

## **Candyman**

# **"Melt In Your Mouth"**

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This one goes out  
To all the suckers out there  
Who thought I was soft  
When I dropped Knockin' Boots  
For the ladies

But I'm-a come correct this time  
And do something a little bit different

Who you gonna cook this to, man  
Mmm, the ladies

Melt in your mouth  
Not in your hand  
The C-A to the Ndy  
The m-a-n

I'm like no other man  
Cause you know  
No other man can  
Be an undercover lover  
And a soul brother man

On the other hand  
Introduce me to your mother and  
I wouldn't be surprised if  
She's my number one fan

Here I stand  
A full six feet three  
At the perfect matched heights  
To be when you meet me

Under a palm tree  
In the middle of the beach  
Bring a towel or a suit  
Like the boots with sand on my feet

After we eat  
What we brought on the pier  
I hear your earrings jingle  
Like a chandelier

As you premiere  
What you hear is not a simile  
Bit it's meant to be the poetry

There'll never be another Candyman  
Because I melt in your mouth  
Not in your hand

Melt in your mouth  
Melt in your mouth  
Melt in your mouth  
Melt in your mouth  
Not in your hand

Lip smacking good  
Good to the last drop  
If I didn't have to go  
I know you never would stop

I'm on the top of your list  
For the best french kiss  
I assist on your one last wish

And since I'm not the type  
To fall in love on sight  
I'm-a let you hold me tight  
For just one night

Since I write the rhymes  
To let the whole world sing  
It doesn't mean a thing  
When you call me the king

And bells won't ring  
Til I walk down the aisle  
You could smile but  
That won't be for a long while

It'll take more than  
A killer behind to change my mind  
I'm not blind  
I know the time

See, I'm not the kind  
To write a rhyme while you laugh  
Ha ha, girl, I get half

So as I see it  
You don't need a wedding band  
Cause I melt in your mouth

Not in your hand

Melt in your mouth  
Melt in your mouth  
Melt in your mouth  
Melt in your mouth  
Not in your hand

Thirst quenching, did I mention  
Give a chick an inch  
And she'll want an extension

Pictured on my heiny  
Right behind me is  
The man of the house  
Suggesting that I burn the hell out

You begin to count but no noubt  
You call my cellular phone  
Because I melt in your mouth  
Like a snow cone

On and on as the saga continues  
Here's another page on the menu  
When you see the Candyman  
You see me as a hot hors d'uvres  
You got a lot of nerve

First come, first served  
Is the usual procedure  
After I tell you that I need you

Featured with any kind of line  
That I think what's best for you  
Because I wanna get next to you

Sex with you is just  
One small part of the plan  
Because I melt in your mouth  
Not in your hand

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