

Brooke Valentine, Tase Of Dis

(Intro Vamp:)

I'm getting off about six
I'm rollin' through da hood all anxious
Hitting up a party without a care
I told my girls
"I'll meet ya there!"

(Verse 1:)

Tell me what sitting at home has done for u lately
Pick up your rump shake a leg bounce to the beat
Don't know why your posted up on your feet
'Cause it's so hot in here I know you can feel the heat

(Pre Hook:)

I'm feeling good I'm looking good
I'm pedicured I think I'm ready
We're the fliest chicks up in the spot
From coast to coast we hold it down fa sho

(Hook:)

My money, my hair, my nails fixed, my walk,
My clothes, my limp, my girls, no man
Don't need shit and I can tell you want a taste of dis

(Vamp:)

U wanna taste of dis
U wanna taste of dis
I can tell you really wanna taste of dis

(Counter Hook:)

Better get on up
I'ma make u dance
Watch back I'ma make u dance
This junk in da trunk will put a bump in ya pants

(Bridge:)

It's like Oh!
Yeah-Yeah
I know u wanna taste of dis
I can read your mind
I can read your lips
It's like Oh!
Yeah-Yeah

(Verse 2:)

The party so packed people standing out in the streets
The guys are checkin' me out
Even the girls are lookin'
I'm not getting off the floor til I feel the burn in me
Just might take a fella home
If he know how to work that thang

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(Hook:)

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(Intro Vamp:)
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I'm rollin' trough da hood all anxious
Hitting up a party without a care
I told my girls
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(Breakdown:)
You gone step
Step wit me come on
You gone step
Step wit me come on
It's like left right left
It's like left right left
Now slide-slide-slide-slide
It's like left right left
It's like left right left
Now dip-dip-dip baby DIP!

(Hook:)
My money, my hair, my nails fixed, my walk,
My clothes, my limp, my girls, no man
Don't need shit and I can tell you want a taste of dis

(Hook:)
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(Vamp:)
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