

# Taste of Dis

Brooke Valentine

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'm getting off about six  
I'm rollin' trough da hood all anxious  
Hitting up a party without a care  
I told my girls, "I'll meet ya there!" Tell me what sitting at home has done for you lately  
Pick up your rump shake a leg bounce to the beat  
Don't know why your posted up on your feet  
'Cause it's so hot in here I know you can feel the heat I'm feeling good, I'm looking good  
I'm pedicured, I think I'm ready  
We're the fliest chicks up in the spot  
From coast to coast, we hold it down fa sho My money, my hair, my nails fixed  
My walk, my clothes, my limp  
My girls, no man don't need shit  
And I can tell you want a taste of dis  
You wanna taste of dis, you wanna taste of dis  
I can tell you really wanna taste of dis Better get on up, I'ma make you dance  
Watch back I'ma make you dance  
This junk in da trunk will put a bump in ya pants I know you wanna taste of dis  
I can read your mind, I can read your lips  
I know you wanna taste of dis  
I can read your mind, I can read your lips The party so packed people standing out in the streets  
The guys are checkin' me out, even the girls are lookin'  
I'm not getting off the floor 'til I feel the burn in me  
Just might take a fella home if he knows how to work that thang I'm feeling good, I'm looking good  
I'm pedicured, I think I'm ready  
We're the fliest chicks up in the spot  
From coast to coast, we hold it down fa sho My money, my hair, my nails fixed  
My walk, my clothes, my limp  
My girls, no man don't need shit  
And I can tell you want a taste of dis  
You wanna taste of dis, you wanna taste of dis  
I can tell you really wanna taste of dis Better get on up, I'ma make you dance  
This junk in da trunk will put a bump in ya pants

Watch back I'ma make you dance  
This junk in da trunk will put a bump in ya pants  
I know you wanna taste of dis  
I can read your mind, I can read your lips I want everybody on the floor  
Just stay still who can take some more  
Everybody on the floor  
Just stay still who can take some more I'm getting off about six  
I'm rollin' through da hood all anxious  
Hitting up a party without a care  
I told my girls, "I'll meet ya there!" You gone step  
You gone step  
Come on step with me  
It's like left right left  
Left right left  
Now slide-slide-slide-slide  
It's like left right left  
Left right left  
Now dip-dip-dip-dip baby dip Now you wanna get me kiss  
I can reach your mind, I can reach your lips My money, my hair, my nails fixed  
My walk, my clothes, my limp  
My girls, no man don't need shit  
And I can tell you want a taste of dis My money, my hair, my nails fixed  
My walk, my clothes, my limp  
My girls, no man don't need shit  
And I can tell you want a taste of dis You wanna taste of dis  
You wanna taste of dis  
I can tell you really wanna taste of dis 'Cause I'm looking good, I'm smelling good  
I'm pedicured, I think I'm ready, oh yeah  
Is the party going on  
Is the party going on, come on  
'Cause it's so hot in here  
'Cause it's so hot in here  
'Cause it's so hot in here

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