# Don't Know How To Act

## Flo Rida

I'm in the club
Kush got it burnin' up
I'm poppin' bottles 'n
I'm fuckin' up the furniture
I'm in the club
DJ gon turn it up
Got a flock of models
'N we fuckin' up the furniture
All my niggas gettin' money
(Don't know how to act)
(Don't know how to act)
(Don't know how to act)
30 dudes 'n we stuntin'
(Don't know how to act)
(Don't know how to act)
(Don't know how to act)
Got a whole lotta hoes
(Don't know how to act)
(Don't know how to act)
(Don't know how to act)
Yeah, my pockets all swollen
(Don't know how to act)
(Don't know how to act)
(Don't know how to act)
Hey, wipin' my pumps, poppin' that Dom, pardon melange
Show stoppin', no flockin', I'm about to perform
Wife beater on, VIP, like the eye of the storm
I'm project, I'm ghetto, hood, better ring the alarm
Cold flu, cause I just blew 30 off cash
Blue with my swag, that's that Gucci duffle bag
Goops coming through I got sparklers on the mag
Flo Rida act a fool, have a furniture attack
Well cause I'm young gettin' money, homeboy in Phantoms and Lac's
I'm in the club with my King Johnny's them diamonds is black
Shorty she lovin' my tattoos ingrained on my back
Muggin' and thuggin' the trap crew we step like Da Brat
Married the rubberbands, hustlin', hustlin'
Got a squad gutter man, so we musclin', musclin'
Security guard, touch the clan, then we, tusslin', tusslin'

Tear apart, hit the fan, now they runnin' and duckin'
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Hey, 20 bottles or better
I'm comin' in the club and I'm standin' on ya on the tootise leather
I gotta be fly, Kid Rock-in that derby with the feather
That good in the sky, got the kush from Cali control the weather
So hood, so hot, so what? Security wanna ban my record
Some fools on this, open up on the Oprah Winfrey show is no pressure
My crew full of dubs and we stunt like dollaz come with propellers
Everybody gotta grub in my pockets, gettin' paper is pleasure
Homie don't you f'n with heifers that square me up like checkers
And I might undress her all just because my diamonds caress her
Meet uncle fester, ballin', my shawties they hot as peppers
Don't know how to act I got stack full of mice looking for cheddar
Down for whatever, hey!
I'm a donut nigga like glazed
On a couch like this my stage
Get money, don't get a nigga paid in Dade
They probably see minimum wage
My deal is Ace of Spades, but I still like grape Kool-Aid
I ain't really got minutes, I party just like hooray!

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