

That's Alright

SIR

She a good girl, I'm a rude boy, but we attract
She got that act right
I attack that if she throw it back
We be slow dancing to Uncle Luke
I let her move how she wanna move
I never really talk too much
She don't really want too
I know she's down to ride
She knows in her I can fight
That ain't really how she maneuver
We prefer hearts to desire

And I say the same thing about her panties (uh)
All her little friends can't stand me
Cause they know
I would trade her love for a Grammy

But, she wanna, I wanna
And that's alright, that's alright, that's alright, that's alright
That's alright
And, she wanna, I wanna
And that's alright, that's alright, that's alright, that's alright
That's alright

I'm a fool for her when she do for me that I am
I got the walk right but I talk like I'm a man
Now, my family trying to find out where I spend all my time now
I don't never tell them shit anytime she let me hit
I tell her that she's the best
She can't have all [?]
I never give up no rest
She make me feel like she need me
We prefer hearts at the door

And I say the same thing about her panties (uh)
All her little friends can't stand me
Cause they know
I would trade her love for a Grammy

But, she wanna, I wanna
And that's alright, that's alright, that's alright, that's alright
That's alright
And, she wanna, I wanna
And that's alright, that's alright, that's alright, that's alright
That's alright