Get It Poppin (feat. Jha Jha, Princess)

Jim Jones

Now I am fresh out of bail harder flyer than a muthafuck
I don't do the baby, sumthin' like a rubber nut
Sumthin' like a hustler, got it runnin' through my blood
You aint bout dat money, well, honey I don't give a fuckTrynna ball wit a hoodie on cost about a stack
Got my booty shorts on but you cant see da stash
My shawty in da hood said he like it like dat
He put it on me good and I throw it right backI'm a playa, I'ma pimp
I'll stick ya up for ya cheddar and all ya chips
Gimme da keys, I want da juice
Da credit cards, Da dogs and house tooDey see I'm doin' me, dey see I'm gettin' paid
I still be in da hood, representin' for da days
Mercedes wanna hate, try to stomp em
I'ma fake, o it's all in da game but I'm still gettin' cakeIf you a G, lemme see
You ain't gotta pay for da dinner, it's on me
Let's get it poppin shawty, let's get it poppin shawty
I get it poppin shawty, let's get it poppin shawtyWe got da cash, buy out da bars
Drop da tops out da celing, you see da stars
We get it poppin shawty, I get it poppin shawty
We get it poppin shawty, we get it poppin shawtyNow what bitch don't want me, young rich G
Gun beneath da seat, pushin' a hundred on da V
Hand on da rocks two seater what you call dat
Lambergini drop, two divas how ya solve datEasy just loosen up da bra strap, make 'em feel sexy
Push dat seat to da coupe back
And den you let da breeze do da four play
And den you let da V do da horseplayTurn da city streets to a horse race burn rubber
And word motha I got no cover Hoes love us
And I only fear da Lord above us
So if you want me come and get me make it good muhfuckaTell da hatas cuff at dat
I play wit paper by da ten stack
I love ladies wit a shoe fetish
I tell her baby I got a coupe fetish, you wanna ride wit a GIf you a G, lemme see
You ain't gotta pay for da dinner, it's on me
Let's get it poppin shawty, let's get it poppin shawty
I get it poppin shawty, let's get it poppin shawtyWe got da cash, buy out da bars
Drop da tops out da celing, you see da stars
We get it poppin shawty, I get it poppin shawty
We get it poppin shawty, we get it poppin shawtyNow 'bout to get it poppin if you ready for us
Startin' wit dem shoppin' sprees, I'm givin' honts so dey know it
Who said love don't cost a thing I'm from da city

Were da chicks are thickBlingin' on dey neck and wrist and niggas poppin bottles
While da ladies rock dey hipsYou get to know me and I'll teach you somethin'
To go from lil' money flossin' to doin' super stuntin'
I'm always griindin' so I'm gettin' money stick wit me and you'll go far
Dem otha chicks dey come a dime a dozenYou say dat you a G, well nigga let me see
I'll take you places where you neva thought dat you would be
I got a sassy mouth and yea I'm from da south
And you could tell because you see my ass and hips poked outI'm best dressed no doubt, lets go it ain't no thang
Princess I'm da chick and don't forget my name
And this here wont change, you betta sho respect
Or we'll really get it poppin, Jha Jha, Crime Mob, and DipsetIf you a G, lemme see
You ain't gotta pay for da dinner, it's on me
Let's get it poppin shawty, let's get it poppin shawty
I get it poppin shawty, let's get it poppin shawtyWe got da cash, buy out da bars
Drop da tops out da celing, you see da stars
We get it poppin shawty, I get it poppin shawty
We get it poppin shawty, we get it poppin shawty

Songwriters
Na 'toya Ma' Shea Handy;Jim Jones;Andre ParkerPublished by
SONGS OF UNIVERSAL, INC.;SALLY RUTH ESTHER PUBLISHING;SOLDIERZ TOUCH, INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/