

Who Dat Girl (Hardwell Club Mix)

Flo Rida

Hey, Ms. Red Carpet
She can autograph my pockets,
Anytime, anyplace, anyway,
I'll be looking at everybody else watchin'
I don't wanna be obnoxious,
But this girl worth the gossip,
Take away the smile,
The tattoos now, forever she very guard-less
I imagine her topless
She might set off my rocket
Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one
On and poppin' she mad marketing
Attitude like we arguing
With her by my side bring glitter to my life
I should twitter this girl is sparkling She ain't no rock star
But she got groupies,
She ain't no actress
But she makes movies,
And when she struts that thing around
Everybody be breaking their neck like
Who dat girl who dat girl, who dat girl
She ain't got riches but she got fashion,
She ain't a model but camera's flashing
And when she struts that thing around
Everybody be breaking their neck like
Who dat girl who dat girl, who dat girl Hey, I wanna know her mamma's name,
'Cause that where she get it from,
They ain't never shot her with silicon,
Shawty is her and her she's the real one
Touch one, grab one, feel one,
I wish she would'a told me that
Ain't nothing wrong bringing the old me back,
Little mamma knows my body so trophy glass,
She worth it, bring me some Chloe bags
Like damn, can I be yo' police badge
Pull it up, get a little cozy and
Woman is sort'a like and oldie jam,
Record some ssh,
On a playboy cam,

She ain't no actress
The movie from my mattress
Rock star, none of that practice
But still she got fanatics She ain't no rock star
But she got groupies,
She ain't no actress
But she makes movies,
And when she struts that thing around
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Who dat girl who dat girl, who dat girl Ooh oh oh, look at her goo ooh ooh,
I wanna know ooh ooh
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Songwriters

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