

Color Me Bad

"Booty Club Playa"

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hook

You're just a booty club playa (a break yourself pimp)
A hit the club, spend the dub (ol' sucka-ass self) (x4)

(Sean Paul)

When I hit the GC, my money buckled ??
These hoes shakin' they ass, but they ain't shakin' it for free
Lookin' dead at me, finna' get me for what I got
Tattoo on the ass, got my tilly core hot
Now I'm almost out the door, one hour left before they close
Shawty went upstairs, freshened up and changed her clothes
Smellin' good, lil' shawty ?
"Can you lend a couple hundred to your little cuz?"
And he did, so it's on, dj play my favorite song
Shake em' off, she shook em' off, I broke her off
Put the money in her thong
All night long these nigga lookin' at me like I'm wrong
Don't where your playa' partner, do dis' thang til' the money gone

hook

(J-Bo)

It's Friday night, so what the hell is their to do?
I guess I'll hit club Niggas and go and get a drank or two
And who do I see at the end of the bar?
It's that booty club playa, the same one without no car
Spendin' his mad little ends on some ass and his friends
And now the night begins as I hit the gentlemens
And then after then, I'm a' go and head over to Magic City
Where I can get slizzard some mo', and see alot mo' titties
And bitties actin' shitty for somethin' they ain't got
So look here shawty, it ain't no need you gettin' hot

For as I take another shot, up on them rocks
Now let me see dat' thang, as I proceed to blow the
spot

hook

(Sean Paul)

My fare lookin' shawt, done spent all my change
Ain't even got .35 to call a cab man
Nigga I'm big pistol, drank another drank of win'
On the dance wit' cha'
Shawty really, want me to come home wit' her
Chargin' five hundred, but I ain't got it to give her
Put my paper down, cut her up like a swisher
Damn, I'm that club bandit, nigga they call me mister
That nigga in the club payin' bills to your sister

(J-Bo)

Now once again, I go crunk off in the back
Wit' my nigga Mark Twayne and Sean Paul off in the
Lac'
And now it's on the crack, and we actin', and cuttin' the
fool
For every benjamin that we spend ain't nothin' cool
So I'm a' let you know, just in case you didn't know
That them Attic Crew boys steppin' in just for the low
And if you ain't wit' it, then deal wit' it, I gotsta go
Cause we ain't bout' no games, and you can take that
to the store

hook

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