

# Aww Shit!

Kelis

Lookin' too fly walkin' to the bar  
Niggas wanna stop, askin' who I are  
Hands on my waist tryna find out  
If I'm gonna flip off of one drink and can he get down  
I'm a rock hip-hop pop star  
Can't check out the door in a fast car  
Never run from nothin' when I come thru  
Roll with the realest that can take out your whole crew

(Hicky-Hicky-Hicky) Aww shit!  
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(Hicky-Hicky-Hicky) Aww shit!  
I can make a whole song talk shit!

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I don't like to dance to a slow song  
You too close and I can't get my groove on  
Drop a beat and let a girl feel somethin'  
I'm so gutter, watch me two-step to somethin'  
Tippy-toes tip and make a mean walk  
I ain't tryna listen to your big talk  
High off my drink for the third time  
Boy, come and get it  
Watch me make these niggas fall in line

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'Bout to head to the hills 'fore I pass out  
Get my coat from the check 'fore I spaz out  
Pull my whip to the front and I jump in  
Catch a look comin' from the niggas in the black Benz  
Red light and now they tryna hop in  
(Remember when I was in school, I was your boyfriend)  
Got the tint so we never entertain those  
Hungry-ass groupies on the phone like they got hoes

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Now I'm feelin' m'm, m'm good  
Eyes filled up with the bloodshots  
Look like a lay-up with the legs out  
Now he's tryna get a lick but I'm all gone

Keep, keep talkin'  
Keep, keep talkin'  
Keep, keep talkin'  
Keep, keep talkin'

Who's this man who's not star?  
Yet you wondering who I are  
On track with rock hip-hop star, the pop star  
Who the man behind hot bars?  
Smoke, I'm soon to be popular  
Now, where he from?  
Is it my city, your city?  
All you need to know, I come from a dope city  
Never shoot the boys, still keep the dope Bentley  
Text to the cush with a chase of the Henny  
And when I'm lookin' for a freak, really picky-picky  
And if it smell icky, tell her pull up her Vickie's  
But if it smell alright, I might do the licky-licky  
Let you suck on my neck but, please, no hickie-hickies

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