

# Me Likey (feat. Kirko Bangz)

Trevor Jackson

Oh, that's hot! When you touch me here,  
You touch me there  
You give me that stare  
Me likey. You wanna go up  
Me wanna go down  
Well I can go down  
Me likey. Me likey this, me likey that  
Me likey this, me likey that  
Me likey this, me likey that  
Me likey this, that.  
Met a girl in Miami  
She can barely understand me  
I don't think she got a job  
But she do work  
I-I-I I'ma let her meet the family  
She ain't looking for love, go figure!  
I just met her at the club  
She might be a gold digger  
Well, get down, girl! Go ahead, get down  
She dancing, movin' that thang for me  
(thang for me)  
I think that she got a thang for me  
(thang for me)  
Me likey what I see  
Your hands all over my body, baby  
It's just you and me  
W-W-W What's your fantasy, baby?  
When you touch me here,  
You touch me there  
You give me that stare  
Me likey. You wanna go up  
Me wanna go down  
Well I can go down  
Me likey. Me likey this, me likey that  
Me likey this, me likey that  
Me likey this, me likey that  
Me likey this, that. She's such a bad habit  
But she makes me feel good, yeah  
When I'm wearing this pretty young thing on my arm  
Man, everybody's hooked, yeah.  
It's about to go down, down, go figure!  
Mami sound good on the phone  
Such a good kisser

When I get her all alone She dancing, movin' that thang for me (thang for me)  
I think that she got a thang for me (thang for me)  
Me likey what I see  
Your hands all over my body, baby  
It's just you and me  
W-W-W What's your fantasy, baby?  
Stand up! When you touch me here,  
You touch me there  
You give me that stare  
Me likey. You wanna go up  
Me wanna go down  
Well I can go down Me likey.  
Me likey this, me likey that  
Me likey this, me likey that  
Me likey this, me likey that  
Me likey this, that. Cool, cool, baby  
I could take the summer off  
Young Bangz makin' sure she wheel like armor all  
How to be a player, baby  
I should write the monologue  
Momma wanna touch me  
She don't want me as a son-in-law  
That girl there - a gift - Mrs. Santa Clause  
I'm just tryin' get up in her prize like a rental car  
She all on me like I'm walking in the Pentagon  
She say I'm sweet, I'm tryna to turn into a cinnabun  
Ooh, he's so classy, classy  
And she like the fact my voice so raspy  
I'm a H-Town playa and the game ain't fair  
But the girls so nasty, Stand up! When you touch me here,  
You touch me there  
You give me that stare  
Me likey. You wanna go up  
Me wanna go down  
Well I can go down  
Me likey. Me likey this, me likey that  
Me likey this, me likey that  
Me likey this, me likey that  
Me likey this, that. Stand up! When you touch me here,  
You touch me there  
You give me that stare  
Me likey. You wanna go up  
Me wanna go down  
Well I can go down  
Me likey. Me likey this, me likey that  
Me likey this, me likey that  
Me likey this, me likey that  
Me likey this, that.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>