

# Girl Talk

## "Let It Out"

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Gon' head let it out  
Gon' head let it out  
Gon' head let it out  
Take it off, stretch it out, gon' head let it out

Bounce wit me, Bounce wit me  
Ch, ch, ch, ch, ch, ch  
Bounce wit me, Bounce wit me  
Yeah

Can I hit in the morning  
Without givin' you half of my dough  
And even worse if I was broke would you want me?  
If I couldn't get you finer things  
Like all of them diamond rings bitches kill FOR  
Would you still roll?  
If we couldn't see the sun risin off the shore of  
Thailand  
Would you RIDE THEN, if I wasn't drivin?  
If I wasn't ah, eight figure nigga by the name of Jigga  
Would you come around me or would you clown me?  
If I couldn't flow futuristic would ya  
Put your two lips on my wood and kiss it - could ya  
See yourself with a nigga workin' harder than 9 to 5  
Contend with six, two jobs to survive, or  
Do you need a balla? So you can shop and tear the  
MALL UP?  
Brag, tell your friends what I BOUGHT YA  
If you couldn't see yourself with a nigga when his  
dough is low  
Baby girl, if this is so,

(x2)

[Jay-Z] Can I get a FUCK YOU  
To these bitches from all of my niggaz  
Who don't love hoes, they get no dough  
[Amil] Can I get a WOOP WOOP (WOOP WOOP)  
To these niggaz from all of my bitches  
Who don't got love for niggaz without dubs?

Can I get a twerk twerk, bounce bounce, clap clap  
Can I get a twerk twerk, bounce bounce, clap clap

Can I get a twerk twerk, bounce bounce, clap clap  
Can I get a twerk twerk, bounce bounce, clap clap

Whatcha doin' girl with all that  
Up & down, up & down  
Man that booty real phat  
Runnin' round, runnin' round  
I like the way ya move that  
Man, I wanna screw that (Oooweee!)  
Knock that coochie out the park  
Hit it like a ball bat  
Fall back & squeeze on that piece  
Juices squirtin'  
You must be a stripper or a new member of the twerk  
team  
Bouncing that thing in them jeans got it jerkin'  
Busting out the seams in them jeans then it's workin'  
Make that thang clap  
G-string too spicy  
Down south girl gonna do the freakin' dances  
Bunch of corn bread fed  
Never scared  
Open legs  
Lady in the streets but real freak in tha bed

Yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Twerk twerk twerk twerk twerk twerk  
That ass (c'mon)  
Twerk twerk twerk twerk twerk twerk  
That ass (c'mon)  
Twerk twerk twerk twerk twerk twerk  
That ass (c'mon)  
Move that ass  
Left & right gon' work that ass

Please tell us why, please tell us why  
You had to hide away for so long  
Where did we go wrong?

Hey there mister blue  
We're so pleased to be with you  
Look around see what you do  
Ev'rybody smiles at you

You won't be around next year,  
My rap's too severe,  
Kicking mad flava in ya ear,

Here comes the brand new flava in ya ear,  
Time for new flava in ya ear,  
I'm... kicking... new... flava in ya ear,

Mack's a brand new flava in ya ear,  
Here comes the brand new flava in ya ear,  
Time for new flava in ya ear,  
I'm... kicking... new... flava in ya ear,  
Mack's a brand new flava in ya ear.

Ohh  
We pop champagne  
We pop champagne

Hey, how we ball in the club i know u hate it  
Mami dancin' on the floor i like she naked  
When she laid up wit chu i know she fake it  
All the girls give it to me  
I aint gotta take it  
Oh  
Pop champagne  
Ohhh  
Pop champagne  
Ohh  
We pop champagne  
Ohh  
We pop champagne

A lime to a lemon remind you of the sky when I'm  
fuckin' and we on cloud nine for that minute  
Admire your style and your physique  
And I ain't trying to critique but you deserve a good  
drink, so whats up?  
What you sippin' on? Its no problem  
Black and gold models like I'm pro-New Orleans  
But shawty I'm far from a saint but I got two A-mex's  
that look the same way  
Wale, D.C. that's me huh, my Prada say Prada and they  
Prada say Fela  
I ain't gotta tell ya they know about me huh  
Come to D.C. and I can make you a believer  
See baby I'm a leader they always from a Libra  
And I ain't trying to lead you wrong sugar I need ya  
So would you please listen to what I'm a need from ya  
Not for tonight, but for tomorrow's amnesia

(Pretty Girls)

(x2)  
Ugly girls be quiet (quiet), pretty girls clap (clap) like  
this  
Ugly girls be quiet (quiet), pretty girls clap (clap) like  
this

My nigga's like doe, like dro,

Nitro, my flows, nice clothes like whoa!

My posse's on Broadway.

Like whoa

Like whoa

Tonight I'm a let ya be the captain

Tonight I'm a let you do your thing, yeah

Tonight I'm a let you Be a rider

Giddy up

Giddy up

Giddy up, babe

Tonight I'm a let it be fire

Tonight I'm a let you take me higher

Tonight baby we can get it on

Yeah we can get it on

Yeah

Do you like it boy?

I wa-wa-want

What you wa-wa-want

Give it to me baby

Like boom, boom, boom

What I wa-wa-want

Is what you wa-wa-want

Na, na, Ah, ah

Come here

Rude boy, boy

Can you get it up

Come here

Rude boy, boy

Is you big enough

Take it, take it

Baby, baby

Take it, take it

Love me, Love me

Come here

Rude boy, boy

Can you get it up

Come here

Rude boy, boy

Is you big enough

Take it, take it

Baby, baby

Take it, take it

Love me, Love me

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