

## **Pink Floyd**

### **"Float On With Us"**

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[Intro: Funkmaster Flex]

Yaknawimean? It's gettin' ready to happen  
We bout to black out, Funkmaster Flex  
Full Force, what you know about it, baby?  
Bout to give you what you need, what you want,  
understand it  
Strictly blast off material is what we dealin' wit here,  
you heard?  
Let's go...

[Bambue]

Put your hands in the air, cuz I'm about to blast  
Bambue bout to set if off on your ass  
Bring it on, what, the way I do this  
Ain't nothin' to this, raps run through this  
Steppin' up the game now, run wit Full Force  
Don't have to rock no jewels, and I still floss  
Coachin' French style, I spit, blaze it out  
Tricks skip it out, what you talk, we live it out  
Love up in the club and I post the French toast  
Shades of French braids, back is exposed  
The don diva got you twistin' they clothes  
Fuck wit Cola bottle type body like 'whoa'  
We let ballers get me cock-eyed, cuz I print out when  
we lock eye  
Not shy, the skirt cut high, the style fly  
C-notes in the brassiere, by the tata's, you broke  
Float nigga, bye-bye

[Chorus: Full Force (Funkmaster Flex) {Allure}]

It's gettin' kinda hot in the club tonight  
Dance, drink all night, mess around, spend about a  
dub tonight  
Cuz I like, the girls that live in the club (It's on fire  
tonight)  
Dance, gettin' tight, mess around take some home  
tonight  
Cuz I like, the girls that live in the club, they just  
{Float on, float on, float on, float on} (keep it bouncin',  
get it movin)  
{Float on, float on, baby, float on}

[Full Force]

Yeah, I like the chick to be, lick it up  
It's easy up for me, pick 'em up  
Take 'em floor, sweat 'em up  
And welcome to the bar, wet 'em up  
Let's get set, yo, grab the honeys and let's go, do a 59  
in the 'Esco  
Cuz on cell phones, two-ways, ballers are down, yo  
It's just a sign of the times, yo

[Silkk the Shocker]

N-O-L-I-M-I-T, try to step in this mutha, like, yea, that's  
me  
You know, all up in the club on dubs, wit the tank on  
Party club, half on love, get your drink on  
See somethin' you like, g, get up outta here  
It's bout to get hot, so look, sit up by the fan  
When I come through, make her forget about a plan  
She got a dude? Make her forget about her man  
Look, you want it, but you ain't really gotta front  
Besides run the streets, and then you tried me once  
And ma, you ain't know got a triple x about cash  
I'm P little brother, you look smart, so do the math  
Full Force in here, gotta holla at Flex  
Some say I'm spring bout it, cuz I'm private deck  
But they don't stop up in here, you ain't bout it, you got  
up in here  
It's bout to get hot, yo, you got up in here?

[Chorus]

[Full Force]

All the mami's in the spot, pick 'em up  
Make the booty hot, sweat 'em up  
Funk passion on the rocks, lick it up  
Dancin' til I drop, wet 'em up  
Don't wanna dance, then I'mma have to ask one of your  
friends, so  
Then I take 'em home in my Benz-o  
Free screens, DVD's, twenty inch Lorenzo's  
It don't make no sense, yo

[Method Man]

Yo, every hour on the hour, "chill" like Rob G.  
Then he snap wit the power, the hungry M.C.  
I be by this couch, niggas ain't blowers you flower  
Eat bullets and shit gun powder  
Found you, reachin' for that chrome in your trousers  
Supply the, get up on that left, turn an hour  
Hurt me, firstly I put you on the ducks where the dirt be

Personally I just don't give a what  
Have mercy, RZA beat's bump like herpies  
And Meth run this track like Jackie Joyner-Kersey  
Club hoppin', in the apple, where it's rotten  
I'm bird watchin', tryna get in mami's stockings  
Funkmaster Flex, it's about to get ugly, and God don't  
like ugly  
Honeys permed out, lookin' young, dark and lovely,  
pass me the bubbly  
I come wit Full Force, you can find us where the club be

[Chorus]

[Hook 4X: Full Force]

If you don't give a, like we don't give a  
Throw your hands up, if you live in the club

[Method Man]

Is it real, son? Is it really real, son?  
Let me know it's real, son, if it's really real  
Somethin' I can feel, son, loaded up and killed one  
Wanted raw deal, son, if it's really real  
Aiyo, we come in Full Force  
Got my girl Bambue, and Funkmaster Flex  
One love to Lou Star, he's a live muthafucka

[Chorus]

[Outro: Funkmaster Flex]

Aight, and that's the way it goes down  
Funkmaster Flex and Full Force  
This is it, let it happen, one

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