own..own..oh..oh..oh..own.

Nah nah nah nah na na nanna nana na... (Repeat)
Just the way how she move her body
You can tell that she's a tamale
Hips moving like a Ferrari
You can tell that she's a tamale

As soon as she walked through the door aha aha
And back her thing up on the floor aha aha
Its getting hot it's a bout to blow
Tell the firetruck to bring the hose
Showing off her belly skin
Looking sexy with naval ring
She don't care who's hating
She ain't faking she's just doing her thing own...own..oh oh oh own (repeat)

Nah nah nah nah na na nanna nana na... (Repeat)
Just the way how she move her body
You can tell that she's a tamale
Hips moving like a Ferrari
You can tell that she's a tamale

She's got man gazing
Cause she's so hot...shes blazin'
It is so crazy
But this girl amaze me
She's such a lady
Skin like a new born baby
Scent like a garden daisy ..
Pum pum fat like the lips of missy?. own..oh oh oh own
Pum pum fat like the lips of missy?. own..oh oh oh own

Nah nah nah nah na na nanna nana na...

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