

Britney Spears, Tell Me What Your Sippin On

This is AC wit Britney (yeah)
We goin' out tonight
This is gonna be a hot one baby

AC:

(Ay oh) let me do my thing with a New York verse
AC will make you hot, girl remove your shirt
I got my eyes closed you could do your dirt
And by the way, do you still got that school girl skirt?
Like the cops imma watch her watch me
Shot with a chaser like the paparazzi
Its crazy she still on top a the biz
I'm with Brit, while KFed watchin' the kids

Britney (verse 1):

He was kinda like a summer fling
Hot and heavy through that April rain
May and June he was after me
By July, it was getting hypnotic
So he kinda started feelin my fame
I don't really wanna say his name
All I know is I liked his drank
All my girls say mmm if you feel me
I saw you there, I cant get you out my sight boy
Better go and get another drank, cuz you aint getting none of mine, no

Chorus:

Ohh, tell me whatcha sippin on
Baby, baby, baby
Ohh, tell me whatcha sippin on
Baby, baby, baby

Britney (verse 2):

What I feel is more than a crush
Then again, its not quite love
Just enough to fill my cup
Whatever you do, just keep it flowin'
So tell me how you like it babe
On the rocks, or straight up babe
Oh boy don't be afraid, I'm right here and I'm gonna show ya
I saw you there, I can't get you outta my mind, boy
Better go and get another drink
All my girls say

Chorus:

Ohh, ohh, tell me whatcha sippin' on
Baby, baby, baby
Ohh, tell me whatcha sippin' on
Baby, baby, baby
I can't ignore it boy I feel like I'm yours
The way you look at me I just can't say no
So we should hook up, who knows where we will go
Cause baby when I'm with you, I feel I'm losing control
Oh boy you hit the spot
See baby, please don't stop
Do you like my lemon drop (just taste it baby)
You make me feel so hot
Summertime love is all we got
Here we are, lets take a shot
(this is AC baby)

AC:

All the tabloids tell me how you was a handful
Toxic, try to make you an example
You know me, I'm just tryin' to have you shoot for the airport(?)
Cause all this stress got me losing my hair too
Lets release, get live on the track
Got my baby in the whip, she could ride on my lap
Put that one finger up mommy, guzzle some more
Tell them the only issues you got is the covers your on, uh

One more drink, make us some a the bomb
Order shot, bartender gave one in the arm
All you rappers better recognize the best
Cuz AC about to blow like a breathalyzer test
Chorus:
Ohh, ohh, tell me whatcha sippin on
Ohh, tell me whatcha sippin on
Baby, baby, baby
So clap
Baby that's so clap
So clap (so clap common)
Are you ready for that's so clap
So clap, are you ready for that's so clap
So clap, are you ready for that's so clap
So clap, are you ready for that so clap