

Plies "Excuse My Hands"

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What's ha'enin' baby?
Let ya lil' whoa Plies tell you what's goin' on wit a man
My hands been gettin' me in a lot of trouble lately so

Please excuse my hands
They just wanna touch
They just wanna feel
They don't mean no harm
Baby, just excuse my hands

Baby, please excuse my hands
I apologize, they have a one track mind
To squeeze on your behind
Baby, just excuse my hands
Please excuse my hands

Wit my hands I can make you do a lot of things
Have you engagin' in some activities you can't explain
Leave my fingerprints on every inch yo' damn frame
Wit this one finger I can make you get off the chain

Get that lick, gimme my hands, they get they own
brains
They wanna touch ya, they wanna rub ya, they wanna
feel yo' frame
Run my hands through yo' hair and go against yo' grain
Let me message ya baby and help ya ease ya pain

You wanna get comfortable?
Take your shorts off, I can help you change
Wanna take my hands off, but I can't, they just gon' call
yo' name
If I can't squeeze and I can't hold ya it don't feel the
same
It ain't my fault baby, my hands' the one to blame

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I'ma do ya like this and do ya like that
I promise you gon' like the way I touch on you
So jump up in dis Benz and let the seat back
I promise you gon' like da way I feel on you

I'm do ya 'til yo' body say 'ooh'
I'ma do it til yo' mouth breathes 'no more'
I said, ?Excuse my hands,? she said "Boy stop playin'
Come make love to yo' number one fan, hello"
(Please excuse my hands)

Before I kiss ya or make love to ya, I wanna touch
Can you please face the wall? You 'bout to get strip
searched
My hands talkin' to me, they want now what's under yo'
skirt
Let me be the one that do the honors, help you wit yo'
shirt

My hands don't like to be unemployed, they like to work
I been told my hands a little mannish, they like to flirt
God knows women the sexy thing he put on this Earth
My hand cravin' yo' little sweet body and it's gettin'
worse

I wanna thank you and your body for helpin' me write
this verse
My hands'll never leave yo' body, baby they so loyal
Do me a favor, look on the dresser and grab that baby
oil
Ain't got to be the one that do it, my hands gon' spoil
ya

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Please excuse my hands

Keep doin' it, keep doin' it, keep doin' it to me
Keep doin' it, keep doin' it, I swear I'll never leave
Keep doin' it, keep doin' it, keep doin' it shawty shawty

Woke up in the spot
Oh yeah the boy's on fire
I'm wit my nigga Plies

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