

Idy

"Blame It On The Blonde"

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Shawty, I need you to step away from the bar
'Cause I'm under cardiac arrest from that kiss in your car
You traipse around the room like a gazelle
Putting rational thoughts in my head in jail
You're dolled up and lookin' like a woven dream
Working the room,
Now won't you work with me?

So girly, get down, shake, shake your skinny ass
I'll be the Grey Goose swimming in your Red Bull
I'll be the sunlight coming over the dewy grass
I know it's morning, but today I'm sleeping in with you.

So take me higher, you always do it when I'm low
And, blow me kisses across the dance floor
Brush my lips, and I'm feeling like a car crash
Just can't stop staring when you shake your skinny ass

Baby girl, help me complete this puzzle in my synapses
Here's me, and you, and a backseat
needing two love struck kids
Your smile's like conjugal visits to a tortured soul
Pushing in breaths of sunlight to a dreary world
You're dolled up, lookin' like a fantasy
Working the room,
Let's work the backseat.

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