

# Twerk Dat Pop That (feat. Eminem & Royce da 5'9')

## Trick Trick

Get this paper (Twerk dat, pop that)  
Work that shaker (Twerk dat, pop that)  
Go ahead baby (Twerk, twerk dat, pop that)  
Turn around lady (Twerk dat, pop that)  
Everything on us now (Twerk dat, pop that)  
Turn down for what now (Twerk, twerk dat, pop that)  
Bag it up, turn around now (Twerk dat, pop that)  
Let me see you drop it down now (Twerk, twerk, twerk dat, pop that) Who said gangstas don't do that? Cous'  
they lying

In the back of the pussy club, so mine  
Getting bricks by the G's, fittin' to rain and shine  
Then head to another one, headless flyin'  
What up to the DJ, straight to the back  
Ten racks to the waitress, change all that  
Twenty something years old, ass so fat  
Them boys in the club, D hats all black  
Tops coming off, ass on the floor  
Guess ten ain't enough, so I gotta get more  
They'll lose their mind if I head to the door  
They don't love me, they love the bread I blow  
God damn, down on they hands and they knees  
Scratching after scratch like rats for the cheese  
I'm a dog, I even got scratch for the fleas  
Touch my money you could touch your knees Get this paper (Twerk dat, pop that)  
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Turn down for what now (Twerk, twerk dat, pop that)  
Bag it up, turn around now (Twerk dat, pop that)  
Let me see you drop it down now (Twerk, twerk, twerk dat, pop that) I've got a white girl  
She's a dancer (It's Tricky!)  
She do whatever I say, no matter what I ask her  
Her action's the answer  
Of course she know I got a black girl  
Who's also a dancer  
Don't talk about your life, don't wanna hear about your bottles and ice  
Plus we got Marshall out the house tonight I'm in VIP with no ID with a pint of beam  
Lightin' cheeba wylin' the fuck out like Bieber at nineteen

Or Ice-T in the in the 90s  
Frightening in some Nikes slut, nice D's  
There a slight breeze? Don't like me? Well then bite me  
There might be a better chance of flight 370 turning up than us, bitch (highly unlikely)  
Little dyke think 'cause I'm Libra, you're Pisces, and you're feisty  
That you're like me, that you might find that we're like minded  
We ain't nothing alike Diva, you like sleeves  
I'm a wife beater you white tease  
Bet you like skiing on white skis  
The way you're damaging yourself on the poles  
Why don't you grab this one and do the right thing like Spike Lee  
And look out like you're sightseeing and invite me in the back and bite me in the (God damn)  
Shake that ass and titties Cassidy felt that  
Dick so fat it could practically snap her chastity belt strap  
Standing all in the back where my hotels at  
She actually fell back and landed on somebody else's lap  
And laughed, thought she sat on Pharell's hat(Twerk dat, pop that)  
Work that shaker (Twerk dat, pop that)  
Go ahead baby (Twerk, twerk dat, pop that)  
Turn around lady (Twerk dat, pop that)  
Everything on us now (Twerk dat, pop that)  
Turn down for what now (Twerk, twerk dat, pop that)  
Bag it up, turn around now (Twerk dat, pop that)  
Let me see you drop it down now (Twerk, twerk, twerk dat, pop that)Fresh out of damn near everything I had  
Lil homie, just grabbed the whole damn bag  
I could spin all year, never blow my stacks  
Getting white boy wasted, hold my mac  
Back to the spot, roll some up  
So blown last night I toked some up  
Lil' cous' want eighthin', ain't nothin' up  
In the club with these broads ready to get fucked  
They drinking, smoking, touching, rubbing  
Rolling, crowd's in love with my thugging  
Licking, tasting, kissing, sucking  
Shit! Tryna see who I'm fucking  
Drop that thong, grab that pole  
Bend it over, let me see what I can do with that (Oh!)  
Stack so big it ain't never gonna fall  
All the money I spend, you ain't never gonna closeGet this paper (Twerk dat, pop that)  
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Let me see you drop it down now (Twerk, twerk, twerk dat, pop that)

Songwriters

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