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 hey
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 mooooooooooooooore
Hey hey hey you can show me how
"
"
"
yeah Yeah yeah 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 loafs
Cuz NOTHING COMPARES TO YOU
whatchoo know about that Whatchoo know about that?
I was gettin some head, gettin gettin some head...
"
"
"
"
I was gettin getting gettin get gettin
NExt song

Lyrics submitted by Charlotte.

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