

## Brooke Valentine "Taste Of Dis"

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[Vamp:]

I'm gettin' off about six  
I'm rollin' through the hood so anxious  
Hitting up a party without a care  
I told my girls, "I'll meet ya there!"

[Verse 1:]

Tell me what sitting at home has done for you lately  
Pick up your rump, shake a leg, bounce to the beat  
Don't know why your posted up on your feet  
'Cause it's so hot in here I know you can feel the heat

[Pre Hook:]

I'm feeling good  
I'm looking good  
I'm pedicured  
I think I'm ready  
We're the fliest chicks  
Up in the spot  
From coast to coast  
We hold it down fa sho

[Hook:]

My money, my hair, my nails fixed  
My walk, my clothes, my limp  
My girls, no man, don't need shit  
And I can tell you want a taste of this

You wanna taste of this  
You wanna taste of this  
I can tell you really wanna taste of this

[Bridge:]

(Better get on up)  
I'ma make you dance  
Jump out ya seat and clap clap yo' hands  
I'm fin to make you dance  
This junk in da trunk will put a bump in ya pants

I know you wanna taste of this  
I can read your mind  
I can read your lips

[Verse 2:]

The party so packed people standing out in the streets  
The guys are checkin' me out  
Even the girls are lookin'  
I'm not getting off the floor till I feel the burn in me  
Just might take a fella home  
If he knows how to work that thang

[Pre Hook:]

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[Hook:]

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[Bridge:]

(Better get on up)  
I'ma make you dance  
Jump out ya seat and clap clap yo' hands  
I'm fin to make you dance  
This junk in da trunk will put a bump in ya pants

I know you wanna taste of this  
I can read your mind  
I can read your lips

[Breakdown 1:]

DJ!  
I want everybody on the floor  
Dance till you can't take no more

[Vamp:]

I'm gettin' off about six  
I'm rollin' through the hood so anxious  
Hitting up a party without a care  
I told my girls, "I'll meet ya there!"

[Breakdown 2:]  
You gone step  
Step wit me come on  
You gone step  
Step wit me come on  
It's like left right left  
It's like left right left  
Now slide-slide-slide-slide  
It's like left right left  
It's like left right left  
Now dip-dip-dip baby DIP!

I know you wanna taste of this  
I can read your mind  
I can read your lips

[Hook:]  
My money, my hair, my nails fixed  
My walk, my clothes, my limp  
My girls, no man, don't need shit  
And I can tell you want a taste of this

U wanna taste of this  
U wanna taste of this  
I can tell you really wanna taste of dis

[Pre Hook:]  
I'm feeling good  
I'm looking good  
I'm pedicured  
I think I'm ready  
We're the fliest chicks  
Up in the spot  
From coast to coast  
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