

Flo-Rida

"Don't Know How To Act"

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I'm in the club
Kush got it burnin' up
I'm poppin' bottles 'n
I'm fuckin' up the furniture

I'm in the club
DJ gon turn it up
Got a flock of models
'N we fuckin' up the furniture

All my niggas gettin' money
(Don't know how to act)
(Don't know how to act)
(Don't know how to act)

30 dudes 'n we stuntin'
(Don't know how to act)
(Don't know how to act)
(Don't know how to act)

Got a whole lotta hoes
(Don't know how to act)
(Don't know how to act)
(Don't know how to act)

Yeah, my pockets all swollen
(Don't know how to act)
(Don't know how to act)
(Don't know how to act)

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'

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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
propellers
Everybody gotta grub in my pockets, gettin' paper is
pleasure
Homie don't you f'n with heifers 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!

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