

## Temperature Lyrics

The gal them Schillaci

Sean da Paul

So me give it to... so me give to...

so me give it to to all girls

Five million and forty naughty shorty

Baby girl, all my girls, all my girls

Sean da Paul say

Well woman the way the time cold I wanna be keepin' you warm

I got the right temperature for shelter you from the storm

Oh lord, gal I got the right tactics to turn you on

And girl I wanna be the papa, you can be the mom

Oh Oh

Make I see the gal them bruk out

'pon the floor from you don't want no worthless performer

From you don't want no man they can't turn you on

Gal make I see your hand them up on ya

Can't tan 'pon it long, naw eat no yam, no steam fish, nor no green banana

But down in Jamaica we give it to you hot like a sauna

Well woman the way the time cold I wanna be keepin' you warm  
I got the right temperature for shelter you from the storm  
Oh lord, gal I got the right tactics to turn you on  
And girl I wanna be the papa, you can be the mom  
Oh Oh

Bumper exposed and gal you got your chest out  
but you no wasters 'cause gal you impress out  
And if you des out a me you fi test out  
'Cause I got the remedy to make you de-stress out

Me haffi flaunt it because me God Bless out,  
And girl if you want it you haffi confess out  
A no lie weh we need set speed a fi test the mattress out

Well woman the way the time cold I wanna be keepin' you warm  
I got the right temperature for shelter you from the storm  
Oh lord, gal I got the right tactics to turn you on  
And girl I wanna be the papa, you can be the mom

Gal don't say me crazy now,  
This strange love it a no Bridgette and Flava show  
Time fi a make baby now  
So stop gwaan like you a act shady yo

Woman don't play me know,  
'Cause I no Fred Sanford nor Grady yo  
My lovin' is the way to go

My lovin' is the way to go

Well woman the way the time cold I wanna be keepin' you warm

I got the right temperature for shelter you from the storm

Oh lord, gal I got the right tactics to turn you on

And girl I wanna be the papa, you can be the mom

Oh Oh

When you roll with a player like me,

With a bredda like me girl there is no other

No need to talk it right here

Just park it right here keep it undercover

From me love how you fit inna you blouse and

You fat inna you jeans and mi waan discover

Everything bout you baby girl can you hear when me utter

Well woman the way the time cold I wanna be keepin' you warm

I got the right temperature for shelter you from the storm

Oh lord, gal I got the right tactics to turn you on

And girl I wanna be the papa, you can be the mom

Oh Oh

Callin' all wild out squadron, come report to duty

Sexy ladies with the beauty come shake dat booty! JA girls

Breakout, breakout, bruk wine

Breakout, breakout

(Miami ladies)

Breakout, breakout, bruk wine

Breakout, breakout

(NYC girls)

Breakout, breakout, bruk wine

Breakout, breakout

(L.A. ladies)

Breakout, breakout, breakout

Breakout, breakout, bruk wine (Yo, yo)

Pass mi di nitro, mek mi get hype, yo

Gyal, de ya nuff, gimme one fi di night, yo

DJ, keep the mix dem tight, yo

Hennessy and Red Bull mek mi get psycho

Dirty dancin' cah we no polite, yo

Feel it a bounce on mi left and mi right, yo

Mek di girls get high like a kite, yo

One thing mi waan you do right now

Gyal move, what you waitin' for?

Waan fi see ten ton of phat gyal 'pon the dancefloor

Do your thing cah yuh know you're secure

Gyal just bruk out cah you hard to the core

Yo, move, what you waitin' for?

Waan fi see ten ton of phat gyal 'pon the dancefloor

Do your thing cah yuh know you're secure

Gyal just bruk out cah you hard to the core, yo!

Breakout, breakout

(Breakout, breakout)

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