

# Chica Bomb – Dan Balan

I have to turn the fan on  
The heat is getting stronger  
I know I'm not the only one  
I'm sweatin' I'm sweatin'  
I start to take my clothes off  
And hope that I feel better  
I put in a thermometer  
I'm burnin' I'm burnin'  
And then I looked around,  
My head was spinnin' round,  
Before I looked around, It hit me  
And then I looked around,  
My head was spinnin' round,  
Before I looked around, It hit me  
Chica Bomb, Chica Bomb, Chica Bomb  
Chica Bomb, Chica Bomb, Chica Bomb  
Chica Bomb  
And then I  
My head was  
Before I looked  
It hit me  
And then I  
My head was  
Before I looked  
It hit me  
I better call my doctor  
Tell him about my fever  
I know he'll fix my temperature  
I'm burnin' I'm burnin'  
And then I looked around,  
My head was spinnin' round,  
Before I looked around, It hit me  
And then I looked around,  
My head was spinnin' round,  
Before I looked around, It hit me  
Chica Bomb, Chica Bomb, Chica Bomb

Chica Bomb, Chica Bomb, Chica Bomb  
Chica Bomb  
And then I (Chica bomb)  
My head was (Chica Bomb)  
Before I looked (Chica Bomb)  
It hit me  
And then I (Chica bomb)  
My head was (Chica Bomb)  
Before I looked (Chica Bomb)  
It hit me  
Chica Bomb, Chica Bomb, Chica Bomb  
Chica Bomb, Chica Bomb, Chica Bomb  
Chica Bomb  
And then I (Chica bomb)  
My head was (Chica Bomb)  
Before I looked (Chica Bomb)  
It hit me  
And then I (Chica bomb)  
My head was (Chica Bomb)  
Before I looked (Chica Bomb)  
It hit me



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych