

Please Excuse My Hands

Plies

What's happenin baby
let ya lil whoa Plies tell you whats goin on wit a man
my hands been gettin me in a lot of trouble lately so...

Please excuse my hands
They just wanna touch
They just wanna feel
They don't mean no harm
Baby just excuse my hands (whoa whoa)
Baby please excuse my hands
I apologize they have a one track mind
to squeeze on your behind
Baby just excuse my hands (whoa whoa)
Please excuse my hands

With my hands I can make you do a lot of thangs
Have you engagin in some activities you can't explain
Leave my fingerprints on every inch yo damn framewit dis one finger I
Could make you get off the chain
Get to lickin and my hands they get they own brain
They wanna touch ya they wanna rub ya they wanna feel yo frame
Run my hands through yo hair and go against yo grain
Let me massage ya baby and help ease yo pain
You wanna get comfortable take your shorts off I can help you change
Wanna take my hands off but I cant they jus gon' call yo name
If I can't squeeze ya and I cant hold ya it don't feel the same
It ain't my fault baby my hands is the one to blame

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I'ma do ya like this and do ya like that
I promise you gon' like the way I touch on you
so jump up in dis benz and let the seat back
I promise you gon' like da way I feel on you
I'ma do you til yo body say "ohhh"
I'ma do it til yo mouth breathes "no more"
I said excuse my hands she said "boy stop playin come make love to yo
number one fan"

Please excuse my hands

Before I kiss ya or make love to ya I wanna touch
Can you please face the wall you bout to get strip searched
My hands talkin to me they want now what's under yo skirt
Let me be the one who do the honors and help you wit yo shirt
My hands don't like to be unemployed they like to work
I been told my hands are lil Manish they like to flirt
God knows woman the sexy thing you put on is us

My hand cravin yo lil sweet body its gettin worse
I wanna thank you and your body fo helpin me write this verse
My hands will never leave yo body baby they so loyal
Do me a favor look on the dresser and grab that baby oil
Ain't got to be the one that do it my hands gon' spoil ya

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Keep doin it keep doin it keep doin it to me
Keep doin it keep doin it I swear I'll never leave
Keep doin it keep doin it keep doin it shawty shawty
Woke up in the spot ah
Yeah the boys on fire
I'm wit my nigga Plies