

J-Kwon, Show Your Ass

(feat. Eboni Eyes)

(*whispering*)

TrackBoyz.

[J-Kwon]

Come on..yeah

Come on..yeah

Come on..yeah

Come on..ay

[Verse - J-Kwon]

Call me, I'm the man

You need a hand boo I got a couple hundred grand

Dayton's on ya feet, diamonds in ya piece

And I like the way ya ass move to the beat

You a freak, that's summin you can be

Keep playin' wit me, then I gotta hit ya peeps

The girls love me, 'cause I'm from the streets

In the bed, I'm goin' thirty at least

Show-Offs on the cap, plus her ass fat

It's so big she gon' let me hit it from the back

Not knowin' she a rat, she suckin' on my tat

I gotta rub her, so there's nuthin' wrong with that

the weed hold that, the blunt roll that

And when you give me head, please don't hold back

Where your eyes at? lickin' the Kodak

And when I'm finished, then you comin' it's yo pack

Now..

[Hook - J-Kwon] - x2

Show your ass, gon' hit the flo'

Show your ass, gon' hit the flo'

Show your ass, gon' hit the flo'

Show your ass, gon' hit the flo'

[Verse - Eboni Eyes]

I hops out the Jag, pocket full of cash

Wish your ho would try to jump like she bad

Jeans fittin' tight, weave fittin' right

The way I feel my ass make the ballers blow they cash

Step up in the party, sippin' the Bacardi

Betta watch your man cause I'm feelin' kinda naughty

I'm lookin' to my left, over to my right

I head to the flo', time to get this bitch hype

Niggaz in the place, all up in my face

Somebody touch my ass I might have to catch a case

Don't let the face fool ya, I'll give it to ya

Peel a right hand jab like Zab Jooda

I say what I mean, mean what I say

You wanna fuck wit' me, you gotta pay like you weigh

No shame in my game, if you cannot hang

Get the fuck up out my face and let me do my thang

[Hook - J-Kwon] - x2

Show your ass, gon' hit the flo'

Show your ass, gon' hit the flo'

Show your ass, gon' hit the flo'

Show your ass, gon' hit the flo'

[Verse - J-Kwon]

Gon' hit the flo'...gon' hit the flo'

Well I hops out the 'Lac, diamond in the back

You can tell by the way I made "Tippy", I'm a mack

Show-Off in fad, Show-Off the fact
Give me a Coupe and several hoes, I'll brag
Yeah I got a grammar, some say it's country
But the truth is none of y'all gettin' money
I tried to stay humble, but her ass rumble
Give her the ball, guaranteed she gon' fumble

[Verse - Eboni Eyes]

Skin tight denim, fat ass in 'em
I can tell by the way he lookin' at me I can pimp him
This nigga herre lame, he got no game
His shoes ran over wit' a fake ass chain
Never big spenders, on my agenda
Get him to surrender, colder than December
I'm rockin' my stilettos, box of Ameretto's
Before the night is over I'ma probably have to check hoes

[Hook - J-Kwon] - x2

Show your ass, gon' hit the flo'
Show your ass, gon' hit the flo'
Show your ass, gon' hit the flo'
Show your ass, gon' hit the flo'

[J-Kwon] (repeat until fade)
Show your ass