

Jordin Sparks **"Pocketbook"**

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Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook
Say it again?
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook
Check this out here

Lookin' at my body i bet you thinkin' 'bout it
Don't you wanna know how i get down?
Take a number baby you ain't the only brother
Tryin' to get up under my skirt now

Rockin' all your hot **** stuntin'
Thinkin' that you're god's gift to woman
More like a buzz in my ear
Shoo fly don't bother me

I got my hair in a pony tail and they on me
Trust me i can get 'em off
They say i stride like a model curves like a bottle
Watch me as i hit the wall and i make 'em say

Ooh ah ooh ah ooh
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook
Ooh ah ooh ah ooh
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook

Ooh ah ooh ah ooh
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook
Ooh ah ooh ah ooh
Da da da da don't make me

Tell you baby daddy he ain't holding the weight
'cause he got the cake and no knife
Ain't nobody cuttin' so cut it out cut it out alright

So you don't know my face now got it
Lookin' at me from the waste down stop it
Said i'mma hard pill to swallow fella
But i can make you feel better

I got my hair in a pony tail and they on me
Trust me i can get 'em off
They say i stride like a model curves like a bottle

Watch me as i hit the wall and i make 'em say

Ooh ah ooh ah ooh
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Ooh ah ooh ah ooh
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook
Ooh ah ooh ah ooh
Hey hey get it ya'll

Said you got a lot of nerve playing with my feelin's boy
Do you always speak before you think?
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 you're gettin outta pocket
Stop it 'fore you make me

Before i make you do 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 jukin' on it movin' on
it
Baby 'cause tonight's the night
For you to rock up on the mic 'cause i rocks the mic

It's chris mind freak in the back of a rolls
I know magic poof do away with your 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 a punch i might spike it
Party in my babs and yes your invited
So we can make a wet scene
And win an oscar all up in your best dream

Girl i think you know you're drivin' me crazy
They jinglin' 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

Ooh ah ooh ah ooh
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook
Ooh ah ooh ah ooh
Don't make me hit you with my pocketbook

