

# Charli XCX, Guess featuring Billie Eilish

Hey Billie, you there?

You wanna guess the color of my underwear  
You wanna know what I got goin' on down there  
Is it pretty in pink or all see-through?  
Is it showin' off my brand new lower-back tattoo?

You wanna put 'em in your mouth, pull 'em all down south  
You wanna turn this shit out, that's what I'm talkin' about  
Put 'em in your mouth, pull 'em all down south  
You wanna turn this shit out, that's what I'm talkin' about  
Yeah

Try it, bite it, lick it, spit it  
Pull it to the side and get all up in it  
Wear 'em, post 'em, might remix it  
Send 'em to The Dare, yeah, I think he's with it  
Try it, bite it, lick it, spit it  
Pull it to the side and get all up in it  
Wear 'em, post 'em, might remix it  
Eat it for lunch, yeah, it's so delicious

Don't have to guess the color of your underwear  
Already know what you've got goin' on down there  
It's that lacy black pair with the little bows  
The ones I picked out for you in Tokyo  
I saw them when you sat down, they were peekin' out  
I'm gonna tell you right now, they're all I'm thinkin' about

I wanna try it, bite it, lick it, spit it  
Pull it to the side and get all up in it  
Kiss it, bite it, can I fit it?  
Charli likes boys, but she knows I'd hit it

Charli, call me if you're with it

Yeah, guess, guess, guess, guess  
Guess, guess, guess, guess  
Guess, guess, guess, guess  
Guess, guess, guess, guess  
Guess, guess, guess, guess  
Guess, guess, guess, guess  
Guess, guess, guess, guess  
Guess, guess, guess, guess

You wanna guess what me and Billie have been textin' about?  
You've been disrespectful  
Still tryin' to guess the password to my Google Drive  
Are you obsessed with me?  
You wanna guess the address of the party we're at  
You really are not invited  
You wanna guess if we're serious about this song