Hands To The Roof

Bionic Jive

I bang the whip in the parkin' lot Step out sparklin' a medallion as I listen to the club hop Step in the spot, head noddin', countin' big faces Now I'm plottin' how to get the freaks out the silk laces

Ok, my formula right, two parts of the cognac One part shine of the ice Fake playa, cease you mouthpiece when I speak Or you might find my name monogrammed between your girls sheets

Game stay tight, spending money ain't a thing 'Cause we recoup when the track let loose Hey yo, what ya'll want, you better bow to the mack The playa, club predator, etc

Keep pimpin' through the crowd, put your hands to the roof Whoop, whoop, till your money is made From my G's to the balas and balas up to the G's we on pimp Playa, hustla type shit

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I'm pimpin' through the crowd, I'm off to the spot Where the balas and G's congregate when they pop collars Look baby girl, you know my money is made Can I see your G-string in the back of the escalade?

Apologize when you know it's a playa Baby, you can hate the game, but you know it don't change See it's like this we keep it on lock And got it made, as we step in wife beaters and French braids

Get with this, 'cause we immaculate We bang hits, money stacking it Pop that Cris, pour me a glass To get her drunk and make her give me the ass, holla back

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Lets get the club up, show 'em how we came to get down Lets get the club up, bounce ain't no standin' around Lets get the club up, get 'em from wall to wall Till my fellas get money, till the ladies drop drawers

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