

Marques Houston "Express Lane"

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"Express Lane"

[Verse 1:]

Looking at me, looking at you
If I can talk dirty, then you can talk too
Body look good, with a natural high
I'm missing on my love with them thighs in the sky
I know you got a man, I know you got a choice
Even though you got champagne on your voice
A little X-rated how you moving in the crowd
Drink up the Patron, go and walk it on out

[Hook:]

You said the reason why you get dressed up and you
look so cute when you come to the club
It's cause you worked all week and you didn't make
enough
So the ballers gotta show you some love
Cause you got a 9 to 5 and your son getting older
And it seem like you're pushing to the curve
Baby daddy ain't there, baby daddy never care
And it's really starting to work your nerve

[Chorus:]

You're in the express lane, talk to me
With beautiful, comfortable express seats
Call her at a bar, gotta get her num, go out
You're in the express lane
It's where you gonna be sipping on Goose
Looking at me, running your mouth
Expressive, the pain girl
You're in the express lane

[Verse 2:]

And immediately throw the card up
I'm a hit the bar, you gone charge it on up
Go on get a glass, fill it on up
Keep the bar open like I'm looking for love
I ain't trying to trick, no I ain't no shrink
Sitting here, like to swallow Martini, like to drink
A plus it's your thing, baby do it well
Another sip of tonic ought to put you in a spell

[Hook:]

Said the reason why you get dressed up and you look
so cute when you come to the club
It's cause you worked all week and you didn't make
enough
So the ballers gotta show you some love
Cause you got a 9 to 5 and your son getting older
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[Verse 3:]

Keep talking and you look so cute
Keep talking to me, I'm listening to you
Girl I know you can feel it in the air
I'm hearing what you saying, even though I don't care

[Chorus: x2]

You're in the express lane, talk to me
With beautiful, comfortable express seats
Call her at a bar, gotta get her num, go out
You're in the express lane
It's where you gonna be sipping on Goose
Looking at me, running your mouth
Expressive, the pain girl
Your in the express lane

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