

Kelis**"Aww S**t!"**

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Lookin' too fly walkin' to the bar
Niggas wanna stop, askin' who I are
Hands on my waist tryna find out
If I'm gonna flip off of one drink
And can he get down

I'm a rock hip-hop pop star
You check out the doe and the fast car
Never run from nothin' when I come through
Roll with the realest that can take out your whole crew

(Hicky-hicky-hicky)
Aww shit!
(Hicky-hicky-hicky)
Aww shit!
(Hicky-hicky-hicky)
Aww shit!
I can make a whole song talk shit!

(Hicky-hicky-hicky)
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I don't like to dance to a slow song
You're too close and I can't get my groove on
Drop a beat and let a girl feel somethin'
I'm so gutter, watch my two-step do somethin'

Tippy-toes tip and make a mean walk
I ain't tryna listen to your big talk
High off my drink for the third time
Boy, come and get it
Watch me make these niggas fall in line

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'Bout to head to the hills 'fore I pass out
Get my coat from the check 'fore I spaz out
Pull my whip to the front and I jump in
Catch a look comin' from the niggas in the black Benz

Red light and now they tryna hop in
(Remember when I was in school, I was your
boyfriend?)
Got the tint so we never entertain those
Hungry-ass groupies on the phone like they got hoes

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Now I'm feelin' mmm, mmm good
Eyes filled up with the bloodshots
Look like a lay-up with the lights out
Now he's tryna get a lick but I'm all gone

Keep, keep talkin'
Keep, keep talkin'
Keep, keep talkin'
Keep, keep talkin'

Who's this man who's not star?

Yet you wondering who I are
On track with rock hip-hop star, the pop star
Who the man behind hot bars?
Smoke, I'm soon to be popular

Now, where he from?
Is it my city, your city?
All you need to know, I come from a dope city
Never shoot the boys, still keep the dope Bentley
Taste to the kush with a chase of the Henny

And when I'm lookin' for a freak, really picky-picky
And if it smell icky, tell her pull up her Vickie's
But if it smell alright, I might do the licky-licky
Let you suck on my neck but, please, no hicky-hickies

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