

Work It Out (Feat. Pitbull)

Lil Jon

Turn me up, turn me up, turn me up, turn me up
Yo, turn me up, turn me up, up some more
Up, up some more, up, up some more
Yeah, up, up some more
I walk in the club so dashin', in the latest BBC fashion
The light from the strip club flashing
Keep the sparkle in my ear rings dancing
We're hundred G makers till they cremate us
Skateboard P in the lime green gators
White chinchilla, million dollar neck glitter
Yeah, I got security, see that gorilla
When you got money, it's hard to hide it
Took my hand out my pocket and watched her eyes get
Big, took a million to super size it
All the bitches saying 'Hey" like my name was Issac
Why you put me on blast like that?
Shit, why you shaking wit an ass like that?
Besides I wasn't really trying to smash like that
I got a girl, bitch I ain't fast like that
This Miami, time's wasting, bet that bass line keep you shaking
Look, end of the night all my niggas is waiting
Uh, uh, not me Ma, told ya I'm taken
(Stick that thang out)
Uh, some more, uh, uh, some more
(C'mon, skeezer)
(Stick that thang out)
Uh, uh, some more, yeah, uh, uh, some more
(Stick that thang out)
Uh, some more, uh, uh, some more
(C'mon skeezer)
(Stick that thang out)
Uh, uh, some more
(Hold it)
Yeah, uh, uh, some more
I said ain't nothing but tutti fruity
Get on the floor if ya got that booty
Shake what ya momma gave ya
Shake what ya momma gave ya
I said ain't nothing but tutti fruity

Get on the floor if ya got that booty
Shake what ya momma gave ya
Shake what ya momma gave ya
Dance, too much booty in your pants
Dance, too much booty in your pants
I said dance, too much booty in your pants
Dance, too much booty in your pants
Well shake that ass, bitch
And let me see what ya got
Well shake that ass, bitch
And let me see what ya got
Hey, hey, hey, I said shake it, don't break it
It took ya momma 9 months to make it
I say shake it, don't break it
It took ya momma 9 months to make it
Well scrub the ground, scrub the ground
Scrub the ground
Hold it, okay
Hey, she really likes to party
She really likes to dance
She really likes to dance, dance, dance
I like a fine ass bitch, a down ass bitch
A money getting bitch, I love that shit
'Cause she danced in the club, and yes she gon' call
If you got a little money, she taking her clothes off
She dance like a muhfucking dance machine
Taking her ass to the beat for me
Nigga ain't spending more money than a lil' bit
But I really love that shit, I love that shit
Yeah, thick bitch, wit a drive to fuck
Get her off in the truck and she bound to suck
The ho love to bump, she don't like knee pads
She scrub em up, her legs that is
Fat puddy cat wit a head that's trill
The type of bitch have a nigga not paying bills
Fo' real by our goddamn selves
Fuck thirty niggas and she don't need help
(Stick that thang out)
Uh, some more, uh, uh, some more
(C'mon skeezer)
(Stick that thang out)
Uh, uh, some more, yeah, uh, uh, some more
(Stick that thang out)
Uh, some more, uh, uh, some more
(C'mon skeezer)

(Stick that thang out)
Uh, uh, some more
(Hold it)
Yeah, uh, uh, some more
Hey, she really likes to party
She really likes to dance
She really likes to dance, dance, dance
(Dance, dance, dance, oh)
I like the way you dance, girl
Just bring that shit over
And dance on a nigga like me
Keep shaking that thang, girl
Keep popping that thang, girl
Keep shaking that thang, girl
Keep popping that thang, girl
Well, keep shaking that thang, girl
Keep popping that thang, girl
Keep shaking that thang, girl
Keep popping that thang, girl
Well, keep shaking that thang, girl
Keep popping that thang, girl
Keep shaking that thang, girl
Keep popping that thang, girl
Keep shaking that thang, girl

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>