

Jimi Blue, Crazy boy

Hey girl, come on, tell me where you at?
I don't mean to seduce - cut the crap - word up! Ha!
They all call me Jimi - You ask why
Cuz that's my real name, no I ain't gon' lie
Expose, Come close moce ya hips - that's right
Let it Show what you got, rock the club all night
If the oarty ain't hot with a fuckin lame sound
Head for the next spot - let's bounce

(Chorus)

You Crazy boy
You watch my humbs shakin' all night
You Crazy boy
You want me to work it more
You got me freakin' out, baby

You Crazy boy
We're gonna rock the clubs, alright
Crazy boy

You're such a freaky hot girl
Got me goin' crazy

Jimi you're hot

So gimme' what you got

There you go swayin' on the floor in front of me

Gettin' tipsy without whiskey, chicks don't need no suppin' Champagne

I'll getcha' "French Kiss", "sex on the beach" or a "Hurricane";

Jimi you're hot, so gimme' what you got

ha-ha-hot, girl you gotta' lot, mo' than money can buy

Crack a smile and you got my hypnotized - come on

Let it show what you got, rock the club all night

Chorus

You got me acting real nice

So come and say what you like

Jimi you're hot

So gimme' what you got

I'm more than money can buy

I know you gon' have a try (on me)

Turn it up