

Nothing but a Number

Pretty Ricky

Yeah this ya boy pleasure..
the fine pleasure...
to all the ladies who like pleasure....
age aint nuthin but a numba...
pretty ricky and the mavericks...

(It aint nothing but a (lets go) number)
It aint nothing but a number
(aint nothing but a number)
It aint nothing but a number
it aint nuthin but a nummmber
it aint nuthin but a number...yeah

[Chorus:]

You sa-a-a-a-e-e-e it's because of my age girl
but age aint nothing but a number
It aint nothing but a number (number baby)
You sa-ea-ea-ea-ea it's because of my age girl
but age aint nothing but a number
It aint nothin but a number (number baby)

I'm a young man, but my dick grown up
I like to beat it up wit legs over shoulders
I'm the one you call when you wanna get fucked.
Hit you in da house, in da car, in da truck.
Baby bend over, let me hit it from the back.
Ima show you how Stella got her groove back.
How you feel like a little girl, sneakin for your boyfriend
leavin' your window cracked.
I get a phone call everyday weekly.
Legs open very easy da meanin' of L.O.V.E
baby blue, B.A.B.Y.B.L.U.E.
Have you spellin you my name in yo sleep.
I beat that drum like the energizer bunny.
Keep goin' and goin', goin' and goin'.
Show ya that an old man can't do ya body like I can.
I'll flip it and keep ya moanin'.

[Chorus]

I know you been goin' through some changes.
People got you anglin' in different directions.
Now it's time for the best
Sit down on the bed gurl
Let me teach you what lesson I'm talkin' 'bout.
Havin sex 'n' a little romance 'n' a little affection
I'm talking' 'bout headboard bangin'
Forget about dem other ones, aint nobody gonna do you like (ahh)
Age aint nothin but a number gurl
Tryin to blow your mind and make you wonder girl
Trying to hit you with this thunder girl, trying to make this bedroom rumble
girl
So turn the page to another chapter 'cause you want matter nothin'
thats matter
I'm your servant, you're my master
I'm tryin to climb this latter happily ever after

[Chorus]

Don't waste no time, just gimme your hand lets walk on the sand
Spend a couple of grand.
Approachin' your body with sex appeal.
On the real, me and you could just chill.
I'm talkin' 'bout back action, satisfaction,
guaranteed wip lashes on your back.
Gurl my luv is everlastin, everlastin.
I wanna sign ya, and wine 'n' dine ya.
Spin you like DJ Rhyma.
Suck on your neck like a vampire.
you a bomb.
'Bout to blow up all you need is a big timer.
Don't worry 'bout age 'cause I'm 21, bout mines
[Chorus]