

Che'Nelle

"Outro / Sprung On My Booty Call"

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We meet up every Saturday,
Room number seven-o-eight,
He gets the champagne ready,
And I make sure I ain't late,

Ready to, once again, explore,
As he begins taking off my clothes,
I could feel my heart racing,
As the time moves along,

[Chorus: x2]
I'm sprung on my booty call,
I get chills every time he calls,
It doesn't feel right,
But it doesn't feel wrong,
He does more than just turn me on,

Pressing me up against the wall,
He makes sure nothing gets ignored,
My body temperature rises,
As he wears nothing at all,

He's keeping me satisfied,
I love the passion I see in his eyes,
I could feel the whole world shaking,
As he moves deeper inside,

[Chorus x2]

It's more than just a fantasy,
More than curiosity,
I just want him here with me,
It's not infatuation,
He's one of God's creations,
Oh I wish that we could be,

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More than curiosity,
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[Chorus: fading]

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