

Shwayze, Parachute

I gotta couple problems
But who dont?
123
All I ever needed was a pair of shoes
A dollar in my pocket
And a parachute
Air-o-plane that I can take to the sky to find you
All I ever needed was a pair of shoes
A dollar in my pocket
And a parachute
Air-o-plane that I can take to the sky to find you
Air-o-plane that I can take to the sky
Air-o-plane that I can take to the sky to find you
Ima simple man
With a dangerous mind
I take my time
Sex and wine
Im one of a kind
Aint no fucking wit mine
My baby got me wishin that the sun would shine
Everybody wanna fall in love some day
Wit a six foot super model running down the runway
I found mine,
Walking in the park
On a Sunday night
We gunna get together cuz it feels so right
Feels so right sleepin in my bed tonight
Its been a hard days work
I bet your soul hurts
Yes-sir
No-sir
Find the folders
Pile the boulders
On top of your shoulders
I wanna get high and hold ya
Be good like I told ya I would
You know its all good
Lets take it easy like, 123
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Love is a drug
Sex is obliged
She was sexin all over me
Like what?
She said she like it slow
So I sped it up
To switch it up
When I hit it up
The sweat was drippin
Her dog was trippin
While the Chihuahua was barkin and bitchin
Scratchin and itchin
Bathroom and kitchen
Im a specialist
In all positions
Exceptional
Pussy professional

In love with your body
Like a vegan loves vegetables
Eatable underwear
Taste like strawberries under there
Come to papa bear, mama bear
I gotta couple problems
But who dont?
Now dont try to tell me that you dont
But we can work em out together
Its easy like 123
All I ever needed was a pair of shoes
A dollar in my pocket
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Air-o-plane that I can take to the sky
Air-o-plane that I can take to the sky to find you
I was born on the beach
Got sand in my fro
Hands in my pockets
Aint got no dou
But I got soul
Ask james brown
He gave me the crown when he left town
Im the sex machine
Babies, text message me
Takin my paper like im a god dam fax machine
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