

## **Lil' Jon & The East Side Boyz**

### **"Work It Out"**

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Turn me up, turn me up, turn me up, turn me up

Yo, turn me up, turn me up, up some more

Up, up some more, up, up some more

Yeah, up, up some more

I walk in the club so dashin', in the latest BBC fashion

The light from the strip club flashing

Keep the sparkle in my ear rings dancing

We're hundred G makers till they cremate us

Skateboard P in the lime green gators

White chinchilla, million dollar neck glitter

Yeah, I got security, see that gorilla

When you got money, it's hard to hide it

Took my hand out my pocket and watched her eyes get

Big, took a million to super size it

All the bitches saying 'Hey' like my name was Issac

Why you put me on blast like that?

Shit, why you shaking wit an ass like that?

Besides I wasn't really trying to smash like that

I got a girl, bitch I ain't fast like that

This Miami, time's wasting, bet that bass line keep you shaking

Look, end of the night all my niggas is waiting

Uh, uh, not me Ma, told ya I'm taken

(Stick that thang out)

Uh, some more, uh, uh, some more

(C'mon, skeezer)

(Stick that thang out)

Uh, uh, some more, yeah, uh, uh, some more

(Stick that thang out)

Uh, some more, uh, uh, some more

(C'mon skeezer)

(Stick that thang out)

Uh, uh, some more

(Hold it)

Yeah, uh, uh, some more

I said ain't nothing but tutti fruity

Get on the floor if ya got that booty

Shake what ya momma gave ya

Shake what ya momma gave ya

I said ain't nothing but tutti fruity

Get on the floor if ya got that booty

Shake what ya momma gave ya

Shake what ya momma gave ya

Dance, too much booty in your pants

Dance, too much booty in your pants

I said dance, too much booty in your pants

Dance, too much booty in your pants

Well shake that ass, bitch  
And let me see what ya got  
Well shake that ass, bitch  
And let me see what ya got  
Hey, hey, hey, I said shake it, don't break it  
It took ya momma 9 months to make it  
I say shake it, don't break it  
It took ya momma 9 months to make it  
Well scrub the ground, scrub the ground  
Scrub the ground  
Hold it, okay  
Hey, she really likes to party  
She really likes to dance  
She really likes to dance, dance, dance  
I like a fine ass bitch, a down ass bitch  
A money getting bitch, I love that shit  
'Cause she danced in the club, and yes she gon' call  
If you got a little money, she taking her clothes off  
She dance like a muhfucking dance machine  
Taking her ass to the beat for me  
Nigga ain't spending more money than a lil' bit  
But I really love that shit, I love that shit  
Yeah, thick bitch, wit a drive to fuck  
Get her off in the truck and she bound to suck  
The ho love to bump, she don't like knee pads

She scrub em up, her legs that is

Fat puddy cat wit a head that's trill

The type of bitch have a nigga not paying bills

Fo' real by our goddamn selves

Fuck thirty niggas and she don't need help

(Stick that thang out)

Uh, some more, uh, uh, some more

(C'mon skeezer)

(Stick that thang out)

Uh, uh, some more, yeah, uh, uh, some more

(Stick that thang out)

Uh, some more, uh, uh, some more

(C'mon skeezer)

(Stick that thang out)

Uh, uh, some more

(Hold it)

Yeah, uh, uh, some more

Hey, she really likes to party

She really likes to dance

She really likes to dance, dance, dance

(Dance, dance, dance, oh)

I like the way you dance, girl

Just bring that shit over

And dance on a nigga like me

Keep shaking that thang, girl

Keep popping that thang, girl

Keep shaking that thang, girl

Keep popping that thang, girl

Well, keep shaking that thang, girl

Keep popping that thang, girl

Keep shaking that thang, girl

Keep popping that thang, girl

Well, keep shaking that thang, girl

Keep popping that thang, girl

Keep shaking that thang, girl

Keep popping that thang, girl

Keep shaking that thang, girl

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