

Scandalous

T. Mills

I gotta girl, but she ain't home
Wanna hump?
Just come on over
You ain't gotta go, she ain't gotta know
You wanna hump?
Just come on over
The lights dim, the radios up, and it's playing my song
I'ma sing it for ya
The tapes in, the cameras on
We gonna be here till the morn, I gotta thing for ya

It ain't wrong if I make you feel right
Feel right, feel right, feel right, feel right
I'ma have it my way, you can fill my appetite
You make me say, you scandalous, you you so scandalous
You so scandalous but damn that pussy glamorous
You so scandalous, you so you so scandalous
You so scandalous, but damn that pussy glamorous

I dish it out, you eat it up
No lovin, we just fuckin yea I beat it up
With me around, yea it's a rap
I get that blood pumpin, call me Mr. Cardiac
The doors locked, the blinds are shut
Let me ask you what, I gotta question for ya
Let's go again, I'm talking round two
We're gonna be here till the morn, I gotta thing for ya

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Light a candle, it's a scandal
Yea, we're water gatin
Sheets wetter then a fucking water bed breaking
I pull your hair, you like it rough
I'm patient girl, you tell me when you had enough
I got my girl, we are just some signs
But you a centerfold, make you fool around
Come on baby do it to me one more time
I'm runin through it, like a stop sign

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