

## Chris Brown f/ Lil Wayne, Juelz Santana

### "Poppin'"

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[Lil Wayne]

Chris Br-eezy I ... see ya daddy

Ya, right off the bat

I'm a mack

We can get it poppin, we can get it crack-in'

And if your man is whack

And if he lack what I pack

Then I will make you lack him

Shorty we can do what you wanna, how you wanna

Where you wanna, when you wanna - ask them

And my clip never droppin'

We can get it poppin' like a mac-ten

Brrrr-Dat Dat Dat on your back back back

I smack smack smack that

And I'm strapped with an automatic tongue

And it goes Brrrr-At-Dat Dat Dat

Now who wanna get shot baby I could tap that

Yup I could tap that (atta?) Rat Pack

I could lay back like a fat cat

But I'm a big dog on any track

Ah- and we got it pumpin' e'ry night e'ry night

When we get into our thing

You know I had to tell them young niggaz

When it come to the women I just switch like a mood  
ring

But I'm rich, I'm high on the food chain

I'm hot, I smoke like two trains

I'm trained, I know how to do things

My thing - hot like blue flame

Flame- the fireman put it out

She hot- the fireman put her out

All she gotta do is call up emergency

And I will be on my way to the house

Not now? I know somebody home

Don't leave me noddin' baby

All you gotta do is bring that (cmon?)

And we can get it poppin' baby.

[Chris Brown]

Say what yo' name is

Ooh yeah that fits you girl  
Tell me where you headed  
Can I walk with you girl?  
You got that look in your eyes  
That look like you give your boy here a good ol' time  
And I'm on it girl, that's right I'm on it girl  
See this is the first time I had a girl  
Who's looks set me on fire  
I'm really trying to get to know you better girl  
You aint gotta act like you shy  
Cuz we gon' do, something  
something is gon' get, done  
And we gon' get, crunk  
And have a lot of, fun  
And I say...

Shorty, shorty  
She growing her hair  
She working them jeans  
She talking that talk just li,li,like I like it  
She keep it on and, poppin'  
Shorty keep it on and poppin'  
Ooh, oooh, ooh yeah  
Shorty, shorty  
The way you wearing that top, got your boy so hot  
Aint no mistaking, playing, or faking  
You got me open and waitin', and poppin'  
You keep me on and poppin'  
Ooooooh, oooooooh

Unh, unh, let me tell you  
I'm tryin' to keep my swagger, but you 'bout to have  
me girl  
Jump through about four or five hoops of, ooh baby  
Let's take it to the hood so the people can see you  
girl  
Oh yes you're mean and vicious the way you switchin'  
Now I say  
This is the first time I had a girl  
Who's looks set me on fire  
I'm really trying to get to know you better girl  
You aint gotta act like you're shy  
Cuz we gon' do, somethin'  
Somethin', is gon' get done  
And we gon' get, crunk  
And have a lot of, fun  
Ooooh, oohh ooohhhhh

Shorty, shorty  
She growing her hair  
She working them jeans

She talking that talk just li,li,like I like it  
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[Juelz Santana]  
Ya Dipset! I'm Santana, 'ey!

How ya doin' baby, nice to meet ya  
Wait, let me not mislead ya  
First off, I'm about my dough and cheese  
Just call me a slice of pizza  
Yup- I'll be your pizza guy  
Deliver your pizza pie  
I got a chauffeur named Woodrow  
Car named Bentley  
When I speak he drives  
Shorty know how to work it like a model  
She get it poppin' like a cork on a bottle  
Baby if you was a car  
I'd put your doors in the air like a Murcielago  
I leave you on a higher note  
Then when Mariah Carey hit her highest note  
You get diagnosed  
With a higher dose  
Of what you never had before- me!  
Plus I aint like them other guys that be cryin' broke  
Whinin' broke  
I'm about my bread, you heard what I said  
Baby I'm a loaf!  
Come let me screw ya  
Bring it here, let me be your tutor  
We can go to Miami, ride down Collins, hop on that  
scooter  
Next thing you know we be K-I-S-S-I-N-G  
In the back of my Maserati  
Then I drop you off before curfew time  
The kind of guy I be  
Oh I'm  
So kind  
Them other guys ... are not like me  
So don't pay them ... no mind  
Uh-uh!

[Chris Brown]

Shorty, shorty  
The way you wearing that top, got your boy so hot  
Aint no mistaking, playing, or faking  
You got me open and waitin', and poppin'  
You keep me on and poppin'  
Ooooooh, oooooooh

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