

Jump on Stage

Girl Talk

?Uh, I keep it playa while some choose to play it safe?Boy check the resume, it's risky business in the A?And I've been a witness to this history?Ever since the the 10th grade?We went from rockin brades to temp fades?I twist my A hat to the side just for style?or throw on the Gucci bucket with the flowers super fly?Wow, the southern pride been known to shut it down?But it ain't so country my nigga this ain't no Gomer Pile?I'm sergeant slaughter?I keep my shit cooked to order in order?To satisfy my people in Georgia and across the water?And across the boarder the ese's are getting smarter.

They got flour for tortillas and lettuce for enchiladas.

if you follow wink wink.

no doubt we don't speak.

in a blink them folks could have you sleeping in the clink.

I'm shittin' on niggas and pee'ing on the seat. It's the nigga the BIG BOI OUT?Now party people in the club

it's time to cut a rug

and throw the deuce up in the sky just for the shutrerbugs.

I'm double fisted and if you're empty you can grab a cup.

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Now party people in the club it's time to cut a rug

and throw the deuce up in the sky just for the shutrerbugs.

I'm double fisted and if you're empty you can grab a cup.

Boy stop, i'm just playing.

Boy stop??Now this goes out to all my playas in the back sippin' yack.

Bendin' 'round corners in the 'lac.

We be clubbin'

Get up (X3)

Do That shit Do that shit do it

And this goes out to all my ladies in the front. What you want? You make me wanna breed. Girl freeze.

We be clubbin'

Get up (X3)

Do That shit Do that shit do itI wish I was like six-foot-nine

So I can get with Leoshi

Cause she don't know me but yo she's really fine

You know I see her all the time

Everywhere I go, and even in my dreams

I can scheme a way to make her mine

Cause I know she's livin phat

Her boyfriend's tall and he plays ball

So how am I gonna compete with that

Cause when it comes to playing basketball

I'm always last to be picked

And in some cases never picked at all

So I just lean up on the wall
Or sit up in the bleachers with the rest of the girls
Who came to watch their men ball
Dag y'all! I never understood, black
Why the jocks get the fly girls
And me I get the hood rats
I tell 'em scat, skittle, scabobble
Got hit with a bottle
And I been in the hospital
For talkin' that mess
I confess it's a shame when you livin' in a city
That's the size of a box and nobody knows yo' name
Glad I came to my senses
Like quick-quick got sick-sick to my stomach
Overcommeth by the thoughts of me and her together
Right?

So when I asked her out she said I wasn't her type I wish I was little bit taller

I wish I was a baller
I wish I had a girl who looked good I would call her
I wish I had a rabbit in a hat with a bat
And a six four Impala
I wish I was little bit taller
I wish I was a baller
I wish I had a girl who looked good I would call her
I wish I had a rabbit in a hat with a bat
And a six four Impala He's phony
She's fake

thats the type of people i hate ya'll know the lyrics, come sing with me Shimmy shimmy ya, shimmy yam,
shimmy yay,

Gimme the mic so I can take it away.
Off on a natural charge, bon voyage
Yeah, from the home of the Dodgers, Brooklyn squad
Wu-Tang Killerrr Bees on a swarm!
Rain on ya dollar's ass, disco dorm!
For you to even touch my skill,
You gotta have the one Killer Bee and he ain't gonna kill. Now
Chop that down, pass it all around!
Lyrics get hard, quick cement to the ground!
For any MC in any 52 states,
I gets psycho killerrrr Norman Bates!
My producer slam, sharp like bam!
Jump on stage, and then I dun-daaaah! But Im a creep
(Ooh, baby, I like it raww...)
I'm a weirdo
(Yeah baby, I like it RAWWW!!!)

What the hell am I doing here
(Ooh, baby, I like it raww...)
I dont belong here
(Yeah baby, I like it RAWWW!!!)
Run, run run run
One time y'all
Throw your hands real high y'all
Yea, get down y'all
Let me see you all y'all Hennessy and trees, that's all I need
Back it up, don't stop
Hit the floor, make it drop
Rock the boat, rock the boat, rock the boat, rock the boat
rock the boat, rock the boat, rock the boat, rock the boat
It goes left, right, left, right
left, right, left, right, left, right, left, right
Ooh ooh baby come on you can wobble wit it
Ooh ooh baby come on you can hustle wit it
Do the Beattown Mo, get cocky wit it
Put ya hands in the air don't stop wit it
Ooh ooh baby come on you can wobble wit it
Ooh ooh baby come on you can hustle wit it
Do the Beattown Mo, get cocky wit it
Put ya hands in the air don't stop wit it Hey ladies this beat hey
this beat, this beat hey
this beat is sick
lets have some fun
this beat is sick
I wanna take a ride on your disco stick
hey
this beat hey
this beat, this beat hey
this beat is sick
Don't think too much just bust that dick
I wanna take a ride on your disco stick Hey ladies in the place I'm callin' out to ya
There never was a city kid truer and bluer
There's more to me than you'll ever know
And I've got more hits than Sadaharu Oh
Tom Thumb Tom Cushman or Tom Foolery
Date women on T.V. with the help of Chuck Woolery
Words are flowing out just like the Grand Canyon
And I'm always out looking for a female companion
I threw the lasso around the tallest one and dragged her to the crib
I took off her moccasins and put on my bib
I'm wheelin' and dealin' I make a little bit of stealing
I'll bring you back to the place and your dress I'm feeling

Your body's on time and your mind is appealing
Staring at the cracks up there upon the ceiling
Such and such be the bass that I'm throwing
Talking to a girl telling her I'm all knowing
She's talking to the kid
I'm telling here every lie that you know that I never did

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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