

Cowboy Troy "Automatic"

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She's sitting at the bar sipping on a beverage try to use
your platinum card to get leverage
It don't matter she's got her own she got diamonds for
buttons on her cellular phone.
She's a cutie with a booty hotie with a body
Get on the dance floor gunna get naughty.
Don't mean no harm just a little fun it don't matter till
breakfast till you see the sun

Cant find the key to the door were her heart is.
Can't find no magic word to say all the things I want to
say
There's no equation for that rose she only knows when
she goes
She's automatic
She's automatic
She turns on when she wants to.
Don't give her no static
She's automatic
She turns on when she wants to
Automatic

The beat gets fast and you're craving more
Suddenly you make your way to the floor
It's a hick hop beat boy your body is pumped
All the fine ladies shaking there butts
Steep up to one ask her to dance
It appears to you that she's in a trance
Take your time son play your position cause that's the
primary mission

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