

Pink

"You Make Me Sick"

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They make me sick
I know I feel you
That's why we got to stick together
Yep yep yep
*laughs
I know it!

You make sick
I want you and I'm hatin' it
Got me lit like a candlestick
Get too hot when you touch the tip
I'm feeling it I gotta get a grip on this
Driving me crazy baby don't you quit
Can't get enough of it
You got me going again
Baby you got me going again
You make sick

We was on our way home on the freeway
In the six double O pumpin' Isley
He was gettin' kind of close, kind of touchy
Guess he had a little too much Hennesy
He told me that he wanna go home
With me up on the hill to my condo
Told me he would keep it all on the low-low
But I told him boo I don't really know though

He got closer to me
He started getting deep
He had me in a zone
When he started to show me things
I never saw before
Baby was cool but I knew it was game
Hell of a cool but it meant the same
The way he licked his lips
And touched my hips I knew that he was sick

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I'm feeling it I gotta get a grip on this

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You got me going again
Baby you got me going again
You make sick

So hot in my six now
So hot, had to roll all the windows down
Isley got me thinking 'bout them sheets now
Wondering should I really take it there now?
He told me he would make it worth it
But again how many times have I heard this?
Got him feeling but i wasn't even nervous
All his slick ass lines was kind of working

I felt my knees get weak
His body was calling me
Just couldn't take the heat
Anyway it was two or three
I had to get out the streets
Baby was cool but I knew it was game
He was too smooth to be screaming my name
And even though we made the best of it
I still told him this

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Hmm...yeah

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I want you and I'm hating it
Hot when you touch the tip
I'm feeling it
I gotta get a grip of this
Driving me crazy baby don't you quit
Can't no, no, no, no
Oh, you make sick
I want you and I'm hating it

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