

# Jennifer Hudson, Pocketbook

Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook  
Say it again? Oh  
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook  
Check this out here

Looking at my body  
I bet you thinkin' bout it  
Don't cha wanna know how I get down (uh huh)  
Take a number baby  
You ain't the only brother  
Trying to get up under my skirt now (uh huh)  
Rockin all your hot shit, stuntin'  
Thinking that your 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 by all mean  
Trust me I can get it off  
They say I stride like a model  
Curves like a bottle  
Watch me as I hit the wall  
And I make em' say

Oh Ah, Oh Ah, Oh  
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook  
Oh Ah, Oh Ah, Oh  
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Oh Ah, Oh Ah, Oh  
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook  
Oh Ah, Oh Ah, Oh  
Da Da Da Da Don't make me (Oh)

Tell ya baby daddy  
He ain't holding away  
Cause he got to pay, and no tonight  
Ain't nobody cutting so cut it out,  
Cut it out, alright  
So you don't know my face now, got it  
Looking at me from the waste down, stop it  
Said I'm hot pill to swallow fella  
But I can make you feel better

I got my hair in a pony tail  
And by all mean  
Trust me I can get it off  
They say I stride like a model  
Curves like a bottle  
Watch me as I hit the wall  
And I make em' say, hey

Oh Ah, Oh Ah, Oh  
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook, oh hey  
Oh Ah, Oh Ah, Oh  
Don't make me hit you with my, uh  
Oh Ah, Oh Ah, Oh  
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook  
Oh Ah, Oh Ah, Oh  
Hey, Hey, Get it ya'll

Said you got a lot of nerve (lot of nerve)  
Playing with my feelings boy  
Do you always speak before you think? (Do you gotta? Ah Ah)  
Lucky me, I know the game

I'm a flip my hair and walk away  
If you follow me it's on and poppin'  
Cause I think ya can have the pocket  
(Luda!), Before ya make me, Oh!

Before I make you too wet, 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 jerkin on it, movin' on it,  
Baby cause tonight's the night  
For you to rock up on the mic cause I rocks the mic (right)  
It's Chris Mind Freak in the back of a rolls  
I know magic, proof, and do away with ya clothes  
Then come here and let Luda give that body a rub  
Cause Damn little mama you thick as a muth  
Just how them southern boys like it  
Hurry up and get me some punch, I might spike it  
Party in my Babsen, yes your invited  
So we can make a wet scene and we can win an Oscar  
All up in your best dream  
Girl I think you know you're driving me crazy  
They jingling baby, Go 'head baby!  
With two hams in your pants girl, I think you's a crook  
Let me touch what's under that-

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