

## Thy Art Is Murder

### "Work It Out"

Visit "[Work It Out](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Chorus:

She got a booty hanging out her skirt,  
She got her boobies poking out her shirt yeaaaaah  
She hit the dance floor, and made it work,  
Now all the other girls feelings hurt yeaaaaah  
Gone work it out, gone work (Yeaaaah)  
Gone work it out, gone work (Yeaaaah)  
Gone work it out, gone work (Yeaaaah)

So baby girl you kno jus what you doing  
You shouldn't be dressed like that people gone think  
you be prostituting  
I don't mind though, in my eyes girl you fine so  
You already know what I'm trying to do get you home  
and take my time on  
You ooh, ooh girl you so nasty  
You dropping it low I'm on my booty patrol and ain a  
damn thing getting past me  
So go and gone swing my way, DJ let this song play  
Crazy thoughts all in my mind but you give me the  
business all day  
So can we make that happen? The vision is attraction  
Said she had an A in math,  
I'm the club lights, camera, action  
Then came to action, right there on the dance floor  
Ha, and this how I dance.  
I said she work it out, while I work it out  
Round 1, round 2, bring the curtains out  
She a bad girl, with a perfect mouth  
And a body (you only?) heard about

Chorus:

She got a booty hanging out her skirt,  
She got her boobies poking out her shirt yeaaaaah  
She hit the dance floor, and made it work,  
Now all the other girls feelings hurt yeaaaaah  
Gone work it out, gone work (Yeaaaah)  
Gone work it out, gone work (Yeaaaah)  
Gone work it out, gone work (Yeaaaah)  
We gone get it poppin in this club, poppin in this club

Lil Mama had one hellava of walk and I know that she  
bad  
(I see you flexin huh  
I see you flexin huh)  
From the look in her eyes I can tell that she wants me  
(I fuck you right I will  
I fuck you right I will)  
Girl gone do what you gone do... in front of you  
I'm known to make it rain, but it's all okay girl just for  
you  
We all up in this club, I wanna make good love  
Them other girls gone hate, but what you got is great  
Your 5'5, brown eyes, and... coco, I see why every girl  
hate on ya  
No lie, no lie. And no flex, no flex.  
OHHHHHH girl you got it.

Chorus: (x2)

She got a booty hanging out her skirt,  
She got her boobies poking out her shirt yeaaaaah  
She hit the dance floor, and made it work,  
Now all the other girls feelings hurt yeaaaaah  
Gone work it out, gone work (Yeaaaah)  
Gone work it out, gone work (Yeaaaah)  
Gone work it out, gone work (Yeaaaah)  
We gone get it poppin in this club, poppin in this club

Visit [Thy Art Is Murder](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.