

Chris Rock

"Take it Off"

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Take off your shoes
Make you dance in your socks
For blocks
Nigga be dippin a million.
What, hot!
Better pause and take a look.
There's a whole lot of whores.
Run up in a storm.
Bitch a try to take you for yours for sure.

Word up yo!
And just get what you can.
Catch it, so just play it on a record
And take it off until you ass naked.

Word to mother.
Shorty stack like a horse.
Pushin a force.
Lookin to floss.
Diana Ross.

Flow better.
One of the biggest seller.
Tell me what ever.
Wether a nigga stack mozzarella

I'm a get ya.
I ain't comin with ya.
Hit ya,
with another scripture
That will really split ya.
Make sure the fact you wack.
And we don't need none of that.
Keepin it movin.
Now tell me, where my nigga's is at?

Yo, from here to Brook.
Nigga's is shook, look.
I make you sing the hawk
Shake your ass.
Wiggle your foot.

I make you

CHORUS:

TAKE IT OFF.

Shit so hot we make you.

TAKE IT OFF.

Give me what you got nigga.

TAKE IT OFF.

And we hit the right spot baby.

TAKE IT OFF.

And everybody if you with me just

TAKE IT OFF.

Shit so hot we make you

TAKE IT OFF.

Give me what you got nigga

TAKE IT OFF.

And when I hit the right spot baby

TAKE IT OFF

And if you with me everybody just

TAKE IT OFF.

Wiggle and bounce baby.

More to the ounce baby

That's what I be about baby.

Give me a shout baby.

All up in your body.

Whipping the mazorati

Through the city

With one of my hottie.

I'm on my way to the party.

Meet with my nigga Marty

And little and Colie Scotti.

Sippin Baccardi.

'Till you know we whylin up everybody.

Whip about to cause.

All in the jam

Nigga's whylin out at the bar.

(OHH)

We keep it movin

(OHH)

Every time yo. (ooh)

Shit that make your DJ

Spin it back 4 times yo.

Let it rain and let it drizzles

Heat in the club be makin you sizzle

All of the bitches right in the middle.

(WORD UP)

I make yall nigga's smooth.

Making you sweat.

Making you get busy.

Got yall nigga's loosin your breath.
So I started working this way.
Pass the sting rays.
See me Kunta Kintai.
Check the way me ringai.

Hey Mister DJ
Hit with a replay
Check it
Hey why you all in my face.
Give me some leeway.
Got you doin' what we say.
Other nigga's racin
And whylin all on a freeway
Rushin to get in a club
And get all up in the place
Get inside and see FLIPMODE in your face
(ooh)
Now let me take you nigga's straight to the point.
Now get the party.
Radio be still bangin my joint.
Turn it up a little while I make you.

CHORUS

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