

# Pocketbook

Jennifer Hudson

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook  
Say it again?  
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook  
Check this out here Lookin' at my body I bet you thinkin' 'bout it  
Don't you wanna know how I get down?  
Take a number baby, you ain't the only brother  
Tryin' to get up under my skirt now Rockin' all your hot shit, stuntin'  
Thinkin' that you're God's gift to woman  
More like a buzz in my ear  
Shoo fly don't bother me I got my hair in a pony tail and they on me  
Trust me I can get 'em off  
They say I stride like a model, curves like a bottle  
Watch me as I hit the wall and I make 'em say Ooh, ah, ooh, ah, ooh  
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook  
Ooh, ah, ooh, ah, ooh  
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook Ooh, ah, ooh, ah, ooh  
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook  
Ooh, ah, ooh, ah, ooh  
Da, da, da, da, don't make me Tell you baby, daddy he ain't holding the weight  
'Cause he got the cake and no knife  
Ain't nobody cuttin' so cut it out, cut it out, alright So you don't know my face now, got it  
Lookin' at me from the waste down, stop it  
Said I'mma hard pill to swallow, fella  
But I can make you feel better I got my hair in a pony tail and they on me  
Trust me I can get 'em off  
They say I stride like a model, curves like a bottle  
Watch me as I hit the wall and I make 'em say Ooh, ah, ooh, ah, ooh  
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook  
Ooh, ah, ooh, ah, ooh  
Don't make me hit you with my Ooh, ah, ooh, ah, ooh  
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook  
Ooh, ah, ooh, ah, ooh

Hey, hey, get it ya'll Said you got a lot of nerve, playing with my feelin's boy  
Do you always speak before you think?  
Lucky me, I know the game, I'mma flip my hair and walk away  
If you follow me it's on and poppin'  
'Cause I think you're gettin outta pocket  
Stop it 'fore you make me Before I make you do what girl, you know you want it  
Your body's nice, but eh you need some Luda on it  
So find a mattress so we can start jukin' on it, movin' on it  
Baby 'cause tonight's the night  
For you to rock up on the mic 'cause I rocks the mic It's Chris Mind Freak in the back of a Rolls  
I know magic, poof, do away with your clothes  
Then come here and let Luda give that body a rub  
'Cause damn little mama you thick as a mug Just how them southern boys like it  
Hurry up and get me a punch, I might spike it  
Party in my Babs and yes your invited  
So we can make a wet scene  
And win an Oscar, all up in your best dream Girl, I think you know you're drivin' me crazy  
They jinglin' baby, go 'head baby  
With two hams in your pants girl I think you's a crook  
Let me touch what's under that  
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook Ooh, ah, ooh, ah, ooh  
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook  
Ooh, ah, ooh, ah, ooh  
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook

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