

She's Fine (feat. Colt Ford)

Jerrod Niemann

Nah, nah, they don't grow 'em like that in the city, nah, nah
Nah, nah, you can't buy that kinda pretty
When she walks in chins drop like hammers
She's a hot mamma jamma from her head to her toes
She's that kinda moment, makes you wish you had a camera
Catch a glimpse of her glamour, eyes follow where she goes
She's fine and she lets it show
She's fine and everybody knows
She's fine, truth be told
She's finally mine to hold
They don't grow 'em like that in the city
She talks that kinda talk that causes a commotion
Puts your mind in motion, make the room spin around
When doors lock and the party gets going
Her body is a potion I can't put down
She's fine and she lets it show
She's fine and everybody knows
She's fine, truth be told
She's finally mine to hold
They don't grow 'em like that in the city
Well, I gotta say baby I want you
Tongue tied, no lie, now don't you
Take me as playing, I'm saying
I gotta be in your world
You make me feel like dancing
All night moonlight romancing
No fear girl, take this chance and
Let go and let love lead
I got to get us together
Maybe you could be mine forever
Never know, might be this moment
I'm in a haze and you're the wanted I'm looking for something like you
Ain't never seen nothing like you
You're like a country goddess
I've seen hot but you're the hottest
Nah, you can't buy that kinda pretty
She's so, she's so, so fine and she lets it show
She's fine and everybody knows
She's fine, truth be told
She's finally mine to hold
You can't buy that kinda pretty
They don't grow 'em like that in the city
You can't buy something God given pretty
Whatever it costs, I just gotta make her mine
Sell my soul to the Reaper if I could keep her
Man, she's fine

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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