

# Get It Poppin'

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 fuck  
Trynna 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 back  
I'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 too  
Dey 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' cake  
If 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 shawty  
We 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  
Now 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 dat  
Easy 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 horseplay  
Turn 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 muhfucka  
Tell 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 G  
If you a G, lemme see  
You ain't gotta pay for da dinner, it's on me  
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We get it poppin shawty, we get it poppin shawty  
Now '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 thick  
Blingin' on dey neck and wrist and niggas poppin bottles  
While da ladies rock dey hips  
You 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 dozen  
You 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 out  
I'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 Dipset  
If you a G, lemme see  
You ain't gotta pay for da dinner, it's on me  
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