

Lamyia

"Hit & Run"

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Hollywood and New York, mister Major
Then there's me
Little queen of the stage
He's a God
One the stars call creator
Hail the king of the industry players
Take off your business suit
Sittin' in your lap for my interview

Hit and run
Let's hit and run
Hit and run
Hit and run
Baby
Hit and run
Hit and run

Pick me up in your white Lamborghini
London town
You'll watch out
While I'm singing
Glamourize on the stage
Boy believe me
Keep your girl back
No competing
Eying you from across the room
Watching me
Wa-watching you

Hit and run
Let's hit and run
Hit and run
Hit and run
Baby
Hit and run
Hit and run

You and me
On a spree
Takin' over
?

Wanna be your soldier

Hit and run

Baby

Hit and run

Hit and run

Oh oh oh

You know this world is mean

Nothing's for free,

It's money and technology

Together we'd be dead or late

You know this world is mean

Nothing's for free

Together we'd be dead or late

Dead or late

Dead or late

Hit and run

Let's hit and run

Hit and run

Hit and run

Baby

Hit and run

Hit and run

You and me

On a spree

Takin' over

?

Wanna be your so

Hit and run

Baby

Hit and run

Hit and run

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