Girl Talk, Play Your Part (Pt. 1)

Play your part...
Sweet jones
My bitch a choosy lover, never fuck without a rubber
Never in the sheets, like it on top of the cover
Money on the dresser, drive a compressor
Top notch ho's get the most, not the lesser
Trash like the fuck for 40 dollars in the club
Fucking up the game, bitch you gets no love
She be cross country givin' all that she got
A thousand a pop, I'm pullin' Bentleys off the lot
I smashed up the gray one, bought me a red
Every time we hit the parking lot we turn heads
Some ho's wanna choose, but them bitches too scary
Your bitch chose me, you ain't a pimp you a fairy

Pump that shit (x8)
Pump that (x2)
Pump that shit (x2)
Pump that (x2)
Pump that shit (x2)

Now walk it out (x8)
West Side walk it out
South Side walk it out
East Side walk it out
North Side walk it out
Now hit the dance floor
And bend your back low
She do it with no hands
Now stop pop and roll
I'm smoking bubba ho
Now they in trouble ho
I like the way she move
An undercover ho
It's on once again
Patron once again
I threw my head back
Then I froze like the Wind
West Side walk it out
South Side walk it out
East Side walk it out
North Side walk it out

We're not gonna take it
You can show me how
Uh uh, no way, you can show me how
No, we ain't gonna take it!
You can show me how
Uh uh, no way, you can show me how
We're not gonna take it... anymore!
Hey, hey, you can show me how (x2)
Uh uh, no way, you can show me how

Yeah (x14)
Ok, we poppin' champagne like we won a championship game
Look like I got on a championship ring
'Cause I ball hard
No bitch we ball harder
I am the Birdman
And I'm J-R-uh

Bitch I'm paid, that's all I gotta say
What you know about that? (x2)
Bitch I'm paid, that's all I gotta say

What you know about that?
I know all about that
Bitch I'm paid, that's all I gotta say
Can't see you lil' niggas, the money in the way
And I-I'm sitting high, a gansta ride blazed
If you ain't gonna ride fly then you may as well hate, shit
I gotta eat, yeah even though I ate
Even though it ain't my birthday but I got my name on the cake, shit
Believe that and if ya mans wanna play
Imma fuck around and put the boy brains on da table
Hey pick 'em up, fuck 'em, let 'em-lay
Where I'm from we see a fuckin' dead body everyday
Look, uptown, throw a stack at 'em
Make a song about me, I'm throwin' shots back at 'em (pop)
Bitch I'm a pipe, she like a crack addict
If she saw me cookin' eggs, she thought I was back at it
I grab my keys, ho I gotta go
I got my motorcycle jacket and my motorcycle loafs

'Cause nothing compares
What you know about that?
Nothing compares... to you
What you know about that?
I was gettin' some head
Gettin', gettin' some head
I was gettin' some head
Gettin', gettin' some head
Nothing compares
What you know about that?
Nothing compares... to you
I know all about that
I was gettin' some head
Gettin', gettin' some head
I was with the kinda girl that make yo toes curl