

# Play Your Part (Pt. 1)

## Girl Talk

Play your part

Sweet Jones

My bitch a choosey lover, never fuck without a rubber  
Never in the sheets, like it on top of the cover  
Money on the dresser, drive a compressor  
Top notch hoes get the most, not the lesser  
Trash like to fuck for forty dollars in the club  
fuckin up the game, bitches gets no love  
she be cross country givin all that she got  
a thousand a pop, I'm pullin bentleys off the lot  
smashed up the gray one, bought me a red  
every time we hit the parking lot we turn heads  
some hoes wanna choose, but them bitches too scary,  
your bitch chose me you ain't a pimp, you a fairy

Pump that shit girl,  
pump that shit girl,  
pump that shit girl,  
pump that shit girl,  
pump that shit girl,  
pump that shit girl,  
pump that shit girl,  
pump that shit girl,  
pump that, pump that,  
pump that shit girl,  
pump that shit girl,  
pump that, pump that,  
pump that shit girl,  
pump that shit girl.

Now walk it out, now walk it out, now walk it out, now walk it out

"

Now west side walk it out  
south side walk it out  
east side walk it out  
north side walk it out  
now hit the dance floor  
and bend your back low  
she do it with no hands

now stop pop and roll  
I'm smokin bubba hoe  
yeah, they in trouble hoe  
I like the way she move  
an undercover hoe

It's on once again  
patron once again  
I threw my head back then I froze like the wind, now west side walk it out  
south side walk it out  
east side walk it out  
north side walk it out

hey Hey Hey hey hey hey hey hey  
do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do  
we're not gonna take it, you can show me how uhuh no way, you can show me how  
No, we ain't gonna take it!!! you can show me how, uh uh no way, you can show me how  
We're not gonna take it...any moooooooooooooooooore  
Hey hey hey you can show me how

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"  
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yeah Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Ok we poppin champagne like we won the championship game  
look like I got on a championship ring because I ball hard  
No weezy ball harder  
I am the bird man  
and I am J R uh  
yeah yeah

bitch I'm paid, that's all i gotta say  
whatchoo know about that whatchoo know about that?  
bitch, I'm paid, that's all I gotto say  
whatchoo know about that? yeah, I know all about that.

Bitch, I'm paid, that's all I gotta say, can't see my little niggas, the money in the way and I'm I'm sittin high, a  
gangsta ride blaze, and if you ain't gonna ride fly, then, well, you might

as well hate, shit, I gotta eat, yeah, even though I ate, and no, it ain't my birdday, but  
Huh Yeah

I got my name on the cake, shit, believe that, and if your mans wanna play, Imma fuck around and put that boy  
brains on the gate...

PICK EM UP!!!

fuck em let em lay, where I'm from we see a fuckin dead body every day...  
uptown!...throw a stack at em make a song about me, I'm throwin shots back at em. Pah Pah! Bitch, I'm a pipe,  
and she like a crack addict, nshe saw me cookin eggs, she thought I was back at it.

I grab my keys, hoe I gotta go, I got my motorcycle jacket, and my motorcycle loafers

CuZ NOTHING COMPARES TO YOU

whatchoo know about that Whatchoo know about that?

I was gettin some head, gettin gettin some head...

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I was gettin getting gettin get gettin

NExt song

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Lyrics submitted by Charlotte.

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