

Ladies

Sarai

Hey Mr. DJ, turn the music up loud
And everybody report to the dance floor now
Lock 'em up 'cause we 'bout to get down
Off the chain, like they do it in the south
Everybody just havin' a good time
Got my eyes on the guys because they so fine
That's right, Sarai can get crunk
How much junk you got in that trunk
Come out the house, get on the street
Here see low, let out the clothes and freak
Act a fool, you can do wha'chu want
Get loose 'cause the track be that funk
Groove to the bump
Just break it down
Make ya trunk bobble with that extra bounce
Make it touch the ground, then raise it up
Like the garbage men do with the dump truck
Ladies, hands up, let me see you shake ya stuff
A B C and D cups, little bitty and a big ol' butt
Fellas, hands high, let me see you work it out one time
Put your body against mine, c'mon baby, grind
Oh oh, here we go
Time to shake that ass on the dance floor
Jiggle that thing like jello
All my rich chicks and the girls in the ghetto
So we go, get crunk 'til you fall, that's right
In the club or either in your bumpin' ride
Slim a big bone, don't matter you're size
Don't matter if you're black or white
All shapes and sizes spread love worldwide
I mean we all the same color inside
So why divide, I mean there's no reason why
East coast to the west side
Mid-west to the south, we tight
That's to show you, please believe
I'ma stay being me and the change of me like
Trick, see I love the kids
So I got to work out for as long as I live
I'm tryna be the best thing comin' out this year

To rock you to trill and that's the scrill
But for now
Just break it down
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Fellas, hands high, let me see you work it out one time
Put your body against mine, c'mon baby, grind
Tube tops, T-shirts, blue jeans, mini skirts
Overtime make it work
Wobble that ass 'til the thing hurt
White beaters, throw backs, fitted caps, bucket hats
No matter where you from where you at
Shake that shit like how you love that
Everybody get your boogie on
Party all night 'til the break of dawn, c'mon
Put your hands in the air
And wave 'em around like you just don't care
Front to the back over there
VIP area, ballas upstairs
Get booked and cop ya chairs
At the top of your lungs and let me hear, oh yeah
Just break it down
Make ya trunk bobble with that extra bounce
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