Mount Sims, How we do

Don't need a reason to Do the things that I do No need to impress you Just wanna undress you I really love your shoes You still kick Kangaroos And the way you comb your hair Like it's 1982 I don't live to break the rules I just want to make you drool 'Cause baby I come equipped With every kind of tool A midnight interlude I'll lick your attitude Until your face turns blue Until your face turns blue Why don't we behave the way we 'supposed to? Ah, you know how we do You know how we do You know how we do This is how we do No need to bite my lip I'd rather bite your hip And make our muscles slip Sit back and watch us requisite Drink juice through conduit Just for the hell of it Turn your dry ice machine on 'Cause I like the smell of it Don't make a special trip While were here in the mix 'Cause baby this is nasty As it's ever gonna get Sometimes it's slow Sometimes it's quick Sometimes it takes forever And forever takes the most of it Ah, you know how we do You know how we do You know how we do

This is how we do