

Lisa Scinta

"Bedrock"

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I-I-I can make your bedrock
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You that good, good, you Michael Jackson bad
And I'm attracted to you, boy you're the best I ever had
Now we're murderers, because we kill time
I knock your lights out, but boy you still shine

I like the way you're walking, if you're walking my way
Yeah, I'm that Red Bull, so let's fly away
Let's buy a place, with all kinds of space
I'll let you be the judge and I'll be the case

Ooh, baby, I be stuck to you like glue, baby
Wanna spend my time with you, baby
My room is the G-Spot, call me Wilma Flintstone
I can make your bedrock

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Let me think, I guess it's my turn
Maybe it's time for me to try a little harder
He says I'm bad, he's probably right
But he can't deny, that I'm still fly

I don't like sushi rolls, but you're hotter than wasabi
I'm high on your love, wake and bake, you're my hobby
Come up to my room, no, I can't meet you in the lobby
Boy, I gotta watch my back, 'cause I'm not just anybody

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