

Automatic

Cowboy Troy & Atom

She's sitting at the bar sipping on a beverage try to use your platinum card to get leverage
It don't matter she's got her own she got diamonds for buttons on her cellular phone.

She's a cutie with a booty hotie with a body
Get on the dance floor gunna get naughty.

Don't mean no harm just a little fun it don't matter till breakfast till you see the sun
Cant find the key to the door were her heart is.

Can't find no magic word to say all the things I want to say
There's no equation for that rose she only knows when she goes

She's automatic
She's automatic

She turns on when she wants to.

Don't give her no static

She's automatic

She turns on when she wants to

Automatic

The beat gets fast and you're craving more
Suddenly you make your way to the floor
It's a hick hop beat boy your body is pumped
All the fine ladies shaking there butts
Steep up to one ask her to dance

It appears to you that she's in a trance

Take your time son play your position cause that's the primary mission
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She turns on when she wants to. Automatic Automatic Automatic

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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>