

Get Mad At It

Jackyl

Bad ass bitch sprawled out, doing double time

She's a machine yeah, she's turbo fine

She's a contender

I didn't come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee

So get mad at it You got to back it up, shake it in her face

You got to let her know to get mad at it

You got to back it up, slap it on the ass

You got to let her know to get mad at it

Get mad at it Badass sugar, gonna shake it, then she's going south

She's my honey hush, now just you hush your mouth

Not a pretender

A hot Atlanta preach at the plaza on Peachtree's

Mad at it You got to back it up, shake it in her face

You got to let her know to get mad at it

You got to back it up, slap it on the ass

You got to let her know to get mad at it

Get mad at it Badass mama looking back, mama wants some more

Let her roll, she'll rock you to the core

She's an all night bender

I'm getting madder by the minute, I'm screaming like a banshee

Get mad at it You got to back it up, shake it in her face

You got to let her know to get mad at it

You got to back it up, slap it on the ass

You got to let her know to get mad at it

You got to back it up, shake it in her face

You got to let her know to get mad at it

You got to back it up, slap it on the ass

You got to let her know to get mad at it

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