Pocketbook

Note-oriety

Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook
Say it again?
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook
Check this out hereLookin' at my body I bet you thinkin' 'bout it
Don't you wanna know how I get down?
Take a number baby, you ain't the only brother
Tryin' to get up under my skirt nowRockin' all your hot shit, stuntin'
Thinkin' that you're God's gift to woman
More like a buzz in my ear
Shoo fly don't bother meI got my hair in a pony tail and they on me
Trust me I can get 'em off
They say I stride like a model, curves like a bottle
Watch me as I hit the wall and I make 'em sayOoh, ah, ooh, ah, ooh
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook
Ooh, ah, ooh, ah, ooh
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbookOoh, ah, ooh, ah, ooh
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook
Ooh, ah, ooh, ah, ooh
Da, da, da, da, don't make meTell you baby, daddy he ain't holding the weight
'Cause he got the cake and no knife
Ain't nobody cuttin' so cut it out, cut it out, alrightSo you don't know my face now, got it
Lookin' at me from the waste down, stop it
Said I'mma hard pill to swallow, fella
But I can make you feel betterI got my hair in a pony tail and they on me
Trust me I can get 'em off
They say I stride like a model, curves like a bottle
Watch me as I hit the wall and I make 'em sayOoh, ah, ooh, ah, ooh
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook
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Don't make me hit you with myOoh, ah, ooh, ah, ooh
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook
Ooh, ah, ooh, ah, ooh
Hey, hey, get it ya'llSaid you got a lot of nerve, playing with my feelin's boy
Do you always speak before you think?
Lucky me, I know the game, I'mma flip my hair and walk away
If you follow me it's on and poppin'
'Cause I think you're gettin outta pocket
Stop it 'fore you make meBefore I make you do what girl, you know you want it
Your body's nice, but eh you need some Luda on it

So find a matress so we can start jukin' on it, movin' on it
Baby 'cause tonight's the night
For you to rock up on the mic 'cause I rocks the micIt's Chris Mind Freak in the back of a Rolls
I know magic, poof, do away with your clothes
Then come here and let Luda give that body a rub
'Cause damn little mama you thick as a mugJust how them southern boys like it
Hurry up and get me a punch, I might spike it
Party in my Babs and yes your invited
So we can make a wet scene
And win an Oscar, all up in your best dreamGirl, I think you know you're drivin' me crazy
They jinglin' baby, go 'head baby
With two hams in your pants girl I think you's a crook
Let me touch what's under that
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbookOoh, ah, ooh, ah, ooh
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook
Ooh, ah, ooh, ah, ooh
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook

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