

Give Them What They Ask For

Pitbull

Fuck that club
(Shit)
They want that thug
(Shit)But I ain't no thug
(Bitch)
And I ain't no gangsta
(Bitch)I'm a hustler, ho
And I got no problem if you want it
You can get it, boy, I bust youAnybody wanna test? Hi, who? Me
P I to the motherfuckin' T
It's not my fault that your bitch chose me
Now her and her girlfriend wanna do meThis is for them boys in them Chevys sittin'
On them King James, them two, threes
And if you got a problem with me
Holla at my lawyer, bitch, sue meI'm tired of the fuck boy rap
Fuck boy this, fuck boy that
Watch a couple movies and they put it in they rhyme
Wanna be fiddlers, I'm straight, you get shot nine timesTen years in the game since ninety nine
I was speakin' my mind, yes sir
And then shit changed, if you got a problem
Bitch cross that kinda lineI'ma give 'em what they ask for
What they want, that street talk
I'ma give 'em what they ask for
What they want, that chopper talkI'ma give 'em what they ask for
What they want, that dope talk
I'ma give 'em what they ask for
That trap boy, jack boy shitI'ma tell y'all boy, y'all boys got me fucked up
(Yeah, straight up)
Better duck when them things buck, I ain't nigga boy
Nigga what? Nigga who? Who the fuck is you?Talkin' to me like you know me
Ain't your dog, ain't your buddy, ain't your homie
Nah brah not me and if you spit it better live it
Better in fact, better show meI'ma make em say, uh
Not even Master P could crack like this
And you ain't never seen a chico in the gang
This raw since pawn that could rap like this
(TS)I hear them and they raps about the coke
And the crack and the click to the clack
But to me it's chit chat

Blam, motherfucker, take that, now I'ma give 'em what they ask for
What they want, that street talk
I'ma give 'em what they ask for
What they want, that chopper talk I'ma give 'em what they ask for
What they want, that dope talk
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That trap boy, jack boy shit I'ma spit it, flip it, rip it for them boys
Makin' digits off the coke when they whip it
Ride a stick, double clip it
One Mississippi, two Mississippi, three Mississippi
Cock back, click it, blam Poppin' what you think is last
What you wanna do is get found
In a trunk in a lake and stankin'
I took my money from the shoe box
Now I bank it, foolish, ain't it? I'ma give 'em what they ask for
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