

excuse me miss i got little question to ask
i know we just met but i was hopin i could grab your ass
and will grab me back, while i'm checkin ya rack
spilled my drink on you on purpose so we could have a good laff
watch some flick
cuddle, play
watch that chick
sip champagne
clothes off
pillow fight
video camera
nightlight

now we hooked up once
we've hooked up thrice
you've slept left side
and i've slept right
and we meet by chance
never making plans
tap you on the shoulder take your hand
dance, like Howie Day you and i collide
and i can feel in your touch you got sex on your mind
but we're both playing games cuz we both wanna win
there's lots to lose and we don't wanna lose again
then its one shot, two shot, rum, jack, chase
then its short kiss, long kiss, see how she tastes
then its left hand right cheek see how she shakes
then its my place her place lights on closed drapes
hold up cuz her friend's all pissed
you'll regret going home with him, don't do this
fuck that bitch, fuck this plot twist
i'm not leaving tonight i want a good morning kiss
so we all walk home and i promise i'll be good
i try, never quit like the little engine that could
not leaving till i get suck sex so good
the big bad wolf walking home little riding hood
but the nights not done
there's lots more fun
she invites me in
i'm in wink nod gun
but the jokes on me cuz this was all her plan
Coldplay playin, candles on her nightstand

good morning sun. good morning note.
sorry, have to work let yourself out she wrote
so i guess that's the game, leave, ignore, forget
and me i fucked up cuz i let her get in my head
and the phone rings voicemail, "beep" i'll call you back
yeah right. how many times have i fallen for that
and it all comes down to we wanna get laid
but don't wanna get played
and its a trade
its ok, play games, be lame, its alright
i'll have a slumber party with someone else tonight
she'll be hands on the headboard, ass to the sky
enjoying a whole lot of \$ucksex inside

friday night, your fat friends me to come out
hmmm...i wonder what the hell this is about
every move is calculated, every move is planned
black shirt, washed jeans, cologne, tag left hand
bring a bottle of wine? fuck i'm bringing an ex
ingredients for jealousy...mmmmm...check.
walk in, light the torch, no going back
let her and her girlfriends sit, sip, have a little chat
and plot their next move, but they won't jump me
sex in the city, i got every dvd
these girls think its real, so that's how they act
and they been kickin my ass, and i'm about to fight back
i introduce laura she's in on take
cuz she wants a little action, she goes both ways
and we're one two three, drinking 151
last call, but the night and the girls is young
back at the ranch man its 5V 1D
this girl, my, ex and her friends and me
and hot tubs bubbling the clothes is all gone
girls on girls on me then a sing along

let's hook up, let's go
let's have a slumber party whoa!
let's hook up, let's go
let's have a slumber party whoa!
let

