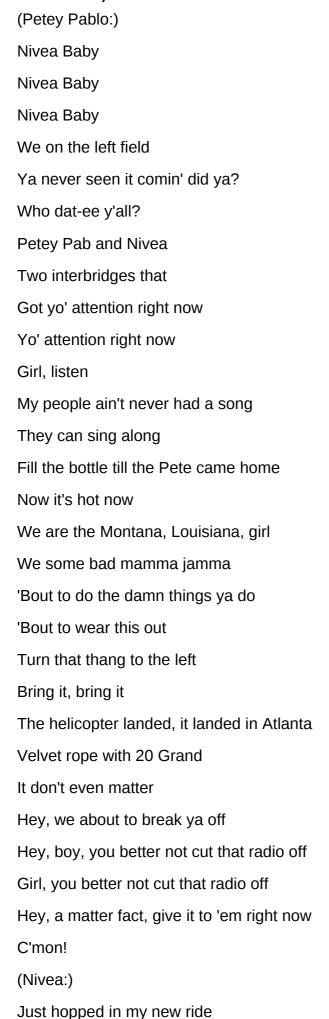
Nivea, Don't Mess With The Radio



Tryin' not to look so fly Then I turned on the radio The way I'm feelin' can't be controlled This little Shorty was just my type He kinda thuggish, but treat you right And yet I know he was walkin' by But not the type of boy I would pass with a lie Think you can roll with me, ride with me, get down with me? (Pre-Chorus) But respect my property If you don't wanna get checked, you best forget them drives or step Ya better keep your hands to yourself (Chorus) Don't you mess (No you can't, no you can't) With my radio (No you can't, no you can't) Don't mess (You can't mess) (No you can't, no you can't) With my radio With my radio (Repeat Chorus) Now I can see that the time is flyin' And I wanna go Straight to the dance floor Put your hands up and Put this rock up and party like it ain't no thang No, no There ain't no other place that could be so right So I think we're gonna stay here and dance all night (Repeat Pre-Chorus)

(Repeat Chorus x2)

Do you wanna ride with me?

Just don't mess with my radio

Oh

Do you wanna ride with me?

Just don't mess with my radio

Don't you wanna ride with me?

Do you wanna ride with me?

Just don't mess with my radio

Oh

Do you wanna ride with me?

Just don't mess with my radio

I know you wanna go

Just don't mess with my radio

(Repeat Chorus x3)

Radio, radio, radio