

That's Nasty (feat. Lil Jon & Fat Joe)

Pitbull

What what what what YEEEEAAA!
Pitbull in this! This Lil Jon Chekin in, where my T golds at! [Chorus:]
Twentyfo's on my truck that's nasty
They spin when you stop that's nasty
Twentyfo's on my truck that's nasty
They spin when you stop that's nasty WHAT WHAT AAAA LETS GO! Pitbull's chillin' the bottom wit no deals
If them boys talk a lot then its no reals
Shimmya why'all shimmy yay shimmy yayo
Catch me wit piccolo riding on them thangs
Word of mouf there's a drought on the streets
So who ever sitting on them k's is looking at some cheezle
But don't let them boys find out where the safe house is at
And if its where you lay your head, what kinda safe house is that!
You don't deserve to hold weight you deserve to get robbed
Your the first to turn state
Those who got snitched on relate to
No matter what you do heffer damn gon' hate ya
That's just mother nature
Ain't she a mother
I know these bitches named bullets and they loved to date ya
Or better said they love to rape ya
From the bottom to A-town the game is ours now! [Chorus:] WHAT WHAT AAAA LETS GO! I from the land
where you name it everything's crooked
Watch what you do 'cause, everything's looking
Man these streets got ears and eyes
And they want to know its all who what when and whyz
So when you see me on them twenty fours spinning
You know the cut me a serious check
But for now I'm still grindin' fiending for a legging
That's some serious shit ya
I'm involved in some serious shit ya
I'm like TI, I'm serious bitch
I'm giving Miami a facelift
Why'all just face it
Don't believe its wrong just taste it [Chorus:] WHAT WHAT AAAA LETS GO! When I came in Mami you
know you nasty
Them bitch ass niggaz want to blast me
Still punkn' gettin' crunked off that crunk juice
Hatin' 'cause your girl on me and she hate you

We gotta do nigga what cutlass dropped down on d'z
If you pump it relocate your soul from the streets
Remember me lil g A-town to the O [OOOO]
If you ain't got no money I'm a get some from your hoe
What you hate dawg? my dawg got rhymes on singing
Get your hatin dawg, my twentyfo's keep spinning
G'z up and whateva F down!
Not a gat bring some money oh really? go act a clown
Lay it up pimp get shot to the head
But why'all want my cutlass now I just want yo bread
Sport a lil platinum be-see and be-be
I'm thug nigga and you know this to the be! Don't hate the, the playa
Don't hate the, the game
Don't hate the, the playa
Don't hate the, the game WHAT WHAT AAAA LETS GO! [Chorus:]

Songwriters

RICHARDSON II, DARRYL/SMITH, JONATHAN H/PEREZ, ARMANDO Published by
Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing, Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Universal Music Publishing Group,
JELLYBEAN MUSIC GROUP, Roba Music, RESERVOIR MEDIA MANAGEMENT INC Song Discussions
is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>