

# Steady Shock

## Girl Talk

Go shorty shorty go shorty shorty go (2x)Excuse me little mama  
But you could say I'm on duty  
I'm lookin' for a cutie  
A real big o' ghetto booty  
I really like your kitty kat  
And if you let me touch her  
I know you're not a bluffer  
I'll take you to go see Usher  
I keep a couple hoes  
Like Santa I keep a vixen  
Got that dasher, dancer, prancer  
Dixen, comet, cupid, Donner, BLITZEN!  
I'm hotter than 100 degrees  
A lotta bread, no sesame seeds  
If I'm in yo city  
I'm signin them tig ol bitties  
I'm plottin on how I can take Cassie away from Diddy  
The girls want a Minaj  
Yeah they wetta than a Rainmen  
Usher buzz me in,  
EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND!All the girls standing in the line for the Bathroom!  
All the girls standing in the line for the Bathroom!  
All the girls standing in the line for the Bathroom!  
All the girls standing, All the,  
All the girls standing, All the,  
All the girls standing in the line for the Bathroom!  
All the girls standing in the line for the Bathroom!  
All the girls standing in the,  
All the girls standing in the line for the Bathroom!Cant start a fire  
(Oh yeah Oh)  
You cant start a fire (oh, oh) without a spark  
This gun's for hire  
(Oh yeah Oh)  
even if we're just dancing in the darkHit her wit that flex  
Hit her wit that flex  
Hit her wit that  
Hit her wit that flex  
She go be beggin fo some more  
Hit her wit that flex

Hit her wit that flex  
Hit her wit that  
Hit her wit that flex  
She go be beggin fo some more  
Hands on yo head while you workin' on the floor  
You know, Lil' mama choosing  
as I walk through the door  
Gucci head to toe so you know  
I'm getting chosen so watch me hit her with that flex  
She go be begging for some more Hey my nigga we havin' a wonderful day and I won't fuck with me. Why?  
'Cause it's the 1st of the month and now we smokin', chokin', rollin' blunts  
And sippin' on 40 ounces thuggin' come come we got the blessed rum  
From jumpin' all nights we high  
Hit up the block to where? East 99  
I get with my nigga to get me some yayo  
Double up nigga what you need?  
We got weed to get P.O.Ded  
Fiend for the green leaves  
Give it up it's the foe sure you better lay low  
Cause the po-po creep when they roll slow  
If you can't get away better toss that yayo  
Keep your bankroll  
Yeah we havin' a celebration, I love to stay high  
And you better believe when it's time to grind  
I'm down for mine crime after crime  
Fin to creep to the pad cause mom's got grub on the grill  
If we got the food, you know it's the 1st of the month  
and my nigga we chills foe real  
(3X)  
Wake up, wake up, wake up it's the 1st of the month  
To get up, get up, get up so cash your checks and get up who the fuck are y'all  
who the fuck are  
who the fuck are  
who the fuck are y'all (y'all, y'all y'all)  
who the fuck are y'all  
who the fuck are  
who the fuck are  
who the fuck are y'all (y'all, y'all y'all)  
bottles on me  
long as someone drink it  
never drop the ball, fuck y'all thinking  
making sure the young money ship is never sinking  
bout to set it off in this bitch Jada Pinkett  
I shouldn't have drove, tell me how I'm getting home  
you too fine to be laying down in bed alone

I can teach you how to speak my language Rosetta stone  
I swear this life is like the sweetest thing I've ever known  
got to go thriller Mike Jackson on these n'ggas  
all I need is a fucking red jackets with some zippers  
super good smidoke a package of the swishas  
I did it over night, it couldn't happen any quicker  
y'all know them, but fuck it me either  
but point the biggest skeptic out I'll make them a believer  
It wouldn't be the first time I've done it throwing hundreds  
When I should be throwing ones bitch I run it ahhWho run it  
Bitch I run it  
Who run it  
Bitch I, bitch I run it  
Who run it  
Bitch I run it  
These niggaz got plenty anna,  
but they ain't got plenty guns  
I'm bustin' out of luxury cars,  
still got these hoes on the run  
I'm hearin' plenty many words,  
but ain't no actions to prove  
We can do some straight war for war,  
we can do some stickin' and movin'  
We can meet in the middle of these streets  
or in the middle of this RING  
I can pop your chest, PLASTIC glock,  
or pop your jaw diamond ring  
Please don't hate me hate the bank  
FOR STASHIN' G's that I take  
Or hate my shiny wristband, and big ass rims I rotate  
(4X)  
These bitches ain't runnin'(runnin'), shit but y'all mouth  
Cause the first hater step, the first hater get tossed out

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

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