

## 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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