

Shawn Mendes, Particular Taste

She don't listen to a thing, 'less it feels right
Only dances when it's Kanye
She can take you one-on-one if she feels like
You'll be begging her for mercy, mercy

Oooh, she'll take your name and number
Then she'll hit erase and walk away
But oooh, she's so specific when she's at my place
At my place

She's got particular taste, yeah
She's so obsessed with the chase, yeah
She don't waste time on conversations, no
She just goes right for the face, yeah
She's so particular

Never pickin' up a phone 'less it rings twice
Only answers with a question, mhm
And if I try to play it cool, it never goes right
Got me drownin', drownin', uh

Oooh, she'll take your name and number
Then she'll hit erase and walk away
But oooh, she's so specific when she's at my place
At my place

She's got particular taste, yeah
She's so obsessed with the chase, yeah
She don't waste time on conversations, no
She just goes right for the face, yeah
(She just goes, she)

She's so particular
I'm so obsessed with her, yeah
She's so particular
I'm so obsessed with her, yeah
She's so particular

She's the best at what you thinkin' that she don't play
Knows exactly what she wants, uh
Now she's runnin' all her fingers right through my hair
And it means that

She's got particular taste, yeah
(She's got particular taste)
She's so obsessed with the chase, yeah
She don't waste time on conversations, no
She just goes right for the face, yeah
(She just goes, she)

She's so particular
I'm so obsessed with her, yeah
She's so particular
(She just goes, she)
(She's so particular)
I'm so obsessed with her, yeah
(She just goes, she)

She's got particular taste.