

Stooshe, My Man Music

Step left, step right, pull your knees tight,
Do the butterfly, to the side, to the side,
Now slide yeah, that's right yeah,
Then we're gonna bring it back to the old school vibe.
Come come with the rhythm, come with the bass
Turn to a hottie and go whine up your waist
Whine up your waist, whine up your waist,
Whine up, whine up, whine up your waist

Yeah you got me
Put on my face and pump my stereo
You can't stop, stop, stop me (nah)
A melody fillin' up my radio
Now i'm thinkin' oooooohh whaaaat do i fancy?
Hip-hop, electro.
I could be a dub-step raver, dancin' all night,
I still love classical

Yeeaahhh,
We walk that talk with stooshe lines,
Flicks my switches all the time
Got me spinnin' like an old school '45
He's my A-list ev'ry night
Then he'll make you, shake you, break the mould
Right down to my neo(?) soul
Music is my baby
He's gonna play me

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I say we give you a lickle trouble, yeah we give you a little taste,
Stooshe 'pon that bit, it make you whine up your waist
Mamma make me move, my mom make me do
All the tings that a man can't do
Give you a little trouble, give you a little taste
Stooshe 'pon that diity make you whine up your waist
Mamma make me move, my mom make me do,
All the tings that a man can't do,
That a man can't do /x7
Break it down