

# Table Dance

Boyz N Da Hood

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na  
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na  
Yeah, yeah  
You know we had something for the hoes right  
Boyz 'N' Da Hood, T-pain

She's coming straight up out of her pants  
The money is flying out of my hands  
But I can't never be her man  
All I want is a table dance

Her booty's got me in a trance  
But I ain't trying to spent a hundred grand  
Oh, I can never be her man  
All I want is a table dance

Hey hey, I'm mouthing magic city chilling  
Smoking on some sticky sticky  
I saw this bitch's name Cinnamon  
She's looking like she's edible

I throw the deuces, cosin', goosin'  
Watch her pop a coochi, coochi  
She walks like she's from Houston  
With no ass in Massachusetts

She's shaking it and making it wobble  
Looking like one of them next top models  
She left me with no truck but took dollar after dollar

Coca Cola bottle body but she's body, body  
But I doubt it if I'ma take her home  
'Cause I ain't trying to make her moan

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Table dance she's coming out of her pants  
When she drops it in my lap, my minor flies up my hand  
Don't stop, don't pause she's showing me the sugar balls  
Eyes like a butterball, turk me, jerk me, twerk me, jerk me, jerky beef

Put it like a bubba head, bounce to the beat, let's go  
Callipli paper fly in the bank got me hoodin' like crack  
Got me spinnin' my stacks, what was that?  
Somebody got slap, hell no, my nigga her booty's a clap

Gotta get her in the VIP  
She's talking about what's she gonna do to me  
Don't worry about that I'm COE

Shalla I ain't trick out since 9 to 3

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Hit the club, hit it deep, VIP, rolls the suite, hold the R  
Buys someones, oh my god, you should seen the freak  
She came to me grinnin her teeth, 5, 7, 153  
Her nipples hard, no stretching marks  
Got big an all and booty cheeks

My dick is hard, she checkin' me, kissin' me, smellin' sweet  
Be a freak, she's been open I put my nose up in her crease  
I'm trippin' now, I'm in a trance, pre cum all up in my pants  
It's on dot, 'cause I ball all lot and I keep on poppin'  
Need rubber bands, damn

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Yeah I'm off in that body tower, the body straddlin' across my lap  
Love the way she wind it out, love the way she make it clap  
Say she love the way I rap, wrap my dick and see I'm strap  
Run like baby, bust the house, I know right now I'm in your trap

But I would love to bring you off into my world  
I ain't no Jay- Z and Beyonce, I ain't trying to make you my girl  
Don't focus on my dollars just the once that's in my hand  
Don't just, don't want no table dance, naw, I go one night stand

100 dollars, that's all you got? nigga, that's Gucci  
Baby you know who I be, I'm Boyz N Da hood number 1  
Tell you what I got 20 stacks, you got 20 minutes  
Let's see how fast you can get it  
Shit, well, make it rain then

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