

The Time, My Drawers

Baby, when we go out, I got clout, cuz I'm your number one body rocker.

Fellas? - Yeah!

She'll make you scream, your insides shout, but let me tell you what it's all about.

(chorus)

She's mine, all mine. I'm her number one body rocker all of the time.

She's mine, all mine. You better find a brand new bag, cuz these is my drawers.

Baby, I'm so ashamed, cuz I'm all aflame. I mean you've got my body hot.

Fellas? - Yeah!

She's so fast, you'd never last, you couldn't deal with the funk she's got.

(repeat chorus)

Oh baby, this is your number one. Yes, I know you're young.

But we could have so much fun.

Jesse, if you could play guitar, I'll warm up the car.

And me and this girl can see the sun rise.

Whose drawers? - My drawers!

(repeat chorus)

Take it home!