

# SUMMER RENAISSANCE Lyrics

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## Summer Renaissance

I wanna house you and make you take my name

I'm gonna spouse you and make you tat your ring

I'm gonna take you all the way

Baby, can I take you all the way?

You sexy mother-fucka, boy, you growin' on me

I just wanna thug you, the category is Bey

You gangsta mother-fucka, boy, you growin' on me

I just wanna touch you, I can feel it through those jeans

Ah-ah-ah-oh! (Ooh!)

Boy, you never have a chance

If you make my body talk, I'mma leave you in a trance

Got you walking with a limp, bet this body make you dance

Dance! Dance! Dance!

Oooh! It's so good, it's so good

It's so good, it's so good, it's so good

Oooh! It's so good, it's so good  
It's so good, it's so good, it's so good  
(Oooh! It's so good, it's so good)  
(It's so good, it's so good, it's so good)

I wanna crush you, I won't over-analyze  
I'm gonna trust you even though we met tonight  
But I'm gonna take you all the way  
Baby, can I take you all the way?

You sexy mother-fucka, boy, you growin' on me  
I just wanna thug you, the category is Bey (You growin' on me)  
You gangsta mother-fucka, boy, you growin' on me (You! You! You growin' on me)  
Black silicone and rubbers, I can feel it through those jeans (Growin' on me, I)

I'm feeling way too loose to be tied down  
Can you see my brain open wide now?  
Come and get what I came for, hella night now  
Know you love when I role-play, who am I now?  
I'm a doc, I'm a nurse, I'm a teacher  
Dominate is the best way to beat ya  
Sorry about yesterday, now the sweet stuff  
You a sweetie pie, come let me eat ya  
(Fuck it up)

(Ooh!)

Boy, you never have a chance

If you make my body talk, I'mma leave you in a trance

Got you walking with a limp, bet this body make you dance

Dance! Dance! Dance

Oooh! It's so good, it's so good

It's so good, it's so good, it's so good

Oooh! It's so good, it's so good

It's so good, it's so good, it's so good

Applause, a round of applause

Applause, a round of applause

Say I Want! Want! Want! What I Want! Want! Want!

(I Want! Want! Want! What I Want! Want! Want!)

I Want! Want! Want! What I Want! Want! Want!

(I Want! Want! Want! What I Want! Want! Want!)

I want your touch, I want your feeling

(I want your touch, I want your feeling)

I want your love, I want your spirit

(I want your love, I want your spirit)

The more I want, the more I need it

(The more I want, the more I need it)

Need it

(Need it)

**Versace, Bottega, Prada, Balenciaga**

**Vuitton, Dior, Givenchy, collect your coins, Beyoncé**

**So elegant and raunchy, this haute couture I'm flaunting**

**This Telfar bag imported, Birkins, them shits in storage**

**I'm in my Bag! Bag! Bag! Bag! Bag! Bag! Bag!**

**Bag! Bag! Bag! Bag! Bag! Bag! Bag-**

**Ah-ooh!**

**Ah-ooh!**

**Ah-ooh!**

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