

# Wassup

Ciara

Wassup  
What's happenin'  
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I'm so froze like a popsicle  
But I'm hot when I walk through the club  
I'm so, I'm so fresh so clean  
Like three stacks and Big Boi  
Shawty, beam me up  
Bigger than drip, I flood  
I don't care bout that yip, that yap, that talk  
'Cause they know wassup

Wassup (wassup, wassup, wassup)  
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Spicy spicy  
He call me a hot tamale  
She so thicky  
He be trippin' off that body  
Chop it, chop it, chop it  
Chop it like karate  
And I'm prayed up  
That's why she be so godly

I do what I want and worry about no hater  
Monday all the way to Sunday 'bout that paper  
On my own like that, yeah homegrown like that  
All around the world they be showin' love and I give love right back

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Well it's the God of the flow  
I'm making sure you really know that it's the god of the mic

Every single time you typing in a caption  
I'm the nicest in this motherfucker  
Do I need to shed a little light? (CiCi)  
See when I'm in the club  
Don't front no matter how you wanna (uh)  
You don't really wanna fight (oh nah)  
Every diamond on me shinin' and we sparkling up every room  
You jealous little parasites  
Busta Rhymes and Ciara lil nigga (Cock, aim)  
Bust ya cannon if you like (if you like, ooooo)  
Put your drink up in the air yeah  
Cause we celebratin' life (celebratin' life, yeah)  
Could give a fuck about the hate  
'Cause we ain't dealin' with the strife  
'Cause we livin' nigga  
Everybody go and get a bottle if you want to  
We done bought the bar don't worry about the price  
That's right!

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