

Mount Sims, How we do

Don't need a reason to
Do the things that I do
No need to impress you
Just wanna undress you
I really love your shoes
You still kick Kangaroos
And the way you comb your hair
Like it's 1982
I don't live to break the rules
I just want to make you drool
'Cause baby I come equipped
With every kind of tool
A midnight interlude
I'll lick your attitude
Until your face turns blue
Until your face turns blue
Why don't we behave the way we 'supposed to?
Ah, you know how we do
You know how we do
You know how we do
This is how we do
No need to bite my lip
I'd rather bite your hip
And make our muscles slip
Sit back and watch us requisite
Drink juice through conduit
Just for the hell of it
Turn your dry ice machine on
'Cause I like the smell of it
Don't make a special trip
While were here in the mix
'Cause baby this is nasty
As it's ever gonna get
Sometimes it's slow
Sometimes it's quick
Sometimes it takes forever
And forever takes the most of it
Ah, you know how we do
You know how we do
You know how we do
This is how we do