

Dub Pistols, Peaches

Senorita, I'd really love to meet ya
Maybe sip some Magarita on the beach to set the mood
And nothing would be sweeter
Believe me seniorita
If I make ya I'll complete ya
So make make me rude
Please believe me
I'm young, free and I'm easy
And down for the sleazy
Infact I freak completely
From Brighton to Tahiti
You can see me

Walking on the beaches
Looking at the peaches

Don't get it twisted
Cos yeah I'm voyeuristic
But I aint some kind of misfit
That's watching your every move
No
I mean I watch ya
Your hot so I spot ya
And the way you work the middle got me thinking bout food
yo
Peach perhaps, watermelons and baps
While I'm trying to keep my rhymes
Slack free and attract ya yo
I'm the kind up early and packed to go

Walking on the beaches
Looking at the peaches

We'll be walking on the beach
With the sand beneath our feet
And a peach within reach to the left and to the right
And since there all ripe then I just got to get me some
Cos I'm a man whose got a fetish for a peach and not a plum
She probably runs laps
Cos she's got heathy lungs
Me I'm up with the sun and I'll be down until it done
You need a little lotion, girl I'll rub it in
When I'm

Walking on the beaches
Looking at the peaches