

...Because I Spit Hot Fire

You, Me, and Everyone We Know

The sweat soaks his shirt
And he's feeling his blood thin out
And the pulse we've built outside this epidermis keeps his char
m en route

Pedals to the floor
Like my hips press to yours
There's a whisper from your lips "lets go"
You don't stand a chance

I'm as stealthy as a slow gas leak
By the time that you know you'll have succomb to me
I've never seen such a battle to open one door

You're batting eyes
As he's taking his time
As we're playing out the last notes to your calling song

Pedals to the floor
Like my hips press to yours
There's a whisper from your lips "lets go"
You don't stand a chance

I'm a rush much like passing notes
'Cause I'm keeping the secrets you'd all die to know
But have no shame
These boundaries called waistlines are bound to be broken somet
ime