

# 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 loafers

'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