

Jon Secada

"This Yo' Song"

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[Kaos - talking]

And now for our next number
I'd like to return to the classics
Cuz this yo sooong doooooogggg

[Girl]

Uhhhhhhhh...

[Kaos]

Ladies take it to the dance flo', this yo song
Girl get ya dance on
Ladies take it to the flo', this yo shit
Urbody nina pop in this bitch

[Verse 1: Kemo]

Now count up all homies where we stayed, on the
blocks
When I add em all up in my head, its a lot (whole lot)
Now we to fill up in the spot is the plot
Lemme see, what ya got, shake it watch the homies
flock
When ya, break it on in, make the grown men
Hit the flo' and beat her faithfully like a liquor sto'
(What? she a wrist to glow?)
i got no chest to blow, never was a trick
I never kissed her under no mistletoe
givin me a picture show, baby girl I blistered toe
But you shakin that ass, like Mystikal
Put you in a figure fo', she listen to the Da Hol' 9
Every time she on the grind wit a fist of dough
Call me Mr. Mo, add you to my list of hoes
You can take a ride and you can fly right away with the
Crow
Say she never missed a show, what I'ma diss her fo'
When she shake that ass she make it pop just like a
pistol
(BOO-Y!)

[Hook: Kaos - repeat 2X]

All my ladies and my hustlas
In the club, on ya fingas

Turn this mu'fucka up now
(This yo soong dooooggg)

[Verse 2: Kaos]

Bang bang bang, wit me, Young Skeet
Urry one of yall on the dance flo' is a freak
I'ma be the MC, y'all follow my lead
just wipe the sweat up off ya face and pop to the beat
All off my mo-mos and my dimes out therre on the flo'
She walkin and backin it back, like you up in the Mono
Solo birds beatin in amps to now beakin
Cuz Da Hol' 9's beatin them sleeves off of those
speakers
Cuz the he-say, she-say its 2 Deep, Mo, Dre
4,5 on stage and a hella thurl DJ
Urbody from the front to the back, bored frats
Sense ya roy strollin and nina poppin to them Track
Stars
In the clubs and on the radio man
When they hear us say (uhhhhh) it's like, "that's my
jam!"
You know its all, to the goody when we bob
But see people don't dance no mo' mo, all they do is
nina pop
Doooogggg

[Hook]

[Verse 3: 1- Kemo 2- Kaos]

1- Say baby gon and hit the flo', it's yo party
Ya so naughty, its like a journey and so far
My game has have been notor-i, they in the Mark-y
Shake that thing, it's a crying shame, where my car
keys?
It's the cream of the crop, girl I don't nina pop
I pop ninas, my demean-a greedy on the city block
Hit the club scene, do my show, then collect my cream
Urbody move around the flo', place is lookin mean
2- Now back back, tell em to back back baby
Now take it to the flo', movin urry inch of yo
Hypnotic body for Kaos and KemoSaubee
You know the after party's at the Mariatti
Meet us in the lobby
Now I wanna see you g walk wit it
Hold yoself, march wit it now
Stroll wit it cuz I see you wanna roll wit it
Move it all around like you ain't got no control wit it

[Hook] - repeat 2X

[Kemo - talking]

Ay play it again dooggg...

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