

# Show Your Ass

## J-kwon

TrackBoyz

Come on, yeah

Come on, yeah

Come on, yeah

Come on, ay

Call me, I'm the man

You need a hand boo I got a couple of grand

Dayton's on ya feet, diamonds in ya piece

And I like the way ya ass move to the beat

You a freak, that's somethin' you can be

Keep playin' with me, then I gotta hit ya peeps

The girls love me, 'cause I'm from the streets

In the bed, I'm goin' thirty at least

Show-offs on the cap, plus her ass fat

It's so big she gon' let me hit it from the back

Not knowin' she a rat, she suckin' on my tat

I gotta rub her, so there's nothin' wrong with that

The weed hold that, the blunt roll that

And when you give me head, please don't hold back

Where your eyes at, lickin' the Kodak

And when I'm finished, then you comin' it's yo pack

Now

Show your ass, gon' hit the flo'

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I hops out the Jag, pocket full of cash

Wish your ho would try to jump like she bad

Jeans fittin' tight, weave fittin' right

The way I feel my ass make the ballers blow they cash

Step up in the party, sippin' the Bacardi

Betta watch your man 'cause I'm feelin' kinda naughty

I'm lookin' to my left, over to my right

I head to the flo', time to get this bitch hype

Niggaz in the place, all up in my face

Somebody touch my ass I might have to catch a case  
Don't let the face fool ya, I'll give it to ya  
Peel a right hand jab like Zab Jooda  
I say what I mean, mean what I say  
You wanna fuck with me, you gotta pay like you weigh  
No shame in my game, if you cannot hang  
Get the fuck up out my face and let me do my thang

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Show your ass, gon' hit the flo'  
Gon' hit the flo', gon' hit the flo'

Well, I hops out the 'Lac, diamond in the back  
You can tell by the way I made 'Tippy', I'm a mack  
Show-off in fad, show-off the fact  
Give me a Coupe and several hoes, I'll brag  
Yeah, I got a grammar, some say it's country  
But the truth is none of y'all gettin' money  
I tried to stay humble but her ass rumble  
Give her the ball, guaranteed she gon' fumble  
Skin tight denim, fat ass in 'em  
I can tell by the way he lookin' at me I can pimp him  
This nigga Herre Lame, he got no game  
His shoes ran over wit' a fake ass chain  
Never big spenders, on my agenda  
Get him to surrender, colder than December  
I'm rockin' my stilettos, box of Ameretto's  
Before the night is over I'ma probably have to check hoes

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