

Fifty Cent

"Disco Inferno"

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[Hook x2]

Lil' mama show me how you move it,
Go ahead put ya back into it,
Do ya thang like there aint nothin to it,
Shake... shake... shake that ass girl.

[Verse 1]

Go, Go, Go, 50 in the house - bounce, y'all already
know what I'm about.
The flow sounds sicker over Dre' drums nigga,
I ain't stupid - I see Doc and my dope come quicker.
Whoa!
Shorty' hips is hypnotic, she moves is so erotic, but
watch - I'm like bounce that asssss girl.
I get it crunk in here, I make it jump in here, front in
here, we'll thump in here.
Oooohh.
I'm so gutter, so ghetto, so hood.
So gully, so grimey, what's good?
Outside, the Benz on dubs -
I'm in the club wit the snubs - don't start nothin', it won't
be nothin'.
Uuuhhh.

[Hook x2]

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Shake.. shake.. shake that ass girl.

[Verse 2]

Let's party, everybody stand up.
Everybody put ya hands up.
Let's party, everybody bounce wit me.
Sip champagne and burn a little greenery.
This hot.
Disco Inferno, let's go.
You are now rockin wit a pro.
I get toed to flip dough to get more, fo sho'.
Get my drank on nigga on the dance floor.
Look homie I don't dance all i do is this.
It's the same 2-step wit a lil' twist.

Listen pimpin' I ain't new to this, I'm true to this.
Pay attention boy, I teach how to do this shit.
You mix a lil' Cris with a little Don Perignon.
And a lil' Hennessy, you know we 'finna carry on.
Hollerin' at these snakes in da club tryin' to get right,
We gonna be up in this bitch 'til we break daylight.

[Hook x2]

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[Verse 3]

You see me shinin', lit up with diamonds as I stay
grindin'.
Uh-huh.
Homie you can catch me swoopin Bentley coupe and
switchin lanes.
U see me rollin, you know I'm holdin, I'm about my
paper, yeah.
Nigga I'm serious, I ain't playin', I'm embeded in ya
brain, I'm off the chain.
G-Unit!
Next level now, turn it up a notch.
Em and Dre sent me to tear up the spot.
Front on me, oh no, you know I'm loco.
Hands up on the dance floor, ok let's go!

[Hook x2]

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