

Mr. Cheeks, Lights, Camera, Action

(Mr. Cheeks)

I'm talkin to these motherfuckers

Yea, ok

Yea, ooh, ooh (This one's a vibrant thing)

LB, G.I. one fam, oh my (Bounce with me now)

Big, dawg, hot (I'm talkin, this gone be somethin now)

Mr. Cheeks, whoo (I'm talkin lights, camera, action)

Ohhhh Kay (Get down now)

Big dawg now one shot deal shit

(Verse 1)

Yea, ok

Now I'm in the spot where I wanna be

Money spent, niggas gettin bent, chicks in front of me

Just the way I like it, hunnies turnin somethin

I got a seat up in the cut and I'm burnin somethin

Booties dancin 'round a nigga and I'm killin one

Killin one from the top of the stash and I'm feelin buns

Plus I'm do' low at a table - I'm fuckin with this chick,

with a phat body and the ring up in her navel

Dances around, she struts with the "fuck" walk

Touches her toes, and she can make her butt talk

Do whatcha gotta do, I ain't mad at 'chu

Know a lot of haters when they seen and as bad as you

You's a real bad girl, a nigga need that

Sippin on ya Henny, askin where the weed at

Lemme put you onto somethin

You fuckin with a big nigga, no frontin

(Chorus) 2x

Uh shorty, turn it around lemme see somethin

Fuckin with me for real, it's gone be somethin

Yea, I'm talkin lights, camera, action

Had me singin "I'm sorry Ms. Jackson"

(Verse 2)

I love the way it's goin down she got the thong on

She started bouncin more once she heard the "Thong Song"

Them high heels got them calves lookin right too

Shorty come live with me for the night true

Shit I'm only tryin to holla - it's only right you holla back

So where you headed lemme follow that

Now word up I got plans for you

It's more than my tongue and my hands'll do

The way you move to the music - it make a nigga wanna,

take you up outta here, go somewhere, loose it

And your physique is off the chain

It's gonna be hard gettin you off the brain

I mean we could take a drive in the X5

The way you boogie on the floor, know that sex slide

You's a dime piece, I'm tryin to see somethin

Suck your t's and in your front and lemme squeeze somethin

(Chorus) 2x

Uh shorty, turn it around lemme see somethin

Fuckin with me for real it's gone be somethin

Hey, I'm talkin lights, camera, action

Had me singin "I'm sorry Ms. Jackson"

(Verse 3)

I got a few hours left 'til a nigga jet

And I'm hopin that it's you that a nigga get

Hear them callin out ya name, I geuss ya showtime

Get'cha money shorty, lemme see you pole climb

Toes out, back showin off the tat-tooooo
Fuck the dumb shit, a nigga had to snatch youuuu
Lookin as good as ya smell, pay your own bills
Ask officer, cuz your pushin your own wheels
Yea I'm feelin you tryin to see the deal with you
What's goin on, later on, can I chill with you?
We can do anything that you wanna do
You know the way a nigga feel, all I want is you
Get ya dance on
Love the way you make the moves with no pants on
Let's ride!
Bounce to ya man's song
Let's get to goin, it's goin on before the chance gone
Next stop

(Chorus) 4x

Uh shorty, turn it around lemme see somethin
Fuckin with me for real, it's gone be somethin
Hey, I'm talkin lights, camera, action
Had me singin "I'm sorry Ms. Jackson"

(Mr. Cheeks)

Yo, turn with me now
Do my thing, hey swing with me now
Big dawg now, one shot deal shit
Keep it tight, and this is how we steal shit
It's that real shit, it's that new shit
How we come thru shit
Mr. Sexy keep shit hot with us
Let's go get it, niggas tried to come get us
Back, niggas know my fuckin style
Got the booties in the back, HEY meanwhile
We just suckin and smokin and drinkin
Hey man, what the fuck is they thinkin
Aww shit, we's high tonite
Well my nigga said "Let's ride tonite"
We out in Miami
We in New York
Twist the cap, pop the cork
Yea shorty, lemme see somethin
Fuckin with me and my team, yea it's gone be somethin
I'm talkin 'bout lights, camera, action
Had a nigga singin "I'm sorry Ms. Jackson"
Yea, oh, ha-ha, sorry Ms. Jackson
Shorty actin like she ready for some action