

Billy Crawford

"Cowboy"

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Undelay undelay, mami, yee-aw, yee-aw (oh- oh)
Undelay undelay, mami, yee-aw, yee-aw (oh- oh)
Oh yeah

Round you up just like a cowboy
Take you out to the ranch, I'll be your cowboy
Saddle you up just like a cowboy
Baby that's what the cowboys do (do)

Hey there shorty, I see you movin' that body
I'm a little bit crazy
I wanna see your butt till the sun comes up, oh
So don't be mad
You're just too damn bad
Get that whip in my hand
Billy'll give you the ride of your life, come on, oh

Undelay undelay, mami, yee-aw, yee-aw (oh- oh)
Undelay undelay, mami, yee-aw, yee-aw (oh- oh)

I know a place we could go
If you really wanna roll
When we jump off there's so much we can do
Let your inhibitions go
Are you ready for the rodeo
Saddle up baby you know it's time to choose

Round you up just like a cowboy
Take you back to the ranch, I'll be your cowboy
Saddle you up just like a cowboy
Baby that's what the cowboys do (do)
Tie you up just like a cowboy
Baby gimme a chance I'll be your cowboy
Ride you off like a cowboy
Baby that's what the cowboys do (do)

Easy now baby (easy now baby)
Oh, don't be scared (don't be scared)
It's just a little bit a leather (yeah)
And if you run up in the house I'll get my ropes and
chase you

I know a place we can go
If you really wanna roll
When we jump off there's so much we can do
Let your inhibitions go
Are you ready for the rodeo
Saddle up baby you know it's time to choose
Round you up just like a cowboy
Take you back to the ranch, I'll be your cowboy
Saddle you up just like a cowboy
Baby that's the cowboys do (do)
Tie you up just like a cowboy
Baby gimme a chance, I'll be your cowboy
Ride you off just like a cowboy
Baby that's what cowboys do (do)

(Rap)
Work the middle, mamma
Twerk the middle, mamma
Change positions (hmmm)
New position (hmmm)
On a mission to get you buckin' like a bronco
Make ya drop low show your hips some more
Hit me on my pager
I'll be your lone ranger (can you feel it)
Nothin' can save ya
Cobassa and Billy Crawford drinks at any offer
Chicks we gotta toss 'em how close they get
Sprung, they want some more of young hung
Shakin' their system like bass drum
They make it hum
Sippin', big pimpin'
If you can't stand the heat
Then get your ass out the kitchen
But if you can,
(End rap)

I know a place we could go
If you really wanna roll
When we jump off there's somuch we can do
Let your inhibitions go
Are you ready for the rodeo
Saddle up baby you know it's time to choose

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