

Chris Brown f/ Lil Wayne

"Gimme That"

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(WHOOP!!!)

[Intro - Lil Wayne]

What it is, folk..

This right here is the sixteen-year old phenom, Chris Breezy

Me, myself, I'm the twenty-three-year old CEO

[Lil Wayne]

Young Carter, I'm harder then them other boys

I ain't even frontin, baby I can take a summer off

I can break a woman off, I can take the stomach off

One of my, trucks, now I'm ridin in the goods

Line it on up, guarantee you get served

Lil' Chris, said, "run it," so I ran and told, her

I'm a Cash Money young'n, Birdman Jun-ior

Just a president, looking for a moniker

[Verse One - Chris Brown]

The young boy just turned sixteen, and I got (WHOO!)

Six fo's and hot bikes that I rock (WHOO!)

Keep three or four sweeties on clock

but all that swinging in that bikini just make me dizzy

Slow all the traffic down to a complete stop (WHOO!)

'cause you speakin that slang that I talk (WHOO!)

That sassy tempo with that walk (WHOO!)

May be the reason that all this teenies may never see me

[Chorus 2X]

Mama you may be, three years older but you hot -
gimme that!

You be talkin like you like, what I got - gimme that!

I know you like it how I LEAN in the 'Lac

you could BE in the back sayin' - gimme-gimme,
gimme

[Verse Two: Chris Brown]

Ma, take a break, let me explain to you

What ya body got a young boy, ready to do

If you take a chance, and let me put them things on you

I could show you why I make them straight, A's in
school
I'm a HUST-LA! (AHH!) Trust my frame and age
Got you thinkin that I'm just too young to turn your page
I can PICT-URE, us switching lanes in the coupe
with you on the phone screaming my name (CHRIS!)

[Chorus 2X]

[Bridge]

Wa-WOMP, WOMP, Wa-womp, womp, Wa-WOMP, wa-
WOMP
Girl you serious and I been watchin you
(Y'all ready?) Wa-WOMP, WOMP, Wa-womp, womp, Wa-
WOMP, wa-WOMP
That's what your body's saying..
Wa-WOMP, WOMP, Wa-womp, womp, Wa-WOMP, wa-
WOMP
Yeah-eeeeee-aahhhh-eaaaaah
Wa-WOMP, WOMP, Wa-womp, womp, Wa-WOMP, wa-
WOMP
Get 'em (Okay)

[Lil Wayne]

Weezy Baby, baby what it do, I'm tryna holla at cha
I ain't upset, but I'll blind you if I smile at cha
You rock'n wit young Chris and the best rapper
So leave your phone, bring your friends, let the rest
happen
A lil' patron, a lil' hen, I'm on Cavalli Vodka
I'm in Cavalli jeans, got on Cavalli boxers
I'm fresher than a newborn, and umm.
I can work you out like a futon, and umm..
You can leave your birthday suit on
I'ma leave my boots on, I'ma leave my jewels on
Never know what you want, I'ma leave that tool on
Never know who home, I learned that from a Biggie
song
On to a new one, some like a redbone
Ohh I think she like me, she got me on a ringtone
And I told her, "Get yours, girl, and don't you stop"
Now gimme that funk, that gushy stuff (OH!)

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro - Chris Brown]

V.A. Yeah ha!
Yeah ma don't be frontin' like you don't know what's
goin' on
Aight? ...yeah!

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