

# Told Y'all (feat. Rick Ross)

Trina

[Trina]

Let me put my left foot in the game now

Put my right foot in the game now

Let me show why'all what I'm workin wit

Time to slide to the dance floor[Verse 1]

Hair do nails done that's us

New car paper tags that's us

New gear hot shit that's us

Keep niggas like that's us

Where my get money honeys at right here

Where my iced out bitches at right here

Where my gold gettin bitches at right here

Where my silver spoon women at right here

You the shit girl let that nigga know

The rent due girl let that nigga know

Enjoyin yourself let that nigga know

The sex good girl let that nigga know

Hold up why'all its my turn now

Hold up why'all its our turn now

Its our turn now its our turn now[Chorus]

I told why'all ass to get down now

I told why'all ass to get down now

I told why'all ass to get down now

I told why'all ass to get down now[Verse 2]

Blow up show up

You a hatin ass bitch so what

I'm the baddest bitch sure nuff

They know my clique so tough

You want to do what hold up

Switch up flows

Drop tops 6 fo's

Keep up with me I'm on the west coast

I get love from the bloods & crypts they love the hips

Hottest shit in the south they love the hip

Me trick brick duece mobb see-o get loose

Slip & slide here forever stop askin

I step out & camera's start flashin[Chorus]

I told why'all ass to get down now

I told why'all ass to get down now

I told why'all ass to get down now  
I told why'all ass to get down now[Rick Ross]  
Let me put the cris in the game now  
Let me put the crypt in the game now  
Let me pop the x in the game  
Let me show why'all what I'm workin wit[Verse 3: Rick Ross]  
Why'all niggas want to fuck wit ross  
Point a mile who really want to touch the boss  
I ride around all the time no tints on the benz  
Cell phone flipped out lookin sick on the rims now  
Name a nigga who could fuck wit me  
Name a nigga who could flow wit me  
East to west coast I'm the best wit toast  
Attack ta blow I'm aimin at your neck & throat  
Now naked hoes givin neck for dope  
Ba gets and roes and the lex and glow  
I'm a killa why'all niggas I'm the best you know  
Rick ross god damn I'm the next to blow now  
Smoke pounds bricks broke down its your times  
Spit 4 rounds go get your hoe now[Chorus]  
I told why'all ass to get down now  
I told why'all ass to get down now  
I told why'all ass to get down now  
I told why'all ass to get down now

Songwriters

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