

# She Wants It (Feat. Justin Timberlake)

## 50 Cent

Something special, unforgettable  
50 Cent  
(Cent)  
Justin  
(Tin)Timbaland  
(Land)  
God damn  
(Damn)She, she, she want it, I want to give it to her  
She know that it's right here for her  
I want to see you break it down  
I'm ballin', throw'n money aroundShe work it girl, she work the pole  
She break it down, she take it low  
She fine as hell, she about the dough  
She doing her thing out on the floorHer money, money, she makin', makin'  
Look at the way she shakin', shakin'  
Make you want to touch it, make you want to taste it  
Have you lustin' for her, go crazy face itNow don't stop, get it, get it  
The way she shakin' make you want to hit it  
Think she double jointed from the way she splitted  
Got you're head fucked up from the way she did itShe's so much more than you're used to  
She knows just how to move to seduce you  
She gone do the right thing and touch the right spot  
She'll dance in your lap till you're ready to popShe always ready, when you want it she want it  
Like a nympho, the info, I show you where to meet her  
On the late night till daylight the club jumpin'  
If you want a good time, she gone give you what you wantBaby, this a new age, you're like my new craze  
Let's get together, maybe we can start a new phase  
The smoke's got the club all hazy, spotlights don't do you justice, baby  
Why don't you come over here? You got me sayingAyo, I'm tired of using technology  
Why don't you sit down on top of me?  
Ayo, I'm tired of using technology  
I need you right in front of meOoh, she wants it, uh uh, she wants it  
Ooh, she wants it, uh uh  
(So)  
I got to give it to herOoh, she wants it, uh uh, she wants it  
Ooh, she wants it, uh uh  
(So)  
I got to give it to herYour hips, your thighs  
You got me hypnotized, let me tell you

Your hips, your thighs  
You got me hypnotized, let me tell you Your hips, your thighs  
You got me hypnotized, let me tell you  
Your hips, your thighs  
You got me hypnotized, let me tell you Got a thing for that thing she got  
The way she make it tick, the way she make it pop  
Make it rain for us so she don't stop  
I ain't got to move, I can sit and watch In her fantasy, there's plain to see  
Just how it be, on me, backstrokin', sweat soakin'  
All into my set sheets When she ready to ride, I'm ready to roll  
I'll be in this bitch till the club close  
What should I do? One thing on all fours  
Now that that shit should be against the law From side to side, let the ride, break it down  
(Down, down)  
You know I like, when you hike and you throw it all around  
Different style, different move, damn I like the way you move  
Girl, you got me thinkin' about all the things I do to you Let's get it poppin' shorty, we can switch positions  
From the couch to the counters in my kitchen  
Baby talk to me Baby, this a new age, you're like my new craze  
Let's get together, maybe we can start a new phase  
The smoke's got the club all hazy, spotlights don't do you justice, baby  
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Why don't you sit down on top of me?  
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I got to give it to her Ooh, she wants it, uh uh, she wants it  
Ooh, she wants it, uh uh  
(So)  
I got to give it to her Your hips, your thighs  
You got me hypnotized, let me tell you  
Your hips, your thighs  
You got me hypnotized, let me tell you Your hips, your thighs  
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Songwriters

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