The Dirty Heads

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I quit chilling with the hombres
To lay in bed and make you sing like Beyoncé
Them other brothers must be doing it the wrong way
'Cuz you said you love it when I put it in the long way
Ayy I be the king of all ya fetishes
No doubt, late night text messages
Heart grows fonder, legs grow restless
If love is a sickness then I am the specialist
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In the mothership putting in the long days
Lava flows then we coast down to Pompeii
We can blow down the coast that's the ganja
No clothes, sweat blows, dirty laundry
Ayy, hot wax when the candles lit
Safe words, legs burns, can you handle it?
Trash the room, phone rings, never answer it
If loves like a war then I'm not the pacifist
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Tell me what you're waiting for
You are the one falling for me
Tell me, can you take some more?
You are the one lost and lonely
Leave it on the bedroom floor
You are the one falling for me
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