Baby Bash (Baby Beesh)
"Super Saucy"

[Intro-Baby Bash]
Super Saucy, Saucy
Super Saucy, Saucy
Super Saucy, Saucy
Your so Sau-cy
Super Saucy. Saucy
Super Saucy, Saucy
Super Saucy, Saucy
Your so Sau-cy

[Verse-Baby Bash]
Sexy butterfly, skin tone butterscotch
The finest linen, the type of is she love to cop
The miss Stiletto heels, she a fan of Barcelona
She hating attention, but every naked eye on her
Straight out of Arizona, I told her that I'm a loner
I'm offering crystal, but she prefer lime and Corona
Super Saucy, Sergio Rossi Sandals
And when she in the Jacuzzi ooh, she lighting candles
Stunting all the way across the floor for sure
Freshly molded by the hands of the lord and oh
Heavens angel, curves in every angle
Time play two to tango, bring the hook sang

[Chorus-Avant]
You're the apple of my eye
I'm feeling like a drug I'm so high
Everything is so sweet
Like a peach, strawberry baby your saucy
So take a ride with me off in the whip
I'll push the keys to you just let me
Everything is so sweet
Like a peach, strawberry baby your saucy

[Verse-Baby Bash]
Uh, I'm trying to get it crunk-a-lating between us I'm saying
You on the brink of bubble-lating, your body's displaying
And I'm a spitter on the come up been patiently waiting
To tour Jamaica, maybe meet a couple Jamaicans
That makes us equally compatible, expectations

For you it's education, for me is to rock the nation
Now that's a combination we should be modulating
Crunching on Greek salad under some conversation
Sipping on apple pucker twerping that mariachi
I'm digging the purse, your matching, that's authentic
Gucci
And you the chick that I been searching for across the
globe
And I just wanted you to knowÂ…

[Chorus]

[Bridge x4]
Lets get it crunk-a-lating
Lets get it bubble-lating
You got the Motts and I'm a boss
Yeah that I'm saying

[Chorus x2]

[Intro x2]