

Sarai

"Sarai"

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Hey Mr. DJ turn the music up loud
And everybody report to the dance floor now
Line 'em up 'cause me got to get down
Off the chain like they do it in the South
Everybody just having a good time
Got my eyes on the guys 'cause yeah they so fine
That's right Sarai gon' get it crunk
How much junk you got in that trunk
Come out the house get on the street
Here c-lo let out the closet freak
Act a fool you could do what ya want
Get loose 'cause the track be that funk
Groove to the bump
Just break it down
Make that trunk wobble with an extra bounce
Make it touch the ground then raise it up
Like the garbage men do with the dump truck
Ladies hands up
Let me see ya shake ya stuff
A, B, C, and D cup
Little bitty to big ol' butts
Fellas hands high
Let me see ya work it out one time
Put your body against mine
Come on baby grind
Oh here we go
Time to shake that ass to the dance floor
Jiggle that thing like Jell-O
All my rich chicks and the girls in the ghetto
Throw it up get crunk
Ball to you fall that's right
In the club or either bump in ya ride
Slim or big-boned don't matter your size
Don't matter if you're black or white
All shapes and sizes spread love worldwide
I mean we all the same color inside
So why divide I mean there's no reason why
East coast to the west side
Midwest to the South we tight
That's fasho' yo please believe
I'm gonna stay being me ain't no change in me
Like Trick See I love the kids

So I gotta look out for as long as I live
I'm tryna' be the best thing coming out this year
Sarai keep it trill and that's what's real
But for now
Just break it down
Make the trunk wobble with an extra bounce
Make it touch the ground then raise it up
Like the garbage men do with the dump truck
Ladies hands up
Let me see ya shake ya stuff
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Let me see ya work it out one time
Put your body against mine
Come on baby grind
Tube tops t-shirts
Blue jeans mini skirts
Overtime make it work
Wobble that ass till the thing hurts
Wifebeaters throwbacks
Fitted caps bucket hats
No matter where ya from where ya at
Shake that shit like how ya love that
Everybody get ya boogie on
Party all night till the break of dawn
Come on
Put ya hands in the air
And wave 'em all around like you just don't care YEAH
Front to the back over there
V.I.P. area ballers upstairs
Get buck stand on top of chairs
To the top of ya lungs let me hear oh yeah
Just break it down
Make the trunk wobble with an extra bounce
Make it touch the ground and then raise it up
Like the garbage men do with the dump truck
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