

Streets, The "Fit But You Know It"

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'Suse me girl
I know it's a bit embarrassing
But I've noticed some tan lines
On your shirt

See, I reckon you're about an eight or a nine
Maybe even nine and a half in four beers time
That blue top, shop top you've got on is nice
Bit too much fake tan though, but yeah, you score high

But there's just one little thing that's really, really
Really, really annoying me about you, you see
Yeah, yeah, like I said, you are really fit
But my gosh, don't you just know it

I'm not trying to pull you
Even though I would like to
I think you are really fit
You're fit, but my gosh, don't you know it

So, when I looked at you, standing there with your
hoard
I was waiting in the queue, looking at the board
Wondering whether to have a burger or chips
Or what the shrapnel in my back pocket could afford

When I noticed out the corner of my eye
Looking toward my direction, your eyes locked on my
course
I couldn't concentrate on what I wanted to order
Which lost me my place in the queue I waited for, yeah

I'm not trying to pull you
Even though I would like to
I think you are really fit
You're fit, but my gosh, don't you know it

Whoa, are you smoking crack or something?
(Leave it out, leave it out)
(Mike just leave it, just leave it)
We cannot have that behavior in this establishment

(Leave it out, leave it out)
(It's not worth it Mike, just leave it, it's not worth it)
Don't touch me, don't touch me, I'm alright, don't touch
me
(Leave it out, leave it out)

For a while I was thinking, yeah, but what if?
Picturing myself with bare white hot wit
Snaring at you as you were standing there opposite
Whether or not you knew it, I swear you didn't tick

And when that bloke in the white behind us lot queuein'
Was clocking onto you too, yeah, I had to admit that
Yeah you are fit, and yeah, I do want it
But I stopped sharkin' a minute to get chips and drinks

I'm not trying to pull you
Even though I would like to
I think you are really fit
You're fit, but my gosh, don't you know it

Now, I bashed my head hard earlier due to the brew
But I am digressing slightly, so I'll continue
I didn't wanna bowl over all geezer and rude
Not rude like good, but just rude like uncouth

You girls think you can just flirt and it comes to you
But let me tell you, see, yes, yes, you are really rude
And rude as in good, I knew this as you stood and
queued
But I just did not want to give the satisfaction to you

I'm not trying to pull you
Even though I would like to
I think you are really fit
You're fit, but my gosh, don't you know it

Oy, just as you started to make your big advance
With the milkshake and that little doughnut in hand
I was like, nah, I can't, even though you look grand
But you look sharp there smiling hard, suggestin'

And gleaming away with your hearty, hearty looking
tan
But I admit the next bit was spanners to my plan
You walk towards my path and you just brushed right
past
And into the arms of that fuckin' white shirted man

I'm not trying to pull you
Even though I would like to

I think you are really fit
You're fit, but my gosh, don't you know it

Oh, what do I give a fuck, I've got a girlfriend anyway
(Whoa, we've all had a drink, mate)
We're all a bit drunk, we've had a few, fair play
I got this stella I bombed from that last cafe
This night's not even begun, yes, yes, oh yay

I did fancy you a bit though, yeah, I must say
I would rather, I hadn't mugged myself on display
But this is just another case of female stopping play
On an otherwise, total result of a holiday

I'm not trying to pull you
Even though I would like to
I think you are really fit
You're fit, but my gosh, don't you know it

Ha ha, huh, huh, huh
You're fit, but you're fit, but you know it
(You know it)
You're fit, but you know it
I think, I'm going to fall over
I think, I'm going to fall o, fuck it all

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