

Flo Rida f/ Yung Joc

"Don't Know How to Act"

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[Intro: Yung Joc]

Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce

[Chorus 1: Yung Joc]

I'm in the club

Kush got it burning up

I'm poppin' bottles and I'm fucking up their furniture

I'm in the club, DJ gon' turn it up

Got a flock of models and we fucking up their furniture

[Chorus 2: Yung Joc]

All my niggaz gettin money

Don't know how to act (x3)

Dirty goons and we stuntin

Don't know how to act (x3)

Got a whole lotta O

Don't know how to act (x3)

Yeah my pockets on swoll

Don't know how to act (x3)

[Flo Rida]

Hey, wipin' my pumps, poppin' that Dom, pardon
melange

show stoppin', no flockin', I'm about to perform

Wife beater on, VIP, like the eye of the storm

I'm project, I'm ghetto, hood, better ring the alarm

Cold flu, cause I just blew 30 off cash

Blue with my swag, that's that Gucci duffle bag

Goops coming through I got sparklers on the mag

Flo Rida act a fool, have a furniture attack

Well cause I'm young gettin' money, homeboy in

Phantoms and Lac's

I'm in the club with my King Johnny's them diamonds is
black

Shorty she lovin' my tattoos ingrained on my back

Muggin' and thuggin' the trap crew we step like Da Brat

Married the rubberbands, hustlin', hustlin'

Got a squad gutter man, so we musclin', musclin'

Security guard, touch the clan, then we, tusslin',

tusslin'

Tear apart, hit the fan, now they runnin' and duckin'

[Chorus 1 + 2]

[Flo Rida]

Hey, 20 bottles or better
I'm comin' in the club and I'm standin' on ya on the
tootise leather
I gotta be fly, Kid Rock-in that derby with the feather
That good in the sky, got the kush from Cali control the
weather
So hood, so hot, so what? Security wanna ban my
record
Some fools on this ?? open up on the Oprah Winfrey
show is no pressure
My crew full of dubs and we stunt like dollaz come with
propellars
Everybody gotta grub in my pockets, gettin' paper is
pleasure
Homie don't you f'n with heffers that square me up like
checkers
And I might undress her all just because my diamonds
caress her
Meet uncle fester, ballin', my shawties they hot as
peppers
Don't know how to act I got stack full of mice looking for
cheddar
Down for whatever, hey!
I'm a donut nigga like glazed
On a couch like this my stage
Get money, don't get a nigga paid in Dade...
They probably see minimum wage
My deal is Ace of Spades, but I still like grape Kool-aid
I ain't really got minutes, I party just like hooray!

[Chorus 1 + 2]

[Chorus 1]

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