

# Karl Wolf, Carrera

I saw this girl inside the club  
Yo homie you're in my way  
So I stepped right up to her  
And asked her if that's her man  
She said no and proceeded to chat  
So I just let her stay to tell her that she's  
everything that I want  
And to take her away

(Chorus)

She rides up in my Carrera  
She feels me, she wants me she holds me  
Her body's like the Sahara  
So soft and so curvy, revealing  
She's looking in the mirror  
Eyes catch me watching and flirting  
She rides up in my Carrera  
She feels me she holds me, she wants me right now

I click 80 on the dash  
Now I'm on the road  
We're going real fast  
She ain't takin it slow  
Things about to burst  
When I be rockin da show  
Drama about to start right now  
Up in my ride  
SO, here we go, let it flow  
She's out with me layin low  
Freaky deaky let it be  
What she do next?

(Chorus)

Your baby's home  
She's all alone  
You're makin this a cloudy day  
She texts your phone  
She moans and groans  
You made it as if didn't see a thing  
You did receive  
You made believe  
That you were chekin out your boyz new whip  
Suddenly you at another parking lot  
And she's up in yo shshshsh

(Chorus x4)