Let It Go

State Radio

[Intro]Ooh hey cmon ooh. Ah ah.
Ooh hey.
[Chorus]I'm da type of girl like to get that dough with that goose with patron hit the dance floor.
Let it, let it go.
You ain't gotta look no more.
[First Verse]I'ma certified hot chick MAC like my lipstick.
Lovin me so good that he ice me like the artist.
Supa fly supa bad shorty you can't top this.
Gotta have a G who can hold down a boss bitch.
What it do make a move pimpin you gon' hit or miss by the way you poppin you act like you got that moby dick, lookin real dougy fresh gucci chain like Slick Rick, Hey say he want, he say he want my lovey-dovey kiss kiss.
[Chorus]I'm da type of girl like to get that dough with that goose with patron hit the dance floor.
Let it, let it go.

Let let let it go. You ain't gotta look no more.
[Second Verse]Stiletto pumps match my brand new Loui V.
My swag is a whole 'nother pedigree. I'm bout cake call me Sarah Lee. I'm to hiphop what Oprah is to TV. Fo sho' so please, stop hating on me. Ain't nuttin changed still fuck you pay me. By the way got more game then Nintendo Wii he still goin' down wanna taste the georgia peach.
[Chorus]I'm da type of girl like to get that dough with that goose with patron hit the dance for.
Let it, let it go.
Let let let it go. You ain't gotta look no more.
[Third Verse]I'm the type of girl make them boys wanna spoil me. Show me off to they fam they adore me. Fall in love wit a chick an wanna wife me. Now here he go givin' credit cards and house keys. That's what happens when the bubblegum be the truth. Man he fallin hard without a parachute. Ladies I'ma let you know the new motto, if he look broke better walk it out pronto.
[Chorus]I'm da type of girl like to get that dough with that goose with patron hit the dance floor.
Let it, let it go.
Let let let it go. You ain't gotta look no more.

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