Who's That Girl

Eve

Yo, yo, yo
They wanna know
Who's that girl?
(La, la, la)
Eve's that girl
(La, la, la)
Who's that girl?
(La, la, la)
Eve's that girl
(La, la, la)
Yo, yo
Can I turn you on by my word spell
Look into my eyes, think I want you, can't tell
Me I keep it sexy, daddy so I can't fail
Keep it gangsta for the cowards so I give 'em hell
Call me misfit, lips spit a gang of trash
Wrist glist now, 'cause I make a gang of cash
Light glance, still street with the doo-rag
Slang, spit game, change speech, how they do that?
Watch they mouths drop, watch the crowds pop up and act out
Broads with the screw face, smash on and knock out
Ain't changed game don't run me, I run the game
If I gotta keep it gritty so be it, I'm supposed to change
Like simple, dizzy broads ain't fuckin' with my mental
Natural born hustlin' bitch, check what I've been through
Got mine took it from you, and now you slot mine
Exec to my own shit, dawg I'm ownin' dot coms
Who's that girl?
(La, la, la)
Eve's that girl
(La, la, la)
Who's that girl?
(La, la, la)
Eve's that girl
(La, la, la)
Yo, yo I can understand why you're scared of Eve
Thought I did it one way, ain't prepared for me
Huh, mad cause an image I don't care to be
Realness, real shit, spit reality

Attitude rude, that's the Philly in I
Need me in the game, I'm the thrill in your life
Breath of fresh air
Little boys hang me on their wall, I grow 'em chest hair
Why you listenin' to other shit? You go the best here
Come on try your luck shorty, I got the rest scared
Bet you anything you ain't ready and you get left there
Ain't known for frontin' vouch for my behavior
Same way they get down I get down for this paper
Sixteen lean from my pence so you can test her
Still need to know who I am, then cop the record
Take it like a class on me and learn the lesson
Bottom line my world, my way any questions
Who's that girl?
(La, la, la)
Eve's that girl
(La, la, la)
Who's that girl?
(La, la, la)
Eve's that girl
(La, la, la)
Uh, yo power moves is made everyday by this thorough bitch
I'm a get this bank anyway that I do this shit
I was born to shine while most of y'all was borderline bullshit
Know exactly what I want from me, you cats is clueless
Dispose the flow through my hands like water
Heat starts growing from my son or my daughter
Eve want her own cash, fuck what you bought her
He spend, you owe, that's what mommy taught her
So hardball is played, won't starve today
Song after song I write so I get paid
Thought I wasn't followin' up with the second round
Now bitch swallow it up, while I shove it down
Make em love me over again and over your name
Betcha they get over your style and over your fame
Why you lookin' sad at me, I ain't to blame
Back to plan B baby, I can feel your pain
Who's that girl?
(La, la, la)
Eve's that girl
(La, la, la)
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