

Act Like Ya Want It

Frost*

I'm sittin' in the club
Sippin' on bub'
Actin' like a thug, baby, can't you show me love
Just act like you want it
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Welcome to the Ice Box, where the party don't stop
Fly mamacitas and breezies looking top notch
To keep it poppin'
Frozen Margaritas
Strawberry Daquiris and Bacardi breezers
Sippin' Hennessey
And Remy with the X.O.
Get you in the mood
And ready for the sex show
Hop in the Lex, hoe, get ready for the hot tub
Cause after the club, girl
You know I can't pass it up

It's the girl's night out, Nino B. come to play
Rollin' in my drop top, parked the valet
Believe me, you know we in the heezy
Sippin' that saucy, and I'm feelin' flossy
Now I got that ice piece, mama lookin' spicy
And I bet she nasty
Frontin' like she nicety
Droppin' that
Ecstasy, so you know, we cuttin'
We be thuggin'
Ghetto clubbin', gangsta lovin', show me somethin', baby

In the club, it's frio
But I ain't rent a G.O.
So yo, I'm 'bout to call up my primo and my tio
Still I'm mad as crackin'
Ain't nobody packin'
Everybody sippin' on yak, but ain't no jackin'
All the heinas gettin' it
Young Miami [?]
These breezies never did it before, but tonight, they dig it
So I'm a gonna goose up, and they wanna be the oldiest
She sayin', "Player Jay Tee, your game is coldest"

Toastin'
Roastin'
Rockin' by the O-Z's
Doublin' up on Moet, to Cristal and Don P.
360 degrees is how my mack'll swang
Deeper than the baby breakers 'bout to do our club thang
Parkin' lots is poppin' like a shoeshine rack
I'm macking a [?] on my socks in the drop top Jag

Just call me the player of the entourage
And ain't no laggin' or pistol packin'
We're V.I.P.in' baby, get it in this action

Sisters at the club, searching for sugar daddies and baby daddies
Ask me do I wanna ride, in the back seat of that caddy
Leave it to me
I be driving them niggas so cold
Give them one lapdance, the booty'll get me so so far
I gets nothin'
But them papi chulos
Take it to the tele
Leave your hoe out by my pillow
I know it's to go, to the gold
Chain, the gold ring got me coming again and again
For them big thangs
Lick me on my million dollar clit ring

It's Mister Big Bank
My model strike it rich like lotto
Clockin' dollars, collars stay popped like champagne bottles
Picture me toastin'
With passion at the bar
Cristol clashin'
Lookin' like a storm with my jewels flashin'
Paparazzi
Shootin' flicks, cameras flashin'
All my thugs in the club, we're here
In mob fashion
In the back, the club's shackled up
We the super bad
Hush, pop the game like a clutch
What