

Victoria Beckham, Hustla

Super cool, you're moving slowly closer
You never take your eyes off me
You bring it on, as you start the conversation
And you ask me casually
Are you single, happy with your wash
Do you need a chaperone, are you in a rush
You say, can I call a cab to take you home, uh-oh!
Here comes the hustler
I see you're slick at that sweet-talk thing
Trying to win me over
Full marks for trying, but you'll never get my love oh
Here comes the hustler
He's a pro at that chit-chat thing
Trying to win me over
Full marks for trying, but you'll never get my love oh no
Oh no, oh no, oh no
Did the boys, wind you up and did they dare you
Then mark your progress one to five
Me and my girls, been watching you slide over
A hunter on the trail tonight
Are you single, happy with your wash
Do you need a chaperone, are you in a rush
You say, can I call a cab to take you home, uh-oh!
Here comes the hustler
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Trying to win me over
Full marks for trying, but you'll never get my love oh
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He's a pro at that chit-chat thing
Trying to win me over
Full marks for trying, but you'll never get my love oh
I've seen it all before and boy there is no way
I know your type, and I know you like to play
You're floating in and you shimmy up here
Panic attack when you're getting near
To the ladies with the lyrical flow
Trying to impress with the come on let's go
To the boys, can I dedicate this
You are a fool to persist
Are you single, happy with your wash
Do you need a chaperone, are you in a rush
You say, can I call a cab to take you home, uh-oh!
(Can I call a cab to take you home, yeah)
Here comes the hustler
I see you're slick at that sweet-talk thing
Trying to win me over
Full marks for trying, but you'll never get my love oh
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