

Karl Wolf, Carrera

I saw this girl inside the club
Yo homie you're in my way
So I stepped right up to her
And asked her if that's her man
She said no and proceeded to chat
So I just let her stay to tell her that she's
everything that I want
And to take her away

(Chours)

She rides up in my Carrera
She feels me, she wants me she holds me
Her body's like the Sahara
So soft and so curvy, revealing
She's looking in the mirror
Eyes catch me watching and flirting
She rides up in my Carrera
She feels me she holds me, she wants me right now
I click 80 on the dash
Now I'm on the road
We're going real fast
She ain't takin it slow
Things about to burst
When I be rockin da show
Drama about to start right now
Up in my ride
SO, here we go, let it flow
She's out with me layin low
Freaky deaky let it be
What she do next?

(Chorus)

Your baby's home
She's all alone
You're makin this a cloudy day
She texts your phone
She moans and groans
You made it as if didn't see a thing
You did receive
You made believe
That you were chekin out your boyz new whip
Suddenly you at another parking lot
And she's up in yo shshshsh

(Chorus x4)