

Marry Me (feat. Toya Wright)

Rasheeda

[Intro]

Boy you know you wanna put a ring on my finger, finger, finger....[Hook]

Put it on him make him wanna marry me (Yeah)

Put it on him make him wanna marry me (Yeah)

Put it on him make him wanna marry me (Yeah)

Put it on him make him- pu- pu- put it on him make him

Put it on him make him wanna marry me (Yeah)

Put it on him make him wanna marry me (Yeah)

Put it on him make him wanna marry me (Yeah)

Put it on him- pu- pu- put it on him

Boy you know you wanna put a ring on my finger

This loving so good I should never be single

He love the way I throw it like a pitcher on the mound

Put it on him make him wanna wipe a bitch down

[Verse 1]

I can ride it like a cowgirl

Up down up down such a bad girl

I handle biz in and out the bedroom

It ain't a position that I can't assume

She can't do it like me

After one night he's addicted OXY

Now he's stuck to me like flees

The best he ever had got him down on one knee (Cuz' I)[Hook]

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[Verse 2]

I stay up on my fitness

Put on my genie costume and grant your wishes

When I leave it cause love sickness

So he tie me down and eat it up like brisket

He knock this thang out the park like Arod

Slide into home plate then I applaud

I must say the loving so good
He do all that freaky shit call him lil' Tiger Woods[Hook]
Put it on him make him wanna marry me (Yeah)
Put it on him make him wanna marry me (Yeah)
Put it on him make him wanna marry me (Yeah)
Put it on him make him- pu- pu- put it on him make him
Put it on him make him wanna marry me (Yeah)
Put it on him make him wanna marry me (Yeah)
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Put it on him- pu- pu- put it on him
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This loving so good I should never be single
He love the way I throw it like a pitcher on the mound
Put it on him make him wanna wipe a bitch down[Verse 3]
My bunny hop got him giving up carats
Taking days off like Ferris
Ain't no other chick comparing
He want me to his self & he can't imagine sharing
Pull my hair slap my ass let's play ruff
Fun sex got the whip and the handcuffs
Imma' throw it at him like a fast ball
He got his glove on tight hitting every wall[Hook]
Put it on him make him wanna marry me (Yeah)
Put it on him make him wanna marry me (Yeah)
Put it on him make him wanna marry me (Yeah)
Put it on him make him- pu- pu- put it on him make him
Put it on him make him wanna marry me (Yeah)
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>