

Jennifer Hudson

"Pocketbook"

Visit "[Pocketbook](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Give it to me!)
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook
Say it again? Oh
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook
Check this out here

Looking at my body
I bet you thinkin' bout it
Don't cha wanna know how I get down (uh huh)
Take a number baby
You ain't the only brother
Trying to get up under my skirt now (uh huh)
Rockin all your hot shit, stuntin'
Thinking that your God's gift, to woman
More like a buzz in my ear, please
Shoo fly don't bother me

I got my hair in a pony tail
And by all means
Trust me I can get 'em all
They say I stride like a model
Curves like a bottle
Watch me as I hit the wall
And I make em' say

Oh Ah, Oh Ah, Oh
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook
Oh Ah, Oh Ah, Oh
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook
Oh Ah, Oh Ah, Oh
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook
Oh Ah, Oh Ah, Oh
Da Da Da Da Don't make me (Oh)

Tell ya baby daddy
He ain't holding no weight
Cause he cake, and no knife
Ain't nobody cutting so cut it out,
Cut it out, alright
So you don't know my face now, got it
Looking at me from the waist down, stop it
Said I'm hot pill to swallow fella

But I can make you feel better

I got my hair in a pony tail
And by all means
Trust me I can get 'em all
They say I stride like a model
Curves like a bottle
Watch me as I hit the wall
And I make em' say

Oh Ah, Oh Ah, Oh
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook, oh hey
Oh Ah, Oh Ah, Oh
Don't make me hit you with my, uh
Oh Ah, Oh Ah, Oh
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook
Oh Ah, Oh Ah, Oh
Hey, Hey, Get it ya'll

Said you got a lot of nerve (lot of nerve)
Playing with my feelings boy
Do you always speak before you think? (Do you gotta?
Ah Ah)
Lucky me, I know the game
I'mma flip my hair and walk away
If you follow me it's on and poppin'
Cause I think ya can have the pocket
(Luda!), Before ya make me, Oh!

Before I make you too what, girl you know you want it
Your body's nice, but eh, you need some Luda on it
So find a mattress so we can start jerkin on it, movin' on
it,
Baby cause tonight's the night
For you to rock up on the mic cause I rocks the mic
(right)
It's Chris Mind Freak in the back of a rolls
I know magic, proof, and do away with ya clothes
Then come here and let Luda give that body a rub
Cause Damn little mama you thick as a mug
Just how them southern boys like it
Hurry up and get me some punch, I might spike it
Party in my Babsen, yes your invited
So we can make a wet scene and we can win an Oscar
All up in your best dream
Girl I think you know you're driving me crazy
They jingling baby, Go 'head baby!
With two hams in your pants girl, I think you's a crook
Let me touch what's under that-

Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook

Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook

Visit [Jennifer Hudson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.