

# Don't Know How to Act (feat. Yung Joc)

Flo Rida

I'm in the club  
Kush got it burnin' up  
I'm poppin' bottles 'n  
I'm fuckin' up the furniture I'm in the club  
DJ gon turn it up  
Got a flock of models  
'N we fuckin' up the furniture All my niggas gettin' money  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act) 30 dudes 'n we stuntin'  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act) Got a whole lotta hoes  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act) Yeah, my pockets all swollen  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act) Hey, wipin' my pumps, poppin' that Dom, pardon melange  
Show stoppin', no flockin', I'm about to perform  
Wife beater on, VIP, like the eye of the storm  
I'm project, I'm ghetto, hood, better ring the alarm Cold flu, cause I just blew 30 off cash  
Blue with my swag, that's that Gucci duffle bag  
Goops coming through I got sparklers on the mag  
Flo Rida act a fool, have a furniture attack Well cause I'm young gettin' money, homeboy in Phantoms and Lac's  
I'm in the club with my King Johnny's them diamonds is black  
Shorty she lovin' my tattoos ingrained on my back  
Muggin' and thuggin' the trap crew we step like Da Brat Married the rubberbands, hustlin', hustlin'  
Got a squad gutter man, so we musclin', musclin'  
Security guard, touch the clan, then we, tusslin', tusslin'  
Tear apart, hit the fan, now they runnin' and duckin' I'm in the club  
Kush got it burnin' up  
I'm poppin' bottles 'n  
I'm fuckin' up the furniture I'm in the club  
DJ gon turn it up  
Got a flock of models  
'N we fuckin' up the furniture All my niggas gettin' money  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act)

(Don't know how to act)30 dudes 'n we stuntin'  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act)Got a whole lotta hoes  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act)Yeah, my pockets all swollen  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act)Hey, 20 bottles or better  
I'm comin' in the club and I'm standin' on ya on the tootise leather  
I gotta be fly, Kid Rock-in that derby with the feather  
That good in the sky, got the kush from Cali control the weather  
So hood, so hot, so what? Security wanna ban my recordSome fools on this, open up on the Oprah Winfrey  
show is no pressure  
My crew full of dubs and we stunt like dollaz come with propellers  
Everybody gotta grub in my pockets, gettin' paper is pleasure  
Homie don't you f'n with heifers that square me up like checkersAnd I might undress her all just because my  
diamonds caress her  
Meet uncle fester, ballin', my shawties they hot as peppers  
Don't know how to act I got stack full of mice looking for cheddar  
Down for whatever, hey!I'm a donut nigga like glazed  
On a couch like this my stage  
Get money, don't get a nigga paid in Dade  
They probably see minimum wageMy deal is Ace of Spades, but I still like grape Kool-Aid  
I ain't really got minutes, I party just like hooray!I'm in the club  
Kush got it burnin' up  
I'm poppin' bottles 'n  
I'm fuckin' up the furnitureI'm in the club  
DJ gon turn it up  
Got a flock of models  
'N we fuckin' up the furnitureAll my niggas gettin' money  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act)30 dudes 'n we stuntin'  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act)Got a whole lotta hoes  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act)Yeah, my pockets all swollen  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act)  
(Don't know how to act)I'm in the club  
Kush got it burnin' up

I'm poppin' bottles 'n  
I'm fuckin' up the furniture I'm in the club  
DJ gon turn it up  
Got a flock of models  
'N we fuckin' up the furniture

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>