

Tila Tequila, Knock U Out

Pour my drink get down like what.?!
Down like what.?!
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Bitch!
Slap on the extra make-up.
I'll be on the grind tryna' get my cake up.
It's RJ brass and rockin' Marc Jacobs.
All day flossin', fuckin' ya'll face up.
You try to photoshop your face up,
Ever since you put your MySpace up.
I break rules, my shit's forbidden.
You look like a dude.
This bitch is straight trippin'
A-list celeb.?! Who are you kidding.?!
Everything you tryna' do, I done did it.
You could never run the game cuz I'm in it.
This your last five seconds of your fifteen minutes.
I put down for my city,
And I get-get-gridy, yeah, muthafucker.
That's what's up.
And just because you are pretty,
With some big ass 'n' titties,
Don't mean I won't fuck you up.
I bet you won't be lookin' so hot,
When I knock you out and make 'em say `What?!`. (Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh.
Oh my God!)

I bet you won't be lookin' so hot,
When I knock you out and make 'em say `What?!`.
(Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh.
Oh my God!)