

Webb Wilder

"Wild Honey"

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I beep my horn
She comes runnin'
She likes the flash
Of my cash money
Lord I'd trade it all
For a good night taste
Of that wild honey

Ah hah hah hah
She gets me tickled
She likes to drive my motorcycle
The birds and the bee's
Have knocked me to my knees
Over wild honey

She's my sweet sweet love
Now she don't try to bottle it up
It flows so free
I got to gather me
Some wild honey

My mamma said
She'll cause you friction
Sales man says
Boy there's diction in prediction
Penthouse talk
Won't put me off of my
Wild honey

She's got a sweet sweet love
Now she don't try to bottle it up
It flows so free
I got to gather me
Some wild honey

She's got a sweet sweet love
Now she don't try to bottle it up
It flows so free
I got to gather me
Some wild honey

I buzz like a bee

Just like a bee
For wild honey
I buzz like a bee
Just like a bee
For wild honey

I buzz like a bee
Just like a bee
For wild honey yeah
I buzz like a bee
Just like a bee
For wild honey... talk about talk about

I buzz like a bee
Oh just like a bee
For wild honey

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