

# 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

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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  
And a parachute  
Air-o-plane that I can take to the sky to find you  
123  
All I ever needed was a pair of shoes  
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Air-o-plane that I can take to the sky to find you  
123  
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  
I gotta couple problems  
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