

411**"Bare Feet On The Blacktop"**Visit "[Bare Feet On The Blacktop](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Long legs, short dress,
Girl it fits just like a glove.
High heels, unreal,
No I don't mind to zip you up.
You're asking me if you look okay,
Well let me put it this way.

It's like, barefeet on the blacktop,
In the middle of July, hot.
Crawfish steamin' in a big ol' pot,
Baby, you got me.

Breakin' out in a full on sweat,
Find it hard to catch my breath,
I bet the devil himself is beggin' for mercy.
H-O-T-T, Hot.
It's like, bare feet on the blacktop.

Weak knees, got me,
Eating right out of your hands.
One touch, blood rush,
No I don't think you understand.
Cute don't do it, pretty ain't enough,
No girl, you fire me up.

It's like, barefeet on the blacktop,
In the middle of July, hot.
Crawfish steamin' in a big ol' pot,
Baby, you got me.

Breakin' out in a full on sweat,
Find it hard to catch my breath,
I bet the devil himself is beggin' for mercy.
H-O-T-T, Hot.
Like bare feet on the blacktop.
Here we go!

That's hot!

Bare feet on the blacktop,
In the middle of July, hot.

Crawfish steamin' in a big ol' pot,
Baby, you got me.

Breakin' out in a full on sweat,
Find it hard to catch my breath,
I bet the devil himself is beggin' for mercy.
Jalapeño, red tabasco, caliente, hot.
It's like, bare feet on the blacktop.

In the middle of July, hot.
Bare feet on the blacktop.

Wheew!

That's hot!

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