

W.A.S.P., 4.9.5. Nasty

One woman down my street is too hot for the average man
Hard to handle, a fire in her eyes
Wants the hot rocks right in her hand
I know she's burning, hot with love
A come-on look and she ain't fooling
And she knows just what it does
She gave me a number to make me feel fine
Said call me up baby
It's gonna 9.5. - N.A.S.T.Y.
You're everything I need
'Cause I want what you're giving
I'm yours to do with what you please
N.A.S.T.Y., you're everything I need
'Cause I want what you're giving
I'm yours to do with what you please
Ooh - no mama's baby, this child
She's a killer wrapped in high-heel shoes
Touch the skin - it burns like fire
I don't even care if I'm being used
Threw me down and then she tore off my jeans
She said, come on, babe, I mean business
I'm gonna show you what liberation means
Do it to me baby
I'm losing my mind
Said call me up honey
Tonight I'm 9.5. - N.A.S.T.Y.
You're everything I need
'Cause I want what you're giving
I'm yours to do with what you please
N.A.S.T.Y., you're everything I need
'Cause I want what you're giving
I'm yours to do with what you please
Some bad habits are hard to break
Like an earthquake coming
I got to shake, shake, shake
9.5. - N.A.S.T.Y.
You're everything I need
'Cause I want what you're giving
I'm yours to do with what you please