

Outta Control (Jump Smokers Remix)

Baby Bash

I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ
I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ
It was midnight
I got the booty call
She said "I'm at the club"
So I threw on my drawers I'm lookin' throwed in my 'fit
Candy coat on my whip
The po-po's all on my tip
But man, I don't even trip Sent me a dirty text
So I text her back
Scooped up the Stuey Boy
'Cause he had the purple sacks And now we gone with the wind
It's on and poppin' again
We rebel rockin' and rollin'
This club is outta c-, outta c-, ou-ou-outta control She got me outta control
She make you go crazy when she out on the on floor
She know the DJ, he's on Serato
He date them models, he crack them bottles Everybody say, fellas, what do ladies like? Money, money, money
Ladies, what do fellas like? They monkey, monkey, monkey
Money, money, it's outta control
She showed that monkey, whoo, it's outta control I'm double fistin' now, under a strobe light
Its lookin' like a movie, but it's feelin' so tight
Now I got one in the cage, and I got two on the stage
I got a waitress on the under tryna' give me some face They played some Lil Wayne
Mixed with some T-Pain
They mashed a Journey record
Now they dropped some Coldplay And now they playin' my song
The girls, they showin' their thongs
We rebel rockin' and rollin'
This club is outta c-, outta c-, ou-ou-outta control She got me outta control
She make you go crazy when she out on the on floor
She know the DJ, he's on Serato
He date them models, he crack them bottles Everybody say, fellas, what do ladies like? Money, money, money
Ladies, what do fellas like? They monkey, monkey, monkey
Money, money, it's outta control
She showed that monkey, whoo, it's outta control, yes sir! I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ
I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ
I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ
I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ
I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ, DJ Outta control, she he got me outta control

She make you go crazy when she out on the on floor

She know the DJ, he's on Serato

He date them models, he crack them bottlesEverybody say, fellas, what do ladies like? Money, money, money

Ladies, what do fellas like? They monkey, monkey, monkey

Money, money, it's outta control

She showed that monkey, whoo, it's outta control, yes sir!Eh, eh, it's outta control

Eh, eh, it's outta control

Eh, eh, it's outta control

Eh, eh, it's outta control

It's outta control, control, control

Songwriters

LEWIS, PHILIPPublished by

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damlyrics.com/>