## Colette Carr "Shutchya Mouuth"

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Why you talkin' all that shit About me in the club Just tryna' get tipsy, sip some bub that make ya' dizzy Just shut your mouth

Talkin' 'bout that paper stacks
All that cash and camera flash
I could really give a fuck 'bout that
Actin' like I don't know about that
You don't know about that
Whathca' know about me?
Knock that radar right off ya map
Bitch, I'm your fantasy

Get the bottle, Get the juice Pour 'em together and mix 'em up Pu-pu-Put ya fingers up! The pa-pa's taking pics of us 'Cuz I don't give a fuuuunky monkey! Just shutya mouth (Shutya mouth) Just shut your... Just shut your..

Follow me around
The people standing in the crowd
And their all dancing to my song
Right when the DJ turns me on
Just shutya mouth!

My-my lips explode
He still wants my t-shirt on
I could really give a fuck 'bout that
Actin' like I don't know about that
What you want with me?

What you wanna do? I gotta limosine Circle in the block for you

Get the bottle, Get the juice Pour 'em together and mix 'em up Pu-pu-Put ya fingers up! The pa-pa's taking pics of us 'Cuz I don't give a fuuuunky monkey! Just shutya mouth (Shutya mouth) Just shut your.. Just shut your..

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