

# Skrt On Me (feat. Nicki Minaj)

Calvin Harris

Young Money Said, baby, no, no, no, no, no  
You know my loving ain't free, babe  
Won't make you do what you don't wanna do  
What you don't wanna do, no that ain't me, babe  
Said, baby, nah nah nah, I ain't with the drama  
That ain't what I need  
I need your tin heart now, need your ten toes down, baby Said if you ride, baby, ride up  
Pull up from behind, baby, wine up  
And you and me, we can shine up  
So, baby, come make your mind up  
Said if you ride, baby, ride up  
Pull up from behind, baby, wine up  
And you and me, we can shine up  
So, baby, come make your mind up  
Baby, babe, I need you to skrt on me, babe  
Drop down, less that you know, I need to know  
'Cause you keep telling me your love ain't free, babe  
But if you with it, wine up on me  
'Cause the hips don't lie, baby  
Drop down, less that you know, I need to know  
'Cause you keep telling me your love ain't free, babe Said, baby, I-I-I got so used to it being on a  
creep babe  
Yeah, maybe I-I-I got so used to just giving you the least, babe  
But nowadays, I need more from ya  
I need something I can keep  
Said nowadays, I need real  
Nowadays, I need you to take the lead  
Said if you ride, baby, ride up  
Pull up from behind, baby, wine up  
And you and me, we can shine up  
So, baby, come make your mind up  
Said if you ride, baby, ride up  
Pull up from behind, baby, wine up  
And you and me, we can shine up  
So, baby, come make your mind up Baby, babe, I need you to skrt on me, babe  
Drop down, less that you know, I need to know  
'Cause you keep telling me your love ain't free, babe  
But if you with it, wine up on me  
'Cause the hips don't lie, baby  
Drop down, less that you know, I need to know  
'Cause you keep telling me your love ain't free, babe Ay yo, bring in the blunt, Emily Blunt  
Platinum back, ice bling in the front

I'ma lay in the jump, Yao Ming in the dunk  
And I'm playing the field, Brad Wing in the punt  
I'ma tell him I love him in a foreign and cuff him  
Whips and immigration, everything on him, it's custom  
Now they calling me Billy, I'm the goat  
No Achilles heel since I left Philly  
Countin' them millis to billis  
Beep beep beep beep, put the hurt on me  
Yeah, I'm wearing jeans, but he put the skirt on me  
Rode him to sleep, and then I put his shirt on me  
Pussy clean, these niggas ain't got no dirt on me  
Gotta play it by my rules, so I swerve on him  
Got my cash money, you can ask Bird or Slim  
Took him to my Paradise, so he grippin' my linen  
Now he got a big thing for Caribbean women  
Baby, babe, I need you to skrt on me, babe  
Drop down, less that you know, I need to know  
'Cause you keep telling me your love ain't free, babe  
But if you with it, wine up on me  
'Cause the hips don't lie, baby  
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