

I'M THAT GIRL

Beyoncé

Please, motherfuckers ain't stop—, please, motherfuckers
Please, mother—, please, mother—, please, motherfuckers
Bitch please, motherfuckers, please, mother—, please, mother—
Please, motherfuckers, please, mother—, please, motherfu—
Please, motherfuckers ain't stopping me
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How the fuck you figure, how the fuck you figure

(How the fuck you figure I ain't a motherfucking pimp
When all these niggas be jocking me?)
I pull up in these clothes, look so good
(Pimping till the end, make that cheese, nitty green)
(Bitch please, motherfuckers ain't stopping me)
'Cause I'm in that hoe
(Playing all these boys like toys, I ain't going)
You know, all these songs sound good
(Never hoeing, see they niggas acting like they pimps)
(Try to pimp me, niggas get broke for the end
Now I gotta go cause I'm out this bitch)
'Cause I'm on that hoe (hoe nigga— be so bad when I fall up in their place)
Dead ass (be jealous ass hoe with the fake on front)
(Clash about weed, blast a bitch, 9-4 in) dead ass
(With that funky ass in the trunk) I'm dead ass
(Coming on the scene with the Tommy Hilfiger
Nigga self, what you got to make me rich?
Never get the pussy cause it's off limits hoe
Running game when you claiming that other bitch)

It's not the diamonds
It's not the pearls
I'm that girl (I'm that girl), it's just that
I'm that girl (I'm that girl)
It's not my man (ooh)
It's not my stance (ooh)
I'm that girl (I'm that girl), it's just that
I'm that girl

From the top of the morning I shine
Right through the blinds
Touching everything in my plain view
And everything next to me gets lit up too (ah)

You see it (ah-ah-ah-ah), yeah
You see it when you look to me
I didn't want this power (I didn't want it)
I didn't want this power (I didn't want it)

You know love is my weakness
Don't need drugs for some freak shit
I'm just high all the time, I'm out of my mind
I'm tweaking (tweaking, tweaking)

Freakin' on the weekend (yuh)
I'm indecent (yuh), let it begin

I be pulling up in that '92 DeVille Cadillac
With them vogues (yuh) losing their mind (yuh)
Be-be-beastin' (yuh), un-American (yuh) I don't need no friends (yuh)
I've been thugging for my un-
American life lights in these D (yuh) flawless skies (yuh)
Off the deep end (yuh), such a heathen (yuh)
Why they let me outside? (Yuh) I pull relief in (yuh)
Bring that beat in (yuh) now I can breathe again (yuh)
I be beating down the block (yuh) knocking Basquiats off the wall (yuh)
Oh (yuh), that's how I ball
Cleanse me of my sins
My un-American life

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