

Kelis "Aww Shit!"

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[1st Verse:]

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
Bitch I got the doe and a fast car
Never run from nothin' when I come thru
Roll with the realest that can take out your whole crew

[Hook:]

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

[2nd Verse:]

I don't like to dance to a slow song
You too close and I can't get my groove on
Drop a beat and let a girl feel somethin'
I'm so gutter, watch me 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

[Hook:]

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

[3rd Verse:]

Â‘Bout to head to the hills Â‘fore I pass out
Get my coat from the check Â‘fore I spaz out
Pull my whip to the front and I jump in
Catch a look cominÂ‘ 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

[Hook:]

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

[Bridge:]

Now IÂ‘m feelinÂ‘ mÂ‘m, mÂ‘m good
Eyes filled up with the bloodshots
Look like a lamp with the lights out
Now heÂ‘’s tryna get a lick but IÂ‘m long gone

Keep, keep talkinÂ‘
Keep, keep talkinÂ‘
Keep, keep talkinÂ‘
Keep, keep talkinÂ‘

[SmokeÂ‘’s Rap:]

WhoÂ‘’s this man whoÂ‘’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, IÂ‘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
Text to the cush with a chase of the Henny
And when IÂ‘m lookinÂ‘ for a freak, really picky-picky
And if it smell icky, tell her pull up her VickieÂ‘’s
But if it smell alright, I might do the licky-licky
Let you suck on my neck but, please, no hickie-hickies

[Hook:]

(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) Aww shit!
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