

Show Your Ass

J-Kwon

TrackBoyz.
Come on..yeah
Come on..yeah
Come on..yeah
Come on..ay

Call me, I'm the man
You need a hand boo I got a couple hundred grand
Dayton's on ya feet, diamonds in ya piece
And I like the way ya ass move to the beat
You a freak, that's summin you can be
Keep playin' wit me, then I gotta hit ya peeps
The girls love me, 'cause I'm from the streets
In the bed, I'm goin' thirty at least
Show-Offs on the cap, plus her ass fat
It's so big she gon' let me hit it from the back
Not knowin' she a rat, she suckin' on my tat
I gotta rub her, so there's nuthin' wrong with that
the weed hold that, the blunt roll that
And when you give me head, please don't hold back
Where your eyes at? lickin' the Kodak
And when I'm finished, then you comin' it's yo pack
Now..

Show your ass, gon' hit the flo'
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I hops out the Jag, pocket full of cash
Wish your ho would try to jump like she bad
Jeans fittin' tight, weave fittin' right
The way I feel my ass make the ballers blow they cash
Step up in the party, sippin' the Bacardi
Betta watch your man cause I'm feelin' kinda naughty
I'm lookin' to my left, over to my right
I head to the flo', time to get this bitch hype
Niggaz in the place, all up in my face
Somebody touch my ass I might have to catch a case
Don't let the face fool ya, I'll give it to ya
Peel a right hand jab like Zab Jooda
I say what I mean, mean what I say
You wanna fuck wit' me, you gotta pay like you weigh
No shame in my game, if you cannot hang
Get the fuck up out my face and let me do my thang

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Gon' hit the flo'...gon' hit the flo'
Well I hops out the 'Lac, diamond in the back
You can tell by the way I made "Tipsy", I'm a mack
Show-Off in fad, Show-Off the fact
Give me a Coupe and several hoes, I'll brag
Yeah I got a grammar, some say it's country

But the truth is none of y'all gettin' money
I tried to stay humble, but her ass rumble
Give her the ball, guaranteed she gon' fumble

Skin tight denim, fat ass in 'em
I can tell by the way he lookin' at me I can pimp him
This nigga herre lame, he got no game
His shoes ran over wit' a fake ass chain
Never big spenders, on my agenda
Get him to surrender, colder than December
I'm rockin' my stilettos, box of Ameretto's
Before the night is over I'ma probably have to check hoes

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